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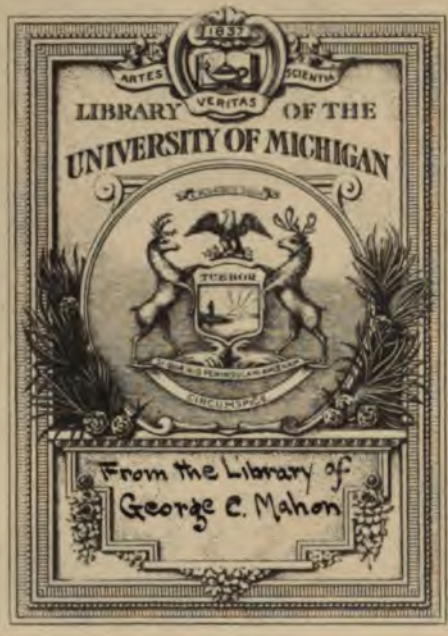
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TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR

1857.

VOL. V.

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PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL,
FOR THE USE OF THE MEMBERS.
1860.

Aitheacht na Troidhaighe;

OR,

THE PROCEEDINGS OF

THE GREAT BARDIC INSTITUTION,

EDITED BY

PROFESSOR CONNELLAN,

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY,

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The Ossianic Society,

FOUNDED on St. Patrick's Day, 1853, for the Preservation and Publication of Manuscripts in the Irish Language, illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish History, &c., with Literal Translations and Notes.

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GENERAL RULES.

1. That the Society shall be called the Ossianic Society, and that its object shall be the publication of Irish Manuscripts relating to the Fenian period of our history, and other historical documents, with literal translations and notes.

2. That the management of the Society shall be vested in a President, Vice-presidents, and Council, each of whom must necessarily be an Irish scholar. The President, Vice-presidents, and Council of the Society shall be elected annually by the members, at a General Meeting, to be held on the Seventeenth Day of March, the Anniversary of the Society, or on the following Monday, in case St. Patrick's Day shall fall on a Sunday. Notice of such meeting being given by public advertisement, inviting all the members to attend.

3. That the President and Council shall have power to elect a Treasurer and Secretary from the Members of the Council.

4. The receipts and disbursements of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, elected by the Council; and the Auditors' Report shall be published and distributed among the members.

5. In the absence of the President or Vice-President, the Members of Council present shall be at liberty to appoint a Chairman, who will not thereby lose his right to vote. Three members of the Council to form a quorum.

6. The funds of the Society shall be disbursed in payment of expenses incident to discharging the liabilities of the Society, especially in the publication department, and no avoidable expenses shall be incurred.

7. Every member shall be entitled to receive one copy of the Society's Publications, and twenty extra copies of each work shall be printed for contingencies.

8. The funds of the Society shall be lodged in Bank, in the name of the President, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Society, or any three members the Council may deem proper to appoint.

9. The Council shall have power to elect additional members, and fill vacancies in its own body.

10. Members of Council residing at an inconvenient distance from Dublin shall be at liberty to vote by proxy at elections.

11. Membership shall be constituted by the annual payment of Five Shillings, which sum shall become due on the 1st of January in each year.

12. The Ossianic Society shall publish every year one volume, or more, if their funds enable them.

13. No change shall be made in these Rules, except at a General Meeting, and at the recommendation of the Council; the proposer and seconder of any motion for such change, shall lodge a notice of their intention in writing, with the Secretary, twenty clear days before the day of General Meeting.

14. That all matters relating to the Religious and Political differences prevailing in this country, be strictly excluded from the meetings and publications of the Society.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT

READ ON THE 17TH DAY OF MARCH, 1859.

THE Council regret being obliged to announce the demise of three of your most indefatigable members during the past year—namely, the Rev. D. A. O'Sullivan, P.P., Enniskean, Co. Cork, the Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D., St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and Dr. Robert Cane of Kilkenny.

The Council cannot but regret the unavoidable delay of your Publications in their hands, but matters have now been so arranged, that their successors in office will henceforth have no difficulty in this respect. The thanks of the Ossianic Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for his courtesy in allowing them to collate one of their forthcoming Publications with the original in the Book of Lismore, the property of His Grace; and also to the President and Council of the Royal Irish Academy, for the facility afforded to the Editor of the forthcoming Volume (IV.) in collating his proofs with the manuscripts in their large and valuable collection.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

READ ON THE 17TH DAY OF MARCH, 1860.

THE Council of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY have much pleasure in stating that their efforts in the cause of our country's ancient literature have been warmly appreciated by the public and the press. This is visible in the annually increasing number of Members, many of them eminent in the various paths of knowledge, enrolled upon the Society's list. At the last Annual Report of the Council, the Society numbered 659 Members—at present it is composed of 746. To aid and extend the good work, a kindred Society has lately been established in New York, with a Council composed of Irish scholars, which has already remitted a sum of £8 for our Transactions of the past years. We congratulate our brethren in the United States upon their energy and patriotism.

The works of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY are well calculated to become popular. Less dry than strictly historical books, they throw open the Portals of the Past to the reader, and bring him among the majestic forests of Ancient Erinn—there to behold the enchantments of Fairy-power, to accompany Finn and the Fianna in the chase and the battle-raid, to admire the chivalry of Oscar, the "gold-deeded," the *beau-ideal* of magnanimity, and to list to the melodious harps and sweet lays of Oisin and the later bards.

The fifth volume of the Society's Transactions is already nigh to publication, and will prove to be one of the most interesting of Irish works. It is entitled Imṫeaċt na Ṫṁoiṅ-ḋáiṁe—"The Proceedings of the Great Bardic Institution," and describes their tour through Erinn. It is taken from a vellum manuscript of the fourteenth century (the book of Mac Carthaigh Riabhach), and appears under the Editorship of Professor Connellan. The power of the bards—their use and abuse thereof, are vividly portrayed, the attributes of the Chief Bard and his School enumerated, and his lays of praise and satire recorded.

Thus, we are yearly laying before the country works which must be of great value to the future historians of Progress in this Island; showing, as they do, the literary, warlike, and domestic customs of the old inhabitants. Unveiling the characteristics and deeds of Erinn and of her representative men during the days of heathenry and the primal Christian ages; do they not also open to our poets a treasury more vast and varied than the Mabinogion of Wales and those other Celtic legends of Brittany could exhibit; and yet from these has the Poet Laureate elaborated his celebrated "Idylls of the King."

It is desirable that all members who are in arrear should discharge the same before the publication of the present book, else their names shall be struck off the rolls of the Society.

BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

I. Cath Gabhra; or, the Prose and Poetical Account of the Battle of Gabhra (Garristown), in the county of Dublin, fought A.D., 283, between Cairbre Liffeachair, king of Leinster, and the Fenian Forces of Ireland, in which the latter were conquered, and their ranks finally broken up. Edited by NICHOLAS O'KEARNEY. *(Out of print.)**

II. Feis Tigh Chonain Chinn Sléibhe; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, a romantic hill which is situated on the borders of the Lake of Inchiquin, in the county of Clare. Edited by N. O'KEARNEY. *(Out of print.)*

This document contains a colloquy between Fionn and Conan, in which much light is thrown on the Ancient Topography of Munster; and also on the Habits and Customs of the Fenian Chieftains.

III. Tóruigheacht Dhiarmuda Ui Dhuibhne agus Ghrainne ingion Choirmuic mheic Airt; or, An Account of the Pursuit of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grace, the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century, who was married to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. Edited by STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY.

IV Laoithe Fianuigheachta; or, Fenian Poems. Edited by JOHN O'DALY, HONORARY SECRETARY.

V. Imtheacht na Tromdhaimhe; or, The Proceedings of the Great Bardic Institution. Edited by PROFESSOR CONNELLAN, Queen's College, Cork, from the Book of Lismore, a manuscript of the XIV. Century.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. Tain bó Chuailgne; or, the Great Cattle Spoil of Cuailgne (Cooley) in the county of Louth, being a History of the Seven Year's War between Ulster and Connaught; in the reign of Meadhbh, Queen of Connaught, and Conchobhar Mac Nessa, king of Ulster, on account of the famous bull called *Donn Chuailgne;* and which terminated, according to Roderic O'Flaherty, the Irish chronologist, one year before the Christian era. To be edited by WILLIAM HACKETT.

This very ancient and curious tract comprises three hundred closely-written folios, and contains many interesting details of Mythological Incidents, Pillar Stones, Ogham Inscriptions, Tulachs, War Chariots, Leanan Sighes, Mice and Cat Incantations. Together with an account of the Mysterious War Weapon used by Cuchullainn, called *Gai Bolg;* also Some Account of the early Christian Missionaries in Ireland, and the privileges enjoyed by the chief bard.

II. Agallamh na Seanóirighe; or, The Dialogue of the Sages: an Historical Work in Prose and Poetry, full of rare information on the achievements of the Fianna Eirionn; copied from the Book of Lismore, a vellum manuscript of the Fourteenth Century, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. To be edited by JOHN WINDELE.

* *New Editions of Vols. I. and II., now out of print, will be published as soon as the Council receives 250 names to assist in bearing the cost of printing.*

III. Cać Fhinn Tṙaḋa; or, An Account of the Battle fought at Ventry, in the county of Kerry, in the Third Century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the Rev. James Goodman, A.B.

This Battle lasted for 366 days; the copy at the disposal of the Society is the earliest known to exist, having been copied from a vellum manuscript of the fifteenth century, now deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by the Rev. E. D. Cleaver.

IV. Cać Chnoca; or, The Battle of Castleknock, in the county of Dublin, fought A.D. 273, between Conn Ceadchathach, i.e., Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the Clanna Morna; by his victory, in which Conn obtained the Sovereignty of three Provinces in Ireland, viz. Connaught, Ulster, and Leinster. To be edited by the Rev. Thaddeus O'Máhony.

This tract is copied from a manuscript made by John Murphy of Carrignavar, in the county of Cork, A.D. 1725, and from the fame of the writer as a scribe, no doubt is entertained of the accuracy of the text.

V. A TRACT ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF IRELAND; from the Psalter Mac Richard Butler, otherwise called "*Saltar na Rann*," containing the Derivation of the Names, Local Traditions, and other remarkable circumstances, of the Hills, Mountains, Rivers, Caves, Carns, Rocks, Tulachs, and Monumental Remains of Pagan Ireland, but more especially those connected with the deeds of Fionn Mac Chumhaill. To be edited by Professor Connellan.

Psalter Mac Richard Butler was originally written for Edmond, son of Richard Butler commonly called "Mac Richard," but on his defeat by Thomas, the eighth Earl of Desmond, (who was beheaded in 1467), near the banks of the River Suir, where great numbers of the Butlers' followers were drowned and slain, the book fell into the hands of this Thomas, and was afterwards the property of Sir George Carew, Elizabeth's President of Munster; but finally came into the hands of Archbishop Laud, who bequeathed it to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where it is now preserved, and the Society have permission to make transcripts of its contents.

VI. A MEMORIAL ON THE DALCASSIAN RACE, and the Divisions of Thomond at the Invasion of the English, A.D. 1172; to which is annexed a Short Essay on the Fenii or Standing Militia of Ireland; also, Remarks on some of the Laws and Customs of the Scoti, or Antient Irish, by the late Chevalier O'Gorman; presented to the Society for publication by J. R. Joly, Esq., LL.D., Rathmines.

These manuscripts contain a list of the several families of the Macnamaras, who were named from the houses or lands of inheritance they severally enjoyed; also a list of the several castles in the baronies of Bunratty and Tulla, with the names of the persons who erected them.

VII. Tri Tṙuaḋ na Sgēalaiġeacta; or, The Three Sorrows of Story-telling, which relates the tragical fate of the sons of Uisneach, the sons of Tuireann, and the children of Lir, who are represented to have been metamorphosed into swans by their stepmother, Aoife; and in that shape spent seven years on *Sruth na Maoile Ruadh*, supposed to be that portion of the British Channel which separates Ireland and the Isle of Man. To be edited by Patrick O'Herlihy.

VIII. FENIAN POEMS, *Second Series*. To be edited by the Secretary.

SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION.

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11. The Surrey Archæological Society. George Bish Webb, Esq., 6, *Southampton-street, Covent Garden, London*, Honorary Secretary.

Abstract of Receipts and Expenditure of the Society, for the Year ending 1856.

Dr.

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— Do Do. 1857	1	0	0
— Do. Do. 1858	0	5	0
— Balance on hand from 1855	0	10	7
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JOHN O'HANLON, C.C.
Chairman.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE BARDS OF IRELAND.

O a work specially devoted to record and illustrate the conduct, proceedings, demeanor and bearing of the Bardic Order in Ireland at a certain period of their career, it is necessary to premise a few notices explanatory of their position and history, and point out the nature of that extensive influence which they once possessed, and occasionally so signally abused. For our materials in such a task we have drawn upon a variety of sources, many of them confined to Manuscript and others more accessible. In this latter department much of our information has been derived from the Transactions of the Iberno-Celtic Society, a work edited and compiled by the late learned and laborious Irish scholar, Edward O'Reilly, Esq.; also from Walker's Irish Bards, but principally from our national Annals.

The term Bard, signifying a Poet, is common to several of the European languages as well as to the Irish—to the Teutonic, Greek and Roman as well as Celtic. In Welch and Armoric the word is written *bardh* and *barth;* in Greek *bardos,* and in Latin *bardus.* As to its derivation there are various opinions, which are after all no better than con-

jectural. From the word bárd is derived the family name of Mac an Bhárd; which means the descendant of the Bard; this has been anglicised to Mac Ward; and the Mac Wards are recorded in our Annals from almost the first establishment of surnames, as chief Professors of poetry in Ulster.

Tacitus, in his "Germania," gives an account of the German Bards, and says, that by the recital of their battle songs, which he calls *Barditus*, they greatly excited the valour of their warriors. The Bards amongst the Gauls were highly honoured. According to Pompeius Festus, a Bard in the Gallic language signified *a singer*, who celebrated the praises of heroes. Such was the respect paid to this ancient order, according to Diodorus Siculus, that they could put a stop to armies in the heat of battle. When a Bard appeared in an army, it was either as a herald or ambassador; hence his person and property were sacred in the midst of hostile forces. After a battle they raised the song over the deceased, and extolled the heroes who survived.

The order of Bards is of the very highest antiquity in Ireland. We are informed in our ancient Irish MSS. that *Amergin*, brother of Heber, Heremon, and Ir, the sons of Milidh or Milesius, was appointed by them, in their government of this country, their chief Bard, Druid and Brehon. There are four poems still extant which are ascribed to him as the first Milesian Bard.

The successor of Amergin in his poetic office appears to have been *Lughaidh*, or Lugad, son of Ith, and nephew of Milesius, as he is styled a *Fileadh* or poet. There is a poem ascribed to him in the Book of Invasions, which, it is said, he composed on the death of his wife Fail, the daughter of Milesius.

The next chief Bard (at a long interval) of whom there is any account was *Roighne Rosgadhach*, or Royné the poetic, son of Ugaine Mór, and brother of Mal who reigned

monarch of Ireland in the time of Alexander the Great, or about three centuries before the Christian era. There is an historical poem in the Book of Invasions which is ascribed to this poet.

According to O'Reilly, in his account of Irish writers, *Adhna* was chief poet or Bard of Ireland about A.M. 3950; and on his death *Fercheirtne* the poet was appointed to the vacant chair by Oilioll and Meave, king and queen of Connaught. Neide, the son of Adhna, who was in Alba (Scotland) at the time of his father's death, determined upon returning to Ireland, and asserting his right to the Laureatship. Upon his arrival at Emania, the seat of the kings of Ulster, finding Fercheirtne absent he seized on the *Tuidhean* or Ollav's robe, and took possession of the bardic chair. Fercheirtne hearing of this incident, repaired to Emania, and meeting with Neide, a dispute for the professorship was carried on between the rival Bards upon the qualifications necessary for an Ollave. This dispute is entitled "The Dialogue of the two Sages," of which there are two ancient copies in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

About the commencement of the Christian era lived *Lughar*, the Laureate of Oilioll and Meave, who designated himself in one of his poems as a poet and Druid, and probably was then the chief Bard of Ireland.

In the second century of the Christian era lived the poets *Ciothruadh*, and *Fingin* son of Luchta. The former was the messenger or herald sent by Conn of the Hundred Battles to Mac Neid, king of Munster, with proposals of peace; and the latter composed a poem upon the four roads, said to be made to Tara on the night of the birth of that monarch. It would seem that those two poets were the most distinguished of the bards in the reign of Conn of the Hundred Fights.

About A.D. 270 lived *Fergus finnbel* (or of the melodious

mouth), son of Finn Mac Cumhall, and brother of Oisin, who was the chief poet or Bard of the Fians of Erin.

Towards the end of the third century lived *Flaithri*, son of Fithil, who it appears was poet to the monarch Cormac, and therefore in all probability the head of the Bards of Ireland in his time.

Cormac the monarch, having lost the sight of one of his *eyes* and being therefore incapacitated by the laws of the land from ruling the country, vacated the throne and applied the remainder of his life to literature. It is stated that he founded three colleges at Tara for the study of jurisprudence, history, and military science; and it is more than probable that he was enrolled in the order of the Bards. At all events he caused the Psalter of Tara to be compiled, as the depository of the records of the nation. He wrote some laws and the instructions for his son Carbry of the Liffey, and ancient copies of those have come down to our times. Fithil, his chief Brehon or judge, also wrote some laws, copies of which may be seen in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

About the year 405 lived the poet *Torna Eigeas* (or Torna the learned), who fostered and educated the monarch Niall of the Nine Hostages, and also Core, king of Cashel or Munster, and most probably he was the chief bard of Ireland at the beginning of the fifth century.

Armstrong states in his Gaelic dictionary at the word Bard, that princes and warriors did not disdain to claim affinity with the order of the Bards. The Celts, being passionately fond of poetry, would listen to no instruction, whether from priest or philosopher, unless it was conveyed in rhymes. Thus we find a bard often entrusted with the education of a prince; and only two centuries ago a Highland chieftain had seldom any other instructor.

About A.D. 433, Dubhthach Mac Ui Lughair, or Duv-

thach the grandson of Lugar, was preeminent amongst the Bards of Laoghaire (Leary), monarch of Ireland. This Duvthach was converted to Christianity by St. Patrick.

Amergin, son of Amalgaidh (or Awley), was chief poet or Bard to the monarch Dermod, who ascended the throne of Ireland A.D. 544, and died A.D. 565. The name Amergin is a strong proof that bardism was hereditary in certain families, as no doubt this person was so named after the first of the Milesian bardic order.

Under the year 596 is recorded Dallan Forgail, who, according to the writer of the following work, was not only Laureate of Ireland, but also of Alba, Britain and Gaul. Dallan was succeeded in the chief professorship by Shanchan the aged poet.

Besides the Ard Ollave or chief Bard of all Ireland, there was also an Ard Ollave of each of the five provinces, from amongst whom the chief Bard of Erin was elected, as stated in this work. It is said that the head professor of Ireland had thirty inferior bards as attendants, while the provincial chief Ollave had fifteen, but it appears that Shanchan largely increased the number of attendant minstrels, as it is stated that he took along with him to the court of Guaire, king of Connaught, no less than thrice fifty of the tuneful craft, independent of those he had left behind him. The number of bards that accompanied Dallan to the fortress of the king of Oirgiall, was thrice nine, which probably was the number determined at the great convention at Drom-ceat, when their numbers were reduced and limited, "proportionate with the various provinces and districts in the kingdom."

We are informed that in the great bardic Institution there were professors of music as well as of poetry, history and other arts, and perhaps also all the bards were skilled in music, as many are said to have performed on the harp with a master hand.

"The monarch of Ireland," says Sir James Ware, "had always in his retinue ten officers, a lord, a judge, a Druid, a physician, a poet, an antiquary, a musician, and three stewards of his household; the three first to assist him with their counsel, the three last to regulate and conduct the affairs of his family, and the other four to take care of his health and diversions."

It is uncertain at what time seminaries or colleges were first established for the education of the Bards, but it is supposed to have been in the reign of Ollave Fodhla, or the learned professor, king of Ireland. He was originally king of Ulster and afterwards succeeded to the monarchy, some centuries before the Christian era. He was the first who instituted a Triennial Convention at Tara, and he is represented as a great legislator, and eminent for learning and wisdom.

In those seminaries it is said that the Druids instilled into the minds of the Bards, the rudiments of history, oratory and laws, through the medium of poetry. "Their laws, their systems of physic and other sciences (says Keating) were poetical compositions, and set to music, which was always esteemed the most polite part of learning amongst them."

Soon as the student had finished his course of education in those seminaries, an honorary cap called *Bairead*, and the degree of *Ollamh* or professor were conferred on him. Then he was supposed sufficiently qualified to fill any office of his order. And the most learned of these Ollaves were sometimes admitted into the Druidic hierarchy.

When the young Bard had received the degree of Ollave, the choice of his profession was determined by that of the family to which he belonged: he was either a File, a Breitheamh, or a Seanchaidhe by birth, offices which had been frequently united in the same person, but were generally

disunited, being found too complex for one man. The term Ollaṁ signified a learned Doctor, or one eminently skilled in any art or science, and was therefore prefixed to the various learned professions. The Ollaṁ ṗe ḋáṅ or the Ḟíle was the professor of poetry, and ranked highest amongst the bards. The File always attended in the field of battle upon the chief whom he served, marching at the head of the army, arrayed in a white flowing robe, harp glittering in his hands, and his person surrounded with Oirfididh, or instrumental musicians. While the battle raged, the bard stood apart, and watched in security (for the persons of the bards were held sacred) every action of the chief, in order to glean subjects for his lays. The Ollaṁ ṗe bṗeiṫeaṁṅaṡ was the professor of Law. To the Ollaṁ ṗe ṡeanċuṡ belonged the department of history and antiquities. He also preserved the genealogies of his patron. The Ollaṁ ṗe ceól was the professor of music; this class was also called oiṗfiḋiḋ, i.e. musicians. Besides these there was a professor in every art and science, such as physicians, surgeons, mechanics, &c. Over each of these presided a chief styled Aṗḋ ollaṁ. Thus we find in several passages in the Annals that the O'Coffeys, O'Higgins, and O'Dalys were chief professors of poetry over the schools of Ireland; and many of those assumed the title of chief professors of the men of Ireland and Scotland, in Brehonism, Bardism, Minstrelsy, &c.

In early times several of the Kings of Ireland attained the high honour of being enrolled amongst the Bards; and on the other hand we read that Cuan O'Lochain, who was chief Bard of Ireland in the year 1024, was appointed, during an interregnum, Regent of Ireland.

The Bards held a rank in the institutions of the country equal to the chief nobility, and had some of the highest seats appropriated to them at banquets and places of entertainment. They had extensive landed properties

allotted to them, and many of them had their stately castles in after times. When surnames became established, the chief Bard was always styled as a prince or chief, with the definite article *The* prefixed to his name, as the Mac Egan or The O'Daly, just in the same manner that the Prince of Thomond was styled "The O'Brien."

Those learned men invariably kept houses of general hospitality for all travellers, and where the *literati* might remain any length of time they pleased to stop. The annalists, in recording the deaths of many of those professors of the bardic order, inform us that they were men of wealth and affluence, and kept open houses for general hospitality, in which they entertained the rich and the poor. For example, the annalists state, that O'Duigenan of Kilronan, in the County of Roscommon, a learned historian, who died in A.D. 1496, kept an open house of general hospitality, and was one of the most wealthy Professors in Ireland, in cattle and herds; and again, that Mac Ward, chief professor of poetry to O'Donnell (Prince of Tirconnell), president of several schools, a man profoundly learned in poetry and other arts, had founded and maintained an open house for general hospitality. We also read in the annals of many Medical Professors, who are represented as learned in many arts, men of great affluence and wealth, and also remarkable for hospitality.

It has been ascertained from the public legal Records that the rental of the landed properties of several of those professors even so late as the sixteenth century, would, at the present day, amount to upwards of four or five thousand pounds annually, besides the guerdons they received from the ruling sovereigns and chiefs; many of them are stated to have maintained three or four schools on their estates, at which pupils were boarded and educated gratuitously. Throughout our annals we learn that almost all those

professors died a natural death, very few of them having been slain in conflicts; their persons and properties being held inviolate by all parties, as already observed. The *Eiric*, or compensation, levied for the killing of a chief professor, was next, in amount, to that required for a king or prince; and it is recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, under the year 1400, that Gregory O'Maelconry, the intended chief professor of Siol Murray, in Roscommon, was accidentally killed by the cast of a dart, and one hundred and twenty-six cows were given as an *Eiric* or Fine, for his death, although it was by accident he had been slain.

The Bards were so highly esteemed by Niall O'Neill, King of Ulster, that, in the year 1387, he founded a house of general entertainment and support at Armagh, where they might meet and discuss the various branches of literature. In fact they were honoured and respected by all classes on account of their learning, and their high rank and influence in society.

At the inauguration of the kings and princes it was the duty of the Bard to recite aloud the inauguration ode, which he composed, and it was his privilege, as stated by Sir James Ware on MS. authorities, to place a white wand, the emblem of sovereignty and justice, in the hands of the elected prince. The principal officers of the bardic order who attended officially at the inaugurations were the Brehons, Fileadhs and Seanchies or Historians.

The duty of the chief professor of history, and genealogy, at the inauguration, was to read and prove the pedigree of the prince; and if a provincial king was a candidate for the monarchy of Ireland, his pedigree should be shown from one of the three sons of Milesius, namely Eber, Eremon and Ir, or from Ith, the uncle of Milidh. The Irish nobility were very exact in their pedigrees; every

petty chief had his own genealogist, who not only kept the pedigrees of the family, by whom he was retained, but also those of the other chiefs, whilst each genealogist was a check upon the others; and hence our Irish pedigrees may be admitted to be more accurate than those of any other nation in Europe.

There are several families in Ireland who derive their surnames from the hereditary professions of their ancestors, and especially of the bardic order, such as Mac an Bhreitheamhain, or the descendant of the Brehon, anglicised to Brehony and Brehon; Mac an Bhaird, or the descendant of the Bard, and anglicised Ward, as already stated; Ó'Seanchain, a name anglicised to O'Shanahan, and by some to Shannon, is believed to signify the descendant of the Historian; Mac an Leagha, or the descendant of the Physician, anglicised Leech and Lee; Mac an Tiompánaigh, or the descendant of the Tympanist, anglicised Tempany; Mac Cruitín, a name anglicised to Mac Curtin, being derived from Cruit, a harp, and ín the diminutive particle, signifying the small sized harp; and we find in the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1404, that Giolla-Duivin Mac Curtin was Ollave of Thomond in music.

The following are the family names in which professions of the bardic order were chiefly hereditary. They are arranged in accordance with the ancient principalities of Ireland, namely Meath, Ulster, Connaught, Leinster and Munster, as described by O'Dugan and O'Heerin in their Topographies or general survey of the landed properties and proprietors of this country written in the fourteenth century.

Meath.—The O'Dalys were hereditary Bards of Meath, and were chiefs of the barony of Corcaree in the County of Westmeath; and one of them is represented in the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1185, as chief Professor of Ireland and Scotland, head chief of Corcaree

and Corcadaimh, a nobleman distinguished for learning, poetry and hospitality. So that this chief Bard of Erin, in the 12th century, who is styled a Nobleman, and head chief of two baronies, would rank in the scale of landed property, as a Baron, or Earl, among the nobility of the present day. The O'Dalys are also mentioned as chief Bards of Meath, under the years 1448, and 1474, after which time it would appear they removed beyond the Shannon, into the County of Galway, where they established themselves as a highly respectable family, and have latterly become Lords of Dunsandle.

The Mac Egans are mentioned in the Annals at the year 1409 as chief Brehons of the men of Teffia, that is to the O'Melaghlins, Mac Geoghegans, Foxes and O'Ferralls of Meath, Westmeath and Longford. The O'Higgins and the O'Coffeys, were also Bards to the Mac Geoghegans, Foxes and O'Ferralls, and some of them removed to the North in the 14th and 15th centuries, and became celebrated Bards and historians in Ulster and Connaught. There are many respectable families of this name in different parts of Ireland. See the O'Higgins mentioned as bards of Meath in the note on Rats and Mice.

Ulster.—The O'Hagans, who were chiefs of a large territory about Tullaghoge, in the parish of Desertcreight, barony of Dungannon, county Tyrone, presided as the hereditary Brehons at the inauguration of the O'Neills as kings of Ulster and princes of Tyrone. The Mac Namees were chief Bards to the O'Neills :—Thus at the years 1434, 1507, we are informed by the Four Masters that Maelisa Mac Namee and Solomon Mac Namee were chief poets or bards to the O'Neills ; and of the latter they state, "that he was a man learned in poetry, philosophy, and literature, and kept a house of hospitality." The O'Gneeves were also Bards to the O'Neills of Tyrone and Clanneboy ; and

at the year 1376 the deaths of the following professors are recorded :—" John O'Rooney, chief Bard to Magennis (in the county Down); Malachy O'Mulveena, chief Professor to O'Kane (in the county of Derry); and O'Hamil, chief Bard to O'Hanlon (in the county of Armagh), a man who kept a general house of hospitality, and never refused any one."

The O'Breslins were chief Brehons to the O'Donnells, princes of Tirconnell, and also to the Maguires, Lords of Fermanagh. The Mac Wards were chief Bards to the O'Donnells down to the seventeenth century; and in the Annals one of them is thus recorded :—" A. D. 1576, Mac-an-Bhaird, chief Bard to O'Donnell, a superintendent of schools, a man eminent in literature and general knowledge, the sustaining and supporting pillar of students and men of learning, died." The O'Sgingins were in early times the hereditary chief historians to the princes of Tirconnell, and were succeeded by the O'Clerys, who had their castle at Kilbarron near Ballyshannon. Of the latter family were the celebrated writers of the Annals of the Four Masters, one of the most veritable and impartial records ever produced in any country. The O'Clerys had large landed property as described in Inquisitions and other law documents, the annual rental of which would amount at the present time to three or four thousand pounds.

The O'Dunleavys, otherwise called Mac Nultys, were chief Physicians to the O'Donnells. In the Annals, at A.D. 1527, it is stated that the Doctor O'Dunleavey, namely Donagh the son of Owen, a Doctor of Medicine, and learned in other arts, a man of great affluence and wealth, and who kept an open house of general hospitality, died on the 30th of September in this year.

The Mac Criffertys were chief Bards to the Maguires of Fermanagh in the 14th century, but were succeeded in that

capacity by the O'Hoseys. The O'Keenans were chief historians in Fermanagh, and the O'Cassidys were chief physicians to the Maguires.

CONNAUGHT.—The Mac Egans were Brehons to the O'Connors, kings of Connaught. Maolisa Donn Mac Egan, Ard Ollamh (chief Professor) of Connaught, died A.D. 1329, according to the Annals of the Four Masters; and one of the Mac Egans is recorded under the year 1447 as chief Brehon of all Ireland. The O'Maelconrys were chief Bards and historians to the O'Connors. Torna O'Maelconry, the Bard to Felim O'Connor, has transmitted to us an account of the ceremonies performed at the inauguration of that prince in the year 1312, when it was the Bard's privilege to place the Regal Wand (as he calls it) in the hand of the prince. The landed property of the O'Maelconry, containing about 10,000 acres, comprised the present parish of Cloncraff in the county of Roscommon. Some of the written works of the O'Maelconrys are in the Bodleian Library and several other places; and a member of that family was one of the Four Masters. The Mac Tullys were the hereditary physicians to the O'Connors.

The Mac Egans were Brehons to the O'Rourkes, princes of Brefney, and the O'Cuirnins were their Bards; the O'Dalys were Bards to the O'Reillys, princes of East Brefney.

The Mac Egans of Ballymacegan were chief Brehons to the O'Kellys, princes of Hy Maine, in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, which princely family is now represented by Denis H. Kelly of Castle Kelly, Esq., an eminent Celtic scholar. The O'Dugans were hereditary Bards to the O'Kellys, many of whose works are still extant, particularly the large vellum manuscript of the O'Kellys, now buried in some English private collection.

The O'Duigenans of Kilronan were Bards and historians to the Mac Dermotts, princes of Moylurg in Roscommon

and Marshals of Connaught. They were also Bards and historians to the Mac Donnoghs, Lords of Corran in the county of Sligo; and a member of the Kilronan family was one of the Four Masters. The Book of Ballymote, the property at one time of the Mac Donnoghs of the Castle of Ballymote, was written by an O'Duigenan. It is a large folio MS. on vellum; was sold in the year 1522 for 140 Milch cows, and is now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

The Mac Firbises of the castle of Leacan, in the barony of Tireragh, county of Sligo, were hereditary Bards and historians to the O'Dowds, Lords of Tyrawley and Tireragh in the counties of Mayo and Sligo. Duald Mac Firbis, the last hereditary professor of this family, lived about the year 1670. Several of the works of the Mac Firbises are still extant, such as the Book of Leacan in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and the Book of Mac Firbis, the property of the Earl of Roden. The Mac Egans were Brehons to the O'Connors, Sligo, and probably to the O'Dowds also; they were the principal professors of Brehonism all over Ireland.

LEINSTER.—The O'Dorans were the Brehons to the Mac Murroghs, kings of Leinster. In the Annals at the year 1417 one of them is recorded as the Brehon of Leinster; and again at the year 1447 it is stated that William O'Doran, chief Brehon of Leinster, and his wife died of the plague. The Mac Keoghs were the chief Bards to Mac Murrogh; the O'Behans were his historians and genealogists, and the O'Shiels his hereditary physicians. The Book of Leinster, an Irish MS. written in the 11th or 12th centuries on vellum, is now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

It is stated in the Annals at the year 1474, that the Mac Egans were chief Brehons to the O'Connors, princes of

Offaley, which comprised the greater part of the King's County with portions of the Queen's County and of Kildare, in the ancient kingdom of Leinster.

MUNSTER.—*Desmond* or South Munster.—Another family of the Mac Egans were chief Brehons to the Mac Carthys, princes of Desmond. In later times the Mac Clancys were Brehons to the Earls of Desmond. The O'Dalys were the chief Bards of Desmond; and the most celebrated of the satiric class in the reign of Elizabeth was Angus O'Daly, who made a tour of Ireland for the purpose of satirizing all the respectable Irish families and some of the Anglo-Irish too, for English pay, it is said; but on his return home to Munster he was dispatched by O'Maher with a dagger as a reward for his malevolence. These satires were published by Mr. John O'Daly, Honorary Secretary to the Ossianic Society, in the year 1852. The O'Duinnins were historians and antiquaries to the Mac Carthys; and the O'Cullinans were their hereditary physicians, as stated in the Annals at the year 1409.

Thomond or North Munster. The Mac Clancys, a branch of the Mac Namaras of Clare, were hereditary Brehons to the O'Briens, princes of Thomond and kings of Munster. We find the following notices of this bardic family in the Annals of the Four Masters.—A.D. 1483. Connor oge Mac Clancy, chief professor of Thomond, a highly accomplished man, in literature and poetry, died, and was succeeded by Hugh Mac Clancy. A.D. 1492. Hugh Mac Clancy, chief professor of history and of the Brehon laws in Thomond, died. A.D. 1575. The Mac Clancy (Hugh), a professional lecturer, in laws and poetry, and one of the most upright Brehons of a territory, in Ireland, died; and under the year 1576, it is recorded, that Mac Clancy was chief professor of Brehonism to the Dalcassians

(the O'Briens and others), and a man who kept an open house for general hospitality.

The Magraths were chief Bards of Thomond. They are stated to have been men of great wealth; and one of them is recorded in the Annals at the year 1343 as chief Bard of *Leath-Mogha*, which comprised Leinster and Munster. The Mac Curtins were the chief hereditary historians, and two of the name, Andrew and Hugh, who lived in the last century, were eminent writers of history and poetry. The Mac Gowans (a name anglicised or rather translated Smith), Mac Bruodins and O'Dalys were also Bards and historians to the O'Briens, Mac Namaras, Mac Mahons, O'Loughlins, O'Connors, O'Gradys, and other chiefs in Clare, Limerick and Tipperary; and the O'Hickeys were the hereditary physicians and surgeons in Thomond.

Some of the descendants of the bardic race have often exercised their hereditary skill in poetic composition even to within a recent period in many parts of Ireland. "To the present day," says Hardiman in his Irish Minstrelsy, "the rural Irish dread nothing so much as the satirical severity of their bards. Many a man, who would kindle into rage at the sight of an armed foe, will be found to tremble at the thought of offending a rhymer. One of the latter I have seen: his name was Brenan, and though he might not be called 'a fellow of infinite jest, or most excellent fancy,' yet he was a ready versifier in his native tongue, and had wit enough to keep two large districts in the West of Ireland for many years amused by his rural songs and in dread of his broad local satire. He bore some faint resemblance to the ancient bards. He knew no settled residence. Whatever house he chose to stop at, and he seldom selected the poorest, became his home during the time of his stay. Generally welcomed with simulated, though often with real sincerity, the best bed, and place

at table, were always at his service. Thus he lived to a good old age, feared for his satirical powers, but respected for his virtues. He has left behind some songs and sarcastic verses, but none of them above mediocrity."

We are informed by Keating and Walker, that the conduct of the Bards as a congregated body had, at various times, become so intolerable to the people, that they demanded of the state the banishment of the whole order. The first instance recorded of their oppression occurred in the reign of Achy the Third, who resolved on their expulsion; but Conor Mac Neasa, King of Ulster about the beginning of the Christian era, a friend to the learned in general, but to the bards in particular, interposed his mediation and moderated the rage of the people.

The conduct of the Bards (says Keating) continued irreprehensible from the death of Conor Mac Neasa till Fiachaidh mounted the throne of Ulster. Then, and once again in the reign of Maolcoba, who governed the same province, the hand of the monarch was raised to chastise them, but they were shielded from the impending stroke by those generous princes, who invited and kindly received them into their dominions.

Invested (says Walker,) with honours, wealth and power; endowed with extraordinary privileges, which no other subjects presumed to claim; possessed of an art, which, by soothing the mind, acquires an ascendency over it; respected by the great for their learning, and reverenced, almost to adoration, by the vulgar, for their knowledge of the secret composition, and hidden harmony of the universe,—the Bards became, in the reign of Hugh, intolerably insolent and corrupted, and their order a national grievance. They arrogantly demanded the golden buckle and pin, which fastened the royal robes on the Monarch's breast, and had been for many generations the associate of the

century written on vellum, which was until lately the property of Thomas Hewitt, Esq., of Summerhill House, Cork, a truly estimable gentleman most liberal in affording every access to his splendid Library and valuable collection of manuscripts. To him the Editor tenders his warmest thanks for many favours received at his hands.

The copy taken from the Book of Mac Carthy Riagh has been collated with another contained in a valuable MS. on paper belonging to the late Rev. Mr. Lamb of Newtownhamilton; and as the tract in the vellum MS. is a little defaced at the beginning and ending, these portions have been supplied from the paper copy.

Denis H. Kelly of Castlekelly, Esq., in the county of Galway, whose knowledge of the ancient language of our Irish MSS. is well known, made a translation into English of this work in his own elegant style of composition, which he most kindly placed at the disposal of the Ossianic Society. The Editor, however, soon discovered that Mr. Kelly's original Irish text must have been very imperfect from the great variance observable in several passages from that of the vellum copy, and he therefore deemed it advisable to make his translation, in the first instance, independent of the other to avoid confusion and omissions. On comparing the two English versions he found them happily to correspond in all those passages common to both originals, which has convinced him of the correctness of this translation.

To my good friend John Windele, Esq., of Blair's Castle, Cork, the Members of the Ossianic Society are indebted for the production of this volume. I had much reluctance in undertaking such a task, being unwilling from past experience to encounter the labour and difficulty necessarily attending a work of the kind. My friend, however, whilst appealing to my patriotism and devotion to the good old

cause of our national literature, promising at the same time such assistance as he was able to afford, prevailed, and I could no longer hesitate, knowing full well that I was in safe hands; and like an honest Irishman he has fulfilled his promise. He read in MS. my translation and notes, corrected the former where necessary, and amended and most essentially enlarged the latter. Mr. Windele's extensive and intimate knowledge of the History and Antiquities of Ireland is well known to our reading public; it is excelled by none and equalled by few, as his numerous contributions to our Archæological literature testify. He was the first of the present generation to resuscitate the old inscriptions in the Ogham characters, the very existence of which was stoutly denied by some of our most eminent Antiquaries. He has collected so large a number of those inscriptions, discovered in various parts of Ireland, but particularly in the South, and found in sites and positions which proved beyond reasonable controversy that they belonged to a pre-Christian period, as to bring conviction to many that the ancient Irish had the use of letters before the introduction of Christianity into this country.

To our worthy and noble-minded President, who I am happy to say is a very good Celtic Scholar, I am greatly indebted for his careful reading of a considerable portion of the proof sheets of this volume whilst passing through the press; and I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks for the many valuable improvements which he suggested.

My best thanks are also due to my very good friends George Sigerson, Esq., M.D., and P. O'Herlihy, Esq., Queen's College, Cork, who suggested many improvements.

It is with infinite pleasure I have to acknowledge the kindness lately bestowed on me at the Royal Irish Academy. To the well recognized courtesy and urbanity of Edward

Clibborn, Esq., the acting Librarian, have I been indebted for the fullest access to the very valuable collection of Irish MSS. in that magnificent Institution, whereby I have been enabled to take such extracts as I required without question or restraint, greatly to the advantage of the work in hands, and without which its completeness and value would be materially lessened. Facilities like these, so beneficial to literary enquirers, entitle the Academy to the best gratitude of the public generally, and of every friend of Irish literature especially.

Nor should I, amidst these acknowledgments, omit awarding my very sincere thanks for the kindness and services rendered to me in the progress of my investigations by Doctor Siegfried and the gentlemen connected with his department in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. I had only to ask the Doctor for any MS. in the Library, and he at all times placed it before me with such ready cheerfulness as to convince me that it was with him a pleasure to oblige. Never during my life time have I experienced more real courtesy in any literary Institution than I have in the College Library. It is only to be equalled by that which every person may be sure to experience in the Library of the Royal Dublin Society.

OWEN CONNELLAN,

Clanbrassil Place,
Dublin, September, 1860.

IMTHEACHT NA TROMDHAIMHE.

IMTHEACHT NA TROMDHAMHE[1].

Ina b-foillrigtean cionaf do fuaraf an Táin ar túr, ꝛc.

Aj ni uaral oirdnigte for Airgiallaib feacht naill .i. Aeb mac Duach duib. Cuin aimrir dorein agus d'Aeb finn, mac Fearguna, mic Feargura, mic Aurneadaig Mhail, ni Bretne, agus do batar in diar rin co himrirnach. Gach ni maith do gnid fear dib, nob ail

[1] Imtheacht na tromdaimhe. Imtheacht literally signifies *departure;* but in this case the terms "*going forth*, the *journey*, or the *proceedings*, may be more applicable. The word tromdaimh is compounded of trom, heavy or great, and daimh, learned, or professional men, and collectively signifies the great literary body, company, or association. The terms trom fluag are applied to a *large host* or *army;* but in the present instance trom would mean oppressive; for in the course of this work it is stated that, "notwithstanding they were called *the heavy literary body*, and though greatly they were abhorred, yet small was their consumption of food," which shews that the term the writer wished to apply to them was, that they were *burthensome* or *very expensive*. But as this great and burdensome body was composed of men professing the various arts and sciences, it may be as well to call them, par excellence, "The great Bardic Association or Institution.

[2] Airgiall or Oirgiall.—The origin of this kingdom or principality was as follows:—Carbry Liffeachair (or of the Liffey, so called from having been fostered near that river), monarch of Ireland, son of the celebrated Cormac, son of Art, son of Con of the hundred battles, was slain in the battle of Gaura

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE GREAT BARDIC INSTITUTION,[1]

IN WHICH IS EXPLAINED HOW THE TAIN (OR AN ACCOUNT OF THE CATTLE RAID OF CUAILGNE) WAS FIRST DISCOVERED, ETC.

A NOBLE, worthy, king ruled Airgiall[2] at one time whose name was Hugh son of Duach the Dark. Contemporaneous with him was Hugh the Fair, son of Fergna, son of Fergus, son of Muredagh Mal, king of Brefney,[3] and those two were at strife. In every good act performed by one, the

fought against the Fiana of Erin, A.D. 296. One of Carbry Liffeachair's sons, called Fiacha Sravthinne, succeeded him in the monarchy. Another son of Carbry, named Eohy Doivlein, was married to Alechia, daughter of Updar, king of Alba, now Scotland, and by her he had three sons, called by the Irish historians the "Three Collas," designated Colla Uais, Colla-da-chrich (or of the two districts), and Colla Meann. The three Collas, being warlike and ambitious princes, aimed at the monarchy, and having collected a powerful army they invaded Meath, and fought a battle against the royal forces, A.D. 327, in a district called Crioch-rois, at Teltown, near the river Blackwater, in Meath. It was called the battle of Dubcomar, from Dubcomar, King Fiach's druid, who was slain there, or from the confluence there of the *Dubh*, or Blackwater, and the Boyne. In this battle the monarch's forces were defeated and himself slain, and Colla Uais usurped the monarchy and reigned four years. Muredach Tirach, the son of the former prince, Fiacha, being aided by his friends, compelled Colla Uais to abdicate the throne, and Muredach succeeded to the monarchy, and expelled the Three Collas, who were obliged to flee to Scotland with thirty nobles and 300 followers, and take refuge amongst their

ꝺoꝶ ḟíꝛ ele ⁊ ꝛmuꝛcaċ ꝺo ꝺeꝶuiꝶ ꝺe buꝺ ꝺeiꝶ; ⁊ġuꝛ ꝶi
hiꝶaiꝶ ꝺo ꝺaꝺaꝛ ⁊ꝛoeꝶ; oꝛ buꝶ ꝺeaꝛ ċéaꝺaċ coꝶꝛuꝶaċ
coꝶaiġ ⁊cu .i. Ꝼeꝺ ḟíꝶ; ⁊ġuꝛ ꝺeaꝛ cꝛoꝺu coꝛaꝶꝺaċ ⁊cu

mother's relatives in that country. In the course of time, the monarch, Muredach, who was their first cousin, pardoned them, and they returned to Ireland. The kings of Tara, at that time, were of the race of Heremon, son of Miledh or Milesius, and the Three Collas projected a plan of dethroning the King of Ulster, who was of the race of Ir, son of Breogan, uncle of Milesius, and of making a settlement for themselves and their followers in that province. The Heremonians and Irians had contended for a long time for the sovereignty of Ulster, and, by consent of the monarch, the Collas collected a large force, including seven battalions of the Fir-Domnians of Connaught, a tribe of the Fir-Bolg, and being joined by a considerable force of the monarch's army, they marched into Ulster. The seat of the government of that province was the splendid palace of Emania, near Armagh, and Fergus Fogha of the Irian race was then the ruling sovereign. He collected all his forces to oppose the Collas. The two armies met in a district called Fernmoy, in Dalaradia, now the county of Down, at a place named Carn-Eohy-lethderg, at Drummillar near Loughbrickland, and the parish of Aghaderg still retains the name of this place A terrible battle ensued, which continued for six successive days, and it is said that so desperate was the conflict, and the slaughter so great, that the ground was covered with dead bodies from this Carn to Glenrigh, now the vale of the Newry river, a distance of about nine or ten miles. The Collas were finally victors; Fergus Fogha was slain in the battle, and the remnant of his forces was routed, but Colla Meann also fell in the engagement. This battle was fought A.D. 332, and immediately after the victory the two Collas marched with their forces to Emania, which they plundered and burned, and thus was terminated the rule of the Irian kings of Ulster. O'Flaherty states in his Ogygia, vol. I., p. 149, that the duration of Emania, (one of the most splendid edifices in Ireland, whose site is still traceable,) from its erection by King Kimbaeth, about 352 years before the Christian era, to its destruction by the Collas, is six hundred and eighty-four years. By this conquest of the Irian kings the Collas and their followers became possessed of a great part of Ulster, and they founded the kingdom or principality of Oirgiall, which comprised the territories now called the counties of Louth, Monaghan, and Armagh, with portions of Fermanagh, Tyrone, Derry, and the south of Antrim; but in subsequent times it was narrowed to Louth and Monaghan, with a large portion of Armagh. It is stated by O'Halloran, vol. 2, p. 454, that the name *Oirgiall* was derived from the circumstance that the Collas stipulated with the monarch of Ireland, that if they or any of their posterity were demanded as hostages, and if *shackeld*, their fetters should be of gold; and from the words

other would endeavour to excel him; yet both were not equally circumstanced; for one was a hundred fold more (wealthy), just, and prosperous, namely Hugh the Fair;

ór, gold, and giall, a hostage, came the name Orgiall. The O'Carrolls became princes of this territory. They were of the Dal-Fiatach race in the county of Down, and it is stated that they were descended from Carroll, prince of Oirgiall in St. Patrick's time, from whom they took their family name. Donogh O'Carroll, the last celebrated prince of this family, founded in A.D 1142 Mellifont Abbey in the county of Louth. I have not discovered in the Annals the name of Aodh, son of Duach the black, but I do find an Aodh-dubh or Hugh the black, prince of Ulidia (or Down, in A.D. 592) who lived about the time assigned by the author of this work. The princes of Oirgiall had their chief residence at Clogher in Tyrone, and the Bishops of Clogher are styled in the Annals, Bishops of Oirgiall. The Mac Mahons of the Clan Colla race became princes of Oirgiall after the O'Carrolls were subdued by John de Courcy in the 12th century. The Mac Mahons became Lords of Monaghan, Dartry, and Farney, and also Lords of Largan, and maintained their power as chiefs to the reign of James I. Oirgiall was called by Latin writers *Orgallia* and *Ergallia*, and by the English *Oriel* and *Uriel*.—*Connellan's Annals of the Four Masters.*

To this note, already we fear too long, we can hardly refrain from adding a legend of Oriel characteristic of a mode of thinking and waywardness of feeling not infrequent of example in the old chivalry of Ireland. To its own peculiar merits it adds the recommendation of an effective and beautiful translation by the lamented Mangan.

ECHOES OF SONG FROM THE WEST AND THE EAST.

By James Clarence Mangan.

NO. I.—THE TRAGEDY OF RUAGHRI AND DEARBHORGILLA.

(From the Irish of Charles Boy Mc Quillan.)

ARGUMENT.

(Ruaghri, Prince of Oriel, after an absence of two days and nights from his own territories on a hunting expedition, suddenly recollects that he has forgotten his wedding-day. He despairs of forgiveness from the bride whom he appears to have slighted, Dearbhorgilla, daughter of Prince Cairtre, but would scorn her too much to wed her if she *could* forgive him. He accordingly prepares for battle with her and her father, but unfortunately entrusts the command of his forces to one of his most aged *Ceanns*, or captains. He is probably incited to the selection of this chieftain by a wish to avoid provoking hostilities, which, however, if they occur, he will meet by defiance and conflict; but his choice proves to have been a fatal one. His *Ceann* is seized with a

.i. Aeḋ mac Duaċ ḋuiḃ, ṗí Oiṙṡialla. Jr do tṙa ba coṙa beiṫ cṙoḋa diḃ, oṙ ṙo bui ṙciaċ aiṡi, aṡuṙ ba he ainm in ṙceiṫ ṙin Duiḃṡilla, aṡuṙ ba da buaḋuiḃ ṡaċ aen do

strange feeling of fear in the midst of the fray; and this, being communicated to his troops, enlarges into a panic, and Ruaghri's followers are all slaughtered. Ruaghri himself arrives next day on the battle-plain, and, perceiving the result of the contest, stabs himself to the heart. Dearbhorgilla witnesses this sad catastrophe from a distance, and, rushing towards the scene of it, clasps her lover in her arms; but her stern father, following, tears her away from the bleeding corpse, and has her cast in his wrath, it is supposed, into one of the dungeons of his castle. But of her fate nothing certain is known afterwards; though, from subsequent circumstances, it is conjectured that she perished, the victim of her lover's thoughtlessness and her father's tyranny.)

Know ye the tale of the Prince of Oriel,
  Of Rury, last of his line of kings?
I pen it here as a sad memorial
  Of how much woe reckless folly brings!

Of a time that Rury rode woodwards, clothed
  In silk and gold on a hunting chase,
He thought like thunder* on his betrothed,
  And with clenched hand he smote his face.

"*Fareer!*† *Mo bhron!*‡ Princess Darvorgilla!
  Forgive she will not a slight like this;
But could she, dared she, I should be still a
  Base wretch to wed her for heaven's best bliss!

"*Fareer! Fareer!* Princess Darvorgilla!
  She has four hundred young bowmen bold;
But I—I love her, and would not spill a
  Drop of their blood for ten torques§ of gold.

"Still, woe to all who provoke to slaughter!
  I count as nought, weighed with fame like mine,
The birth and beauty of Cairtre's daughter;
  So, judge the sword between line and line!

* *H-saoil se mar teoirneach;* he thought like thunder; *i.e.* the thought came on him like a thunderbolt.

† Alas! ‡ My grief! § Royal neck ornaments.

whilst the other was valiant and warlike, namely Hugh the son of Duach the Dark, king of Oirgiall. It was, indeed, far easier for him to be the more warlike of the two, for he had a shield, and the name of the shield was Duv-Gilla (the

"Thou, therefore, Calbhach, go, call a muster,
And wind the bugle by fort and dun!
When stain shall tarnish our House's lustre,
Then sets in blackness the noon-day sun!"

But Calbhach answered, "Light need to do so!
Behold the noblest of heroes here!
What foe confronts us, I reck not whoso,
Shall fly before us like hunted deer!"

Spake Rury then—"Calbhach, as thou willest!
But see, old man, there be brief delay—
For this chill parle is of all things chillest,
And my fleet courser must now away!

"Yet, though thou march with thy legions townwards,
Well armed for ambush or treacherous fray,
Still shew they point their bare weapons downwards,
As those of warriors averse to slay!"

Now, when the clansmen were armed and mounted,
The aged Calbhach gave way to fears;
For, foot and horsemen, they barely counted
A hundred cross-bows and forty spears.

And thus exclaimed he, "My soul is shaken!
We die the death, not of men, but slaves;
We sleep the sleep from which none awaken,
And Scorn shall point at our tombless graves!"

Then out spake Fergal—"A charge so weighty
As this, O Rury, thou shouldst not throw
On a drivelling dotard of eight-and-eighty,
Whose arm is nerveless for spear or bow!"

But Rury answered, "Away! To-morrow
Myself will stand in Traghvally* town;
But, come what may come, this day I borrow
To hunt through Glafna the brown deer down!"

* Dundalk.

ċíḋ a laċair caċa hi da bíḋḃaiḃ ni bíḋ neart mna ·ſ·
(? ſeanda) ann, agur ba maiḋm roimpi gaċ caṫ air a teiġ
agur gin gu beiṫ aċt ſi agur ſear a hinfarraḋ.

So, through the night, unto grey Traghvally,
The feeble *Ceann* led his hosts along;
But, faint and heart-sore, they could not rally,
So deeply Rury had wrought them wrong.

Now, when the Princess beheld advancing
Her lover's troops with their arms reversed,
In lieu of broadswords and chargers prancing,
She felt her heart's hopes were dead and hearsed.

And on her knees to her ireful father
She prayed, "Oh, father, let this pass by;
War not against the brave Rury! Rather
Pierce this fond bosom, and let me die!"

But Cairtre rose in volcanic fury,
And so he spake—"By the might of God,
I hold no terms with this craven Rury
Till he or I lie below the sod!

"Thou shameless child! Thou, alike unworthy
Of him, thy father, who speaks thee thus,
And her, my Mhearb,* who in sorrow bore thee;
Wilt thou dishonour thyself and us?

"Behold! I march with my serried bowmen—
Four hundred thine, and a thousand mine;
I march to crush these degraded foemen,
Who gorge the ravens ere day decline!"

Meet now both armies in mortal struggle,
The spears are shivered, the javelins fly;
But, what strange terror, what mental juggle,
Be those that speak out of Calbhach's eye?

It is—it must be, some spell Satanic,
That masters him and his gallant host.
Woe, woe, the day! An inglorious panic
O'erpowers the legions—and all is lost!

* Martha

Black Attendant), and one of its properties was this, that whosoever was opposed to it in the field of battle became as enfeebled as an old woman, and all fled before it in every conflict it entered into, even when there was present but the shield itself and its bearer.

Woe, woe, that day, and that hour of carnage!
  Too well they witness to Fergal's truth!
Too well in bloodiest appeal they warn Age
  Not lightly thus to match swords with Youth!

When Rury reached, in the red of morning,
  The battle-ground, it was he who felt
The dreadful weight of this ghastly warning,
  And what a blow had o'ernight been dealt!

So, glancing round him, and sadly groaning,
  He pierced his breast with his noble blade;
Thus all too mournfully mis-atoning
  For that black ruin his word had made.

But hear ye further! When Cairtre's daughter
  Saw what a fate had o'erta'en her Brave,
Her eyes became as twin founts of water,
  Her heart again as a darker grave

Clasp now thy lover, unhappy maiden!
  But, see! thy sire tears thine arms away!
And in a dungeon, all anguish-laden,
  Shalt thou be cast ere the shut of day!

But what shall be in the sad years coming
  Thy doom? I know not, but guess too well
That sunlight never shall trace thee roaming
  Ayond the gloom of thy sunken cell!

This is the tale of the Prince of Oriel
  And Darvorgilla, both sprung of Kings;
I pen it here as a dark memorial
  Of how much woe thoughtless Folly brings.

[3] *Brefne or Brefney.*—The ancient kingdom of Brefney comprised the present counties of Cavan and Leitrim, with portions of Meath and of the barony of Carbury in the county of Sligo, as we are informed in the Annals of the Four Masters, at A.D. 1258, that Hy Briuin Brefney (which was another name for it) extended from Kells (in Meath) to Drumcliff (in the

Jr e ro tṁáċ agur aimṙiṙ im buí Ġoċaiḋ ṁí eiġeaṙ a b-ṙainnaḋ ṁiġ Bṙeiṙne, agur ba heiṙeiṅ Dallán Foṁgail. Buí tṙoṁḋaṅ ṁóṙ aiġeṙeaṅ doib, agur a ṙí in Bṙeṙne

barony of Carbury, in the county of Sligo.) Is Bṙiuin Bṙeiṙne, or Hy Bruin Brefney, was so called from having been possessed by the race of Bruin or Brian, who was king of Connaught in the fourth century. He was the son of Eochaidh Muighmeodhan (or Eohy Muimeodan), who was Monarch of Ireland from A.D. 358 to A.D. 366, and was of the race of Heremon, son of Milesius. Brian had twenty-four sons, whose posterity possessed the greater part of Connaught, and were called the Hy Briuin, or race of Brian. The following families were of the race of Brian,—the O'Connors, kings of Connaught; the Mac Dermotts, princes of Moylurg, in Roscommon; Mac Donoghs, Lords of Tirerrill and Corran, in the county of Sligo; O'Flahertys and O'Malleys, Lords in Galway and Mayo; the O'Rourkes, kings of Brefney, and the O'Reillys of Cavan. The O'Rourkes and O'Reillys were descended from Aodh Fionn, or Hugh the Fair, the personage, it seems, who is mentioned in this work, and they were on that account designated *Clann-Aodha-Finn*, or the posterity of Hugh the Fair. This Hugh was King of Connaught in the beginning of the seventh century, and died A.D. 611. He was buried at Fenagh, in the county of Leitrim. In the tenth century the kingdom of Brefney was divided into two principalities, called Brefney O'Rourke, or West Brefney, which comprised the present county of Leitrim, with the barony of Tullaghagh and part of the barony of Tullaghonoho; and Brefney O'Reilly, or East Brefney, which comprised the remainder of the county of Cavan, the river at Ballyconnell being the boundary between the two Brefneys. The entire of Brefney originally formed part of the kingdom of Connaught, but in the reign of Elizabeth it was formed into the counties of Cavan and Leitrim, when Cavan was added to the province of Ulster. The O'Rourkes took their family name from Ruarc, prince of Brefney in the tenth century. The O'Rourkes often contended with the O'Connors for the sovereignty of Connaught, and it is stated that one of them, named Fergal O'Rourke, in the tenth century, became king of that province, and reigned from A.D. 960 to A.D. 964, when he was killed in a battle with the men of Meath. It is stated in the Annals of the Four Masters at the year 1562 that the rule of O'Rourke extended at one time as king of Brefney from Caladh, in the territory of Hy Many (or O'Kelly's country in Galway and Roscommon) to Bundroos on the borders of Leitrim and Donegal, and from Granard in Teffia, in the county of Longford, to the strand of Eothuille, in the barony of Tirerrill, near Ballysadare, in the county of Sligo. This would go to prove that they levied tribute over the counties of Cavan and Leitrim, and large portions of the counties of Roscommon and Sligo. In latter times the O'Rourkes had their chief's castles at Dromahaire, Leitrim, Carrickallen, and

It was at that very period and time that Eohy the chief Professor was staying with the king of Brefney, and this was Dallan Forguil.[1] He was accompanied by a numerous

Castlecar, and they maintained their independence, as princes of West Brefney, down to the reign of James I., and had considerable possessions even until the Cromwellian wars, when their estates were confiscated. Several of the O'Rourkes have been distinguished in the military service of foreign states, as Count Owen O'Rourke, of the Austrian service, under the Empress Maria Theresa; Count John O'Rourke, who served as a commander in the armies of France, Russia, and Poland, between the years 1763 and 1780; and his brother Count O'Rourke, who was a colonel of cavalry in the Austrian service, at the same time, and was married to a niece of Field Marshal De Lacy. There was lately a Count O'Rourke in the military service of Russia. The kingdom of Brefney was generally called by the old English writers *The Breny.—Connellan's Annals of the Four Masters.*

[1] DALLAN FORGUIL. O'Reilly, in his account of the Irish Writers, in the Transactions of the Iberno-Celtic Society, gives the following account of Dallan Forgaill:—

"A.D. 596. About this period flourished EOCHAIDH *Eigeas, (the wise)* or EOCHAIDH *Dallan*, or DALLAN *Forgaill*, by which latter name he is generally called. He was a disciple of St. Columb Cille, and attended him at the great assembly of Dromceat, convened by Aodh, son of Ainmireach, monarch of Ireland, A.D. 588. Dallan wrote a life of his master, and the Amhra Colum Chille, or elegiac verses in praise of St. Columb, by which it appears he survived that Saint, who, we are told, died on Whit-Sunday, the 9th of June, A.D. 592, according to the Four Masters, or A.D. 597, according to Tigernach. Several imperfect copies of the Amhra, written on vellum, are in various hands. One copy is in Marsh's library, another in the library of Trinity College, another in the collection of William Monck Mason, Esq., and another, written in 1813, is in the collection of the Assistant Secretary, who has also a perfect copy, written on paper, which was once the property of Cucoigcriche O'Clery, one of the persons employed in the compilation of the Annals of the Four Masters. The Rêmṙcêl, or preliminary discourse, prefixed to this tract, shews the time and place in which it was written. It begins:—"Locc don eladḃṙṫ Druimṁcheata hi cuaiṫi Cianaċta Glinni Gemin, air ir ann do ponaḃ in mórḋail Druimo Cetto. In aimṙeṙ, imorro i aimṙeṙ Aedo mac Ainmeraċ ri hÉrenn indeṙnaḃ in mórḋail. Ro baṫuṙ tra tri nigi dec in hÉrinn in tan rin, ocur Aed ṙoṙ caċ ri bíḃ. Uc bixic in ṙilid; Aed mac Ainmiriġ na neall, ꝛc." The place of this tract is Dromceat, in the north, in Cianachta of Glenn Geivin, for it was there the great assembly of Dromceat was held. [Dromceat, near Drumachose in the county of Derry.] Its time, moreover,

ꝼuad ba ꝼeaꝼꝼ leꝼ, oꝼ ba hꝼmḋa a ꝼꝼuiġ agur a ceaċ-ꝼaċa

Tâꝼla aeꝼ ꝼ-oiġċi ꝼiġ Bꝼeiꝼꝼe a tiġ ꝼ-ôla, agur aꝼ-beiꝼꝼ ꝼa Dallaꝼ. Ꝼóꝼ hoꝼꝼdꝼ agur do ċaḋuꝼ uaiꝼ a Dhallaiꝼ, aꝼ ꝼê. Ní hiꝼgꝼaḋ ꝼiꝼ, aꝼ Dallâꝼ, aꝼ iꝼ móꝼ ꝼ'oꝼóꝼ a ꝼ-Albaiꝼ agur a Saxaiꝼ agur a ꝼ-Bꝼeataiꝼ agur a Fꝼaiꝼc, oꝼ ata ollaṁꝼaċt gaċ ꝼꝼiċ dib ꝼiꝼ agam. Giḋead, aꝼ Aeḋ ꝼioꝼꝼ, do beiꝼꝼꝼi ꝼomaꝼꝼcaḋ gaċ ꝼiġ agur gaċ ꝼo-ꝼlaiṫ dib ꝼiꝼ uꝼle duiꝼ, oꝼ iꝼ taꝼ ṫeiġiꝼi aꝼ cuaiꝼꝼ ollaṁꝼaċta a g-ꝼꝼiċaib ꝼiaꝼa coiṁṫiġeaċa. iꝼ taꝼ ṫeaꝼdaiġeaꝼ bó uaiꝼ cuiꝼꝼꝼi bó ꝼa hioꝼaḋ ċugaḋ, agur aꝼ taꝼ a ṫeaꝼdaiġeaꝼ ꝼꝼuiḋe uaiꝼ cuiꝼꝼꝼi ꝼꝼuiḋ ꝼa ꝼoꝼaḋ; agur aꝼ taꝼ ṫeaꝼdaiġeaꝼ ꝼiꝼgiꝼ uaiꝼ cuiꝼꝼꝼi ꝼiꝼgiꝼ ꝼa hioꝼaḋ, ꝼoꝼaꝼ go b-ꝼuiġꝼi do ċꝼoḋ, agur do ċoꝼaċ, agur h-ꝼoꝼṁaꝼ ꝼomlâꝼ ꝼóṁaḋ. Cꝼêad aꝼ ꝼâṫ ꝼa ꝼ-abꝼaoiꝼi ꝼiꝼ, a ꝼiġ? aꝼ Dallâꝼ. Ꝼomoꝼꝼo, ol aꝼ ꝼiġ. Ba coꝼa ḋuiꝼi aꝼ tí do bêaḋ coṁꝼóꝼ ꝼꝼiomꝼa .i. ꝼiġ Oiꝼġialla, gaċ ꝼíḋ d'iaꝼꝼꝼaḋ ꝼaiꝼ d'ꝼáġaiꝼ uaḋa. Ní ꝼuiꝼ aiġi, aꝼ Dallâꝼ, a ꝼ-ecmuꝼ a ꝼlaiṫeiꝼꝼa ꝼi ꝼaċ tiḃꝼaḋ. damꝼa. Ata umoꝼꝼo, aꝼ Aeḋ ꝼiꝼꝼ. Ciḋ eꝼeiꝼ? aꝼ Dallâꝼ. Sciaċ ꝼuiꝼ aiġi; Duiḃġilla a aiꝼm, agur iꝼ leiꝼ ꝼo gaḃꝼoṁ ꝼeaꝼꝼ ꝼiaꝼm, agur iꝼ leiꝼ gaḃuꝼ ꝼoꝼ, agur do ċoꝼaiꝼ ꝼꝼiċ ꝼ-Oiꝼġialla coꝼa hiꝼlib, agur ꝼi ṫiḃꝼaḋ duiꝼꝼi hí. Ní haċċuiꝼġi ꝼiꝼꝼeiciꝼ ꝼiꝼ, aꝼ Dallâꝼ, agur da

was the time of Aedh (Hugh) son of Ainmerach, monarch of Ireland, who held this assembly. There were also thirteen kings of Ireland at this time, and Aedh (Hugh) was the name of each of them, as said the poet. Aedh, son of Ainmerach of battles, &c." The Amhra begins, "Dia dia do ꝼuġaꝼ ꝼo tiaꝼ ꝼa ġꝼuiꝼ."

He also wrote the *Amhra Sionain*, or Elegy on the death of Saint Seanan (of Inis-Catha, patron Saint of the county Clare) beginning, "Seꝼaꝼ ꝼoeꝼ, ꝼiḋ aꝼoꝼ." "Noble Seanan, peaceful father." A copy of this poem is in the collection of the Assistant Secretary, and it and the *Amhra Coluim Cille* are in the Bearla Feni, or Fenian dialect of the Irish, accompanied by a gloss. There is a copy of another poem of Dallan Forgaill's in the Seabright collection of manuscripts in the Library of Trinity College, beginning, "Duiḃ ġilla ḋub

professional body, and the quarter he liked best was Brefney, for numerous were its flocks and cattle herds.

It happened that the king of Brefney was one night in his festive chamber, and he said to Dallan :—"Thou hast great honour and privilege from me." "That is not to be wondered at," said Dallan, "for great is my honour in Alban (Scotland), in Saxonland, in Britain, (perhaps Wales) and in France,[2] because I hold the chief professorship of all those countries." "Notwithstanding all that," said Hugh the Fair, "I give you more than all those kings and noble chiefs together, for whenever thou goest on a professional visit into distant foreign countries, and if thou shouldst lose a cow I send you a cow in its place, and if thou shouldst lose goods I send you goods instead of them, and if thou losest a penny I put a penny in its place, in order that thou mayest find thy cattle, goods, and wealth whole on thy return." "Why sayest thou this, O king?" says Dallan. "For this reason," said the king, "that thou shouldst obtain whatever thou wouldst ask from that person whom thou honourest as much as me, and that is the king of Oirgiall." "He has nothing," says Dallan, "excepting his sovereignty, that he would not give me." "He has, surely," says Hugh the Fair. "What is that?" asked Dallan. "A shield which he has; its name is Duv-Gilla, and by it he has hitherto gained sway and will ever gain it, and by it he has defended the territory of Oirgiall and its borders, and he would not give it to thee." "That is not the request of a truly learned man, and if it were I would ask it." "I will

ᚐᚃᚆᚄ ᚇᚐᚃᚃ." "Upon the arms of Duach Dubh, king of Oirgialla." From this it appears that the shaft of Duach's spear was made of the eo ᚏᚑᚃᚃᚐ, or yew of Ross. It is probable many more of the works of Dallan are extant, although they have not come within our knowledge." See also *Colgan's Acta Sanctorum*, p. 203.

[1] Gaul received the name of France on its conquest by the Franks about A.D. 450.

maḋ eaḋ do ꝼanꝼaiṅḋri hi. Do ḃêanꝼa loġ duiṫri an ḋul da hiarmaiḋ, an Aeḋ ꝼinn, i. cêad da gaċ cruḋ. Ragatꝼa ḋa hiarmaiḋ, an Dallân, agur muna ꝼaġan hi aenꝼad ri Oirġialla. Rucꝼat ar in agaiḋ rin.

Ġirġiur Dallân gu moċ agur gabċan a eiċ dó, agur ruc leir a ṫri naeṅḃair ollamḣan co dúnad riġ Oirġialla. Oc cualaiḋ in ri Dallân do beiṫ ꝼon rin ꝼaiċṫi, taiṅic ċuigi, agur tug teora ꝼóg dó, agur do ċuir ꝼailte ria a ollamḣuib, agur no himaireaḋ Dallân irin dúnaḋ. Ní airirrub, an Dallân, co ꝼeaꝼom in ꝼuiġbea am aṫchuiṅgead. Créat in aṫchuiṅgead? ol in ri. Do rciatḣra, an Dallân i. Duibgilla. Ni hatḣcuiṅgead ꝼirreicir rin, ol in ri, agur da maḋ ead do ġeḃṫora. Tucurꝼa duan cugatꝼa da cinn, an Dallân. Maiṫ leamꝼa do ḋuan d'eirrteaċt, ol in ri. Ro gaḃ triaṫ an duan amḣlaiḋ ro :—

A earir ada a Aeḋ,
A daig daṅa dúir ;
A ṁaiṫ mar ṁuir ṁoir,
Coṅa cuirꝼe ꝼor cul ;
Coṅa g-cuirꝼe ꝼor g-cul,
Aeḋ ṁic Duaiṫ duiḃ ;
Ir maiṫ mór a ṁaoin,
Gan aoir ir gan oil ;
A giriaṅ daiṫle a reaṅn,
Ir aṫuaṫṁar leam ;
A clár ꝼiṫċill ꝼioṅn,
Coṅ tilꝼeam a ear.

Ir maiṫ an dan rin, air an riġ, giḋbê ċuigꝼeaḋ ê. Ir ꝼíor ḋuiṫri rin, air Dallân, agur giḋbê do ġniḋ an ꝼorḋearġaḋ ꝼile, ir do ꝼêin ir cóir a ṁíniuġaḋ, an rê ; agur ó'r meirꝼe do rinne an duan ir mê ṁíneóċar ê. "A ear

reward you for going to ask it," said Hugh the Fair, viz., one hundred of each kind of cattle." "I will go to ask it," said Dallan, "and if I shall not obtain it, I will satirize the king of Oirgiall." They passed over that night.

Dallan arose early, and his steeds were got ready for him, and he took along with him his thrice nine Professors to the *Dun* of the king of Oirgiall. When the king was informed that Dallan was on the lawn, he came forth to meet him and gave him three kisses. In like manner he welcomed his accompanying professors, after which Dallan was borne into the fortress. "I will not stay," says Dallan, "till I know whether I shall obtain my request." "What is the request?" asked the king. "Thy shield," replied Dallan, "namely Duv-Gilla." "That is not the request of a truly learned man," said the king, "and if it were thou shouldst obtain it." "I have brought you a poem for it," said Dallan. "I would like to hear your poem," said the king. He then recited the poem as follows:—

A hero of fortune (art thou) O Hugh
Thou daring, determined foe (or venom),
Thy goodness as the great ocean;
Thou canst not be subdued,
Thou canst not be impeded,
O Hugh, son of Duach the Dark.
Good and great is his substance,
Without censure, and without reproach,
Thou sun after leaving its stars
Which is awful to me,
Thou white chess-board
We will return, O hero.

"That is a good poem," says the king, "whoever could understand it." "That is true for you," says Dallan, "and whosoever composes a poetic remonstrance, it is he himself who ought to explain it; and as it was I that composed it,

aġa Aoḋ," a duḃaiṙt fṙiot, .i. tuṙa eaṙṙa gaiṙgiḃe agur eiṅgniomha Eiṙṙionn. "A ḋaiġ ḋána ḋúiṙ," a duḃaiṙt fṙiot .i. dáiġ ir ainm do neiṁ, agur ir ḋána ṫéid do neiṁṙi .i. do ṙgiaṫ, a g-caṫ nó a g-comlann. "A ṁaiṫ mur ṁuiṙ ṁóiṙ" .i. da maḋ leat maiṫeaṙ na mana do dailfea he do aer eicṙi agur ealaḋan. "A gṙian daiṫle a neann," .i. in gṙian tareir a neann d'fácbáil a ṙi ṙin uaiṙ ir fearṙ a dealb, agur ni fearṙ a dealb ina do ḋealbṙa. "A clár fiṫceall finn" .i. da m-beadir.uii. foiṙṙne fiṫcle oc aen duine, ni bud feiṙṙde do he agur gan clár aigi. Ir tuṙa clár cothuiġṫi agur conġṁala b-fear n-Eiṙṙionn, ꝛc.

Ir maiṫ ṙin, ar ṙi Oiṙġiall, agur do béarṙa cruiḋ agur ceaṫṙa ḋa cinn. Tabair da n-gabtuṙ uaiṫ, ar Dallán agur do ṙonuṙṙa duan eli molta don ṙciaṫ, .i. :—

A Aeḋ ṙuiḋṫeiṙṙ reiġ,
Con relga do ṙciaṫ,
Reb tonn a neann,
Ceann ar tneab 'ṙar triaṫ.
Bearumne a cruṫ dean,
Tar gaṫ finn ṙruṫ fial.
Ṁoḋ cin tnuṫ con triaṫ,
Ṁu ṙciaṫ ṙceo a ṙciaṫ;
Sciaṫ bneac biatta bnan,
Ġeiṙḋ baḋḃ dia bruaṫ.
Sciaṫ comadbul caem,
Ata ag Aeḋ mac Duaṫ;
Bearmaiṫ o mac Duaṫ,
Re n-dula ṙor cai,
Sciaṫ comadbul caem
Dam o Aeḋ ar ṁai.

it is I that will interpret it." 'A hero of fortune art thou O Hugh,' I have addressed to thee, that is, thou art the hero of valour and of singular deeds of (the men of) Ireland. 'Thou venom, daring and firm,' I addressed to thee, that is *Daigh* is a name for *poison*, and daringly enters thy venom, namely thy shield, into battle and conflict. 'Thou goodness as the great ocean,' that is to say that if the wealth of the ocean belonged to thee thou wouldst distribute it amongst the professors of arts and sciences. 'Thou sun after (leaving) its stars,' that is, the sun after leaving its stars is the time its figure appears best, and its figure is not better than your figure. 'Thou white chess-board,' that is, if any person should have seven sets of chess-men they would be of no use to him if wanting a board. Thou art the board for the support and protection of the men of Ireland, &c."

"That is good," said the king, "and I will give money and cattle for it." "Give it if it be taken from thee," says Dallan, "and I have composed another poem for the shield as follows :—

O Hugh, generous and worthy,
Chasing is thy shield
As the wave which runs its course ;
Thou art head of our tribes and chiefs.
We will convey thy mighty fame
Beyond every clear and productive stream.
Honour, without envy, to the prince,
My magnificent shield is his shield ;
A speckled shield, the feeder of ravens,
Wards off the foe from his borders.
Surprising and beautiful shield
Is with Hugh the son of Duach ;
We will bear it away from the son of Duach
Ere we should depart in sorrow ;
A surprizing and beautiful shield
Will be given to me by Hugh for praise.

Jr maiṫ in duan roin, a Dhallain, an Aeḋ, agur in ní ir cubaiḋ ria .i. ór agur airgeat, reoit agur maine, do gebtur uaimri iat. Ní ġebra rin, an Dallán, or ir don rciaċ do ronur mu ḋuan; agur do ronur four duan eli don rciaċ .i. :—

Duibġiolla du ba mairi eó fraire,
Rinn rloiġe rnaire;
Do ḋéan duain d'ḟiora againne,
D'Aoḋ do ċionn laiṁe glaire.

Lán nać ionnan ag diablaraḋ,
An bior culainn bair ċraobaib;
Beid uile for luaimneaḋ,
Fraig a g-coma for faobrag.

Eadaċ gnáiṫ air a ċorp, ní ġaib,
Snáċad no rnáiṫe trom,
Tiaġ mar ṫarb air naiṫ braiṫ,
Air na rlait air na faiṫe.

Gan gairm a g-ceill do fiġe,
Gan ċloiḋeaṁ gan ruinne,
Orna gaoiṫe go n-duibe bruinne,
Buine bar reioċ ġár Aoḋ duille duibe.

Jr maiṫ in duan roin, a Dhallain, an Aeḋ, agur ceanóċatra co maiṫ hi d'ór agur d'airgeat; do bêara fór céad da gać cruḋ da cind. Jr maiṫ rin, an Dallán, giḋeaḋ ní dubairt duini da bél d'ór na d'airgeat na do ḟéaduib

[1] In the Book of Mac Carthy Riach, from which the original Irish has been copied, there is only the first line of this poem given, viz. "Duibġilla du ba ṁairi, ꝛc." "Duvgilla that is more beautiful, &c." In a more modern copy of the work, this poem is so much corrupted, that it has not been deemed worthy of publication. The copy in Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, vol. II., p. 190, is barely preferable, and is given here, as also the poetic rendering in that work, which may be more acceptable to the reader than any literal translation

"That is a good poem, O Dallan," said Hugh, "and whatever is meet, viz , gold, silver, jewels and substance, thou shalt have them from me." "I will not have them," said Dallan, "because it was for the shield I composed my poem, and I have composed another poem, also for the shield, viz. :"—

Bright as the speckled salmon of the wave![1]
Dubh-Ghiolla! panic of the banded brave;
With thee would I combine in deathless praise,
Proud Aodh, whose arm of might thy burthen sways.

Fenced with its thorny mail the holly stands—
So round the prince the guardian shield expands:
The bull's strong hide the needle's point defies—
Thus vainly round him baffled ranks arise:

That shield at once his panoply and blade,
He scorns the spear, the falchion's feebler aid.

As chafing storms too long in durance pent
Sweep through the forest, finding sudden vent;
Such is the voice of Aodh, when with his shield
Compassed, he stands bright terror of the field.

"That is a good poem, O Dallan," said Hugh, "and I will give good payment for it of gold and silver; I will, moreover give a hundred of each flock for it." "That is very good," said Dallan, "however nought of all the gold,

which the writer could give of it. The English version is by Henry Grattan Curran, from a literal translation by James Scurry, Esq. one of the best Irish scholars of his time, and whose premature death was a serious loss to Irish literature. It may be observed that, according to the original poem of Dallan given in the Introduction, he did not allude to a *speckled salmon*. It was the eo ꝟoꞇa, or the magic yew tree of Ross (perhaps Rush) that he had in view, the shield of Hugh being made of the wood of that tree.

ıṅ ḋoṁaıṅ, ṅı ʒeḃaṫra uaıḋ aċt ıṅ ṡcıaṫ. Ní ṫıbaṗṡa ıṅ ṡcıaṫ ḋuıc, aṗ Aeḋ. Aeṗṡaṫra ṫuṡa, aṗ Dallán. Fınta agur mıṗḃuıll ṗıʒ nıṁe agur talṁana uaımṡı ar aʒaıḋ ḋom ḟaeṗaḋ agur ḋom anacul oṗt. Agur ıṅ cuṁaıṅ leat, a Dhallaıṅ, aṗ Aeḋ, ıṅ tan do ṗoṅṡat naeıṁ Éıṗeann co-ḋaċ eaḋṗuınn agur ṡıbṡı Aeṡ elaḋan Éıṗeann, ʒıbe acuıbṡı do ʒenaḋ aeṗa ʒo heccoıṗ duınn, tṡı bolʒa aıṫıṡı d'ḟáṡ aıṗ; agur da maḋ ṡınne do toıllṗeaḋ agur ṡıbṡı da ḋenaṁ ʒu cóıṗ, ıṅ oıṗṗeaḋ ceadna d'ḟáṡ oṗṗınne; agur ıṡ ıat na naeıṁ ṡıṅ Colum cılle mac Feıdlım; Cıaṗán Cluana;

[1] *Columbkille* was son of Feilimid, who was grandson of Niall of the Hostages, by Aethena, daughter of Macanava, who was of a princely family in Leinster. According to the most probable accounts, Columbkille was born A.D. 521, at Gartan, in the barony of Kilmacrenan, county of Donegal. His first name was *Crimthan*, which, by reason of his dove-like simplicity and innocence of life, was afterwards changed into *Colum*, i.e. *Columba*, to which was added in the course of time *Cille*, or of the church, on account of the number of monasteries and churches which he founded, and by which he has been distinguished from other saints of the same name. It is stated that his tutor was St. Molaise, patron of Devinish, Inish Murray, and other places, and also that he studied under Finnian of Magh-bile or Moville in the county of Down. In the 25th year of his age he founded a monastery, A.D. 546, on a pleasant eminence covered with oaks, called *Doire-Calgaich*, or the oak grove of Calgach, near Lough Foyle to the west, and whence is derived the name of the city of Derry. About the year 550 he erected a monastery at *Dair-magh*, oak-field, now Durrow in the King's County; he also founded the Monastery of Kells, in Meath, about the year 552. The Book of Columbkille, containing a copy of the Gospels, said to have been written by him, and now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, is more generally known as the Book of Kells, as having been deposited in the monastery of that place. It is the oldest MS. in Ireland, and the writing and illuminated letters are so exceedingly beautiful that it was called "The Book of the Angel," from a tradition which stated that it was written by an Angel. The Book of Durrow is also deposited in the same Library, and its writing is an elegant specimen of the caligraphy of the age to which it is ascribed. Several monasteries which are said to have been founded by him, were only dedicated to him, before and after his death, by others; and the abbots and superiors of those ecclesiastical establishments were, in after times, designated as *Coarbs*, or successors of Columba. The cause of his leaving Ireland was as follows:—Columba, happening to be on a

the silver, and the jewels of the world, that have been expressed by the mouth of man, will I accept from thee but the shield." "I will not give you the shield," said Hugh. "I will satirize you," said Dallan. "The powers and miracles of the king of Heaven and earth be on my side to save and protect me against thee! And dost thou remember, O Dallan," said Hugh, "that when the saints of Erin made peace between us (the kings) and you the bards of Erin, it was agreed that whosoever of you should compose a satire on us unjustly, three blotches of reproach should grow upon him; and if we should deserve it and that you should compose it justly, the same number should grow upon us; and the following are (the names of) the saints:—Columbkill, son of Feidlim;[1] Kieran of Cluain; Kieran the

visit with St. Finnian of Moville, borrowed from him a MS. of some part of the holy Scriptures (supposed to be the Psalms of David), which he immediately set about transcribing, unknown to Finnian. When he had nearly finished his copy of it, Finnian, being apprised of the business, was highly displeased at his conduct, and told him that he ought not to have transcribed a book, his property, without his permission. Next he insisted on getting up this copy from Columba, maintaining that he had a right to it, inasmuch as it was the offspring of his manuscript. To this strange plea Columba replied, that he would leave the matter to the arbitration of Dermot, the monarch of Ireland, who, on the case being laid before him, decided in favour of Finnian in these words le gać boiṅ a boiṅiṅ, agur le gać leabar a leabṅaṅ, i.e. *Buculus est matris, libri suus esto libellus* (see Colgan's Triadis, p. 409). Columba, irritated at this unjust sentence, and also on account of Dermot having put to death Curnan, son of Aidus, King of Connaught, who was under the Saint's protection, applied to his relatives the Kinnel Connell and Kinnel Owen (afterwards the O'Donnells of Donegal and the O'Neills of Tyrone), and by their encouragement and that of Aidus, King of Connaught, he challenged the monarch to battle. The engagement took place A.D. 555, at a place called *Cuil-Dreibhne*, near the town of Sligo, while Finnian was praying for the success of the monarch's army on one side, and Columba was similarly employed on the other for that of his relatives and friends. The place where Columba knelt to pray during the battle, is still known as Suiḋe Cholaiṁ Cille. The writers state that the prayers of Columba being more efficacious, Dermot's army was totally defeated, three thousand of his men being slain, and he

Seán Clárán Saighe; Finden Cluana hIraird; Finden Aighe Bile; Seanach mac Cairin; Ruadhan Lochra; Breanain Biorra; Breanain mac Findloga; Aucolmoc naoṁ-

himself hardly saved his life by flight. The manuscript, which was the chief cause of this battle, has ever since been called the *Cathach* or Battler, and was always carried as a military ensign before the forces of the O'Donnells in battle, being considered to ensure victory. It was inclosed in a brass box, and is mentioned in the Annals of the Four Masters (see under the year 1497). It is now the property of Sir Richard O'Donnell, Bart., who deposited it in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, where it may at present be seen.

It is stated that it was on account of this battle that Columba was obliged to leave Ireland and go on a pilgrimage to Scotland by command of St. Molaise, his tutor. Doctor Lanigan, however, finds a higher motive in his zeal for the conversion of the Northern Picts, who were still in a state of paganism, and for the better instruction of his countrymen the Dalriadians, who were settled in Argyle and other adjacent tracts. According to several accounts, Columba obtained the island of I or Hy, one of the Hebrides, from his relative Conall, king of the Albanian Scots, to form a settlement, where he arrived with twelve of his disciples in the year 563, and erected a monastery and church in this island, since known as the island of *Iona*. He was the first Christian missionary that appeared among the Picts, who were converted by him and his disciples, and he erected many churches in their country. On the death of Conall, king of the Albanian Scots, Columba inaugurated Aidan as his successor, to whom he became much attached, and it was chiefly on his account, and for the purpose of adjusting some differences between him and Aidus King of Ireland, that he accompanied the Albanian king to Ireland, and attended the assembly of the states general in A.D. 574, at *Drumceat*, the long mound called the Mullagh in Roe park, near Newtownlemaviddy in the county of Derry, according to Dr. Reeves's Vita Columbæ, p. 37. On their arrival they found the assembly engaged upon a subject of no small importance. Aidus, the monarch of Ireland, and the majority of the members, were so dissatisfied with the privileged order of the antiquaries and poets, that their suppression and even banishment was on the point of being decreed by the assembly. It was alleged that their numbers were become so great as to be oppressive to the kingdom, and that their insolence had become intolerable, inasmuch, as, while they praised beyond measure such nobles as paid them well and pampered them, they vilified and abused others more worthy, merely because they refused to comply with their exorbitant demands for remuneration. Columba allowed that such abuses should not be tolerated, but argued against the total abolition of the order, on the ground of its being in itself a useful institution. He was listened to; and it was agreed, on his motion, that they

senior, of Saigir; Finnen of Clonard; Finnen of Moyville; Seanagh son of Caitin; Ruadan of Lothra; Brendan of Birr; Brendan son of Finnlogha; the holy Mocholmoge;

should be reduced to a limited number, proportionate with the various provinces and districts, and that they should be bound to observe certain regulations, which were then made, relative to their conduct and the duties they had to perform. This matter being disposed of, the claim of Aidan, king of the Albanian Scots, to the sovereignty of the territory of Dal-Riada (in Antrim), in right of his descent from Cairbre Riada (3rd century), and its exemption from tribute to the King of Ireland, was investigated. Columba himself declined adjucating upon those claims, but referred the decision to his disciple Colman, son of Comgellan, whose judgment in favour of Aedhan may be seen in Dr. Reeves's Life of St. Columba, p. 92, to which excellent work we may refer the reader, not only for full details, but also to an admirable summary of the events of this great Saint's life which will well repay the trouble of reference.

Columba died in the morning of Sunday, the 9th of June, A.D. 597, in the 76th year of his age, at his monastery in Iona. His death is thus recorded by the Four Masters, see Dr. O'Donovan's edition—"A.D. 592. Colum Cille, son of Feidhlimidh, apostle of Alba (Scotland), head of the piety of the most part of Ireland and Alba, [next] after Patrick, died in his own church in Hy, in Alba, after the thirty-fifth year of his pilgrimage, on Sunday night precisely, the ninth day of June. Seventy-seven years was his whole age when he resigned his spirit to heaven, as is said in this quatrain:

Three years without light was Colum in his Duibh-regles (his church at Derry);
He went to the angels from his body, after seven years and seventy.

Dallan Forgaill (a disciple of St. Columba, who wrote the Amhra Choluim Cille in praise of that Saint) composed this on the death of Colum Cille.

Ir leiġeṫ leġa gan ler,
Ir beḋail rṁeṙa ṙe rṁuair,
Ir abṙan ṙe cṙuiṫ gan ċéir,
Sinde déir an ṅanġain uair.

Like the cure of a physician without light,
Like the separation of marrow from the bone,
Like a song to a harp without the bass string,
Are we after being deprived of our chief."

St. Ciaran (or Kiaran) contemporary of Columbkille, was called the son of the artificer (ṁac an t-ṙaoiṙ). He was Abbot of Clonmacnoise, in the barony of Garrycastle, King's County, was born in 515, and died on the ninth day of September, A.D. 549. He was esteemed one of the chief saints of Ireland.

St. Ciaran of Saighir, now Serkieran parish, in the barony of Ballybritt,

ṫa; Comgall; Dálua Daire; Cailleu naoṁṫa. Ní beaṗuiṫ ṡíu uilí tuṡa uaimṡí gan t-aeṗaḋ, agus ní ḟeiṗṗde leam haeṗaḋ muna gabaṗ at ḟíaḋnuiṡí ní ḋíb, agus do ġab uṫ ḋixiṫ:—

A Aeḋ ṁíc Duaiċ ḋuib,
A ṗuaċ aṗ naċ ṗuib;
A bṗoġ na cuaċ cain,
A adba luaṫ luin.

A ċaeṗ ġeltaiġ ġlaiṡ,
Suiḋḟiṫ tṗeabṫa luiṡ,
A ġuiṗṫ ġlaiṡ maṗ ġṗeiṡ,
Cainḋleoiṗ bṗaiṡ ḟiṗbuiṡ.

King's County, died in the latter half of the 6th century, according to Dr. Lanigan.

St. Finnen of Cluain Iraird. He is mentioned in the Annals of the Four Masters thus—"A.D. 548. St. Finnen, Abbot of Cluain Eraird, tutor of the saints of Ireland, died." Cluain Eraird or Clonard is in Meath, near the Boyne.

Finnen of Magh bile, or plain of the tree. This was Finnen of Moville in the county of Down, who flourished in the middle of the sixth century. He died in 579.

Seanach Mac Caitin, or the son of Caitin, whose death is recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, A.D. 587. St. Seanach, Bishop of Cluain Iraird (now Clonard in the south west of the county of Meath), died.

Ruadhan of Lothra. He was Abbot of Lothra, now Lorrha, in the barony of Lower Ormond, county of Tipperary, in the sixth century. Dermot Mac Carroll, the monarch of Ireland, having taken prisoner and punished a brother or relative of Ruadhan, he laid a curse on Tara, and after the death of the monarch Dermot, in A.D. 565, no other king resided at Tara. The name Ruadhan may be derived from *Ruadh*, red-haired, and *an*, a diminutive particle, or a term of respect or endearment. His Life is given by the Bollandists in the Acta Sanctorum at the 15th of April.

Brenainn of Birr. The Four Masters record his death in A.D. 571, in these words—"St. Breanainn, Abbot of Birra, died on the twenty-ninth day of November."

Brenainn, son of Finnlogha. Dr. Lanigan states that St. Brendan was born in the county of Kerry in the year 484, and died in the monastery of Enachduin on the 16th of May in the year 577, and 93rd of his age. From that place his remains were conveyed to Clonfert in the county of Galway, and

Comgall; Dalua of Derry; and the holy Caillen." "All those will not save you from being satirized by me; and it is no satisfaction to me to satirize you except I do so in your presence"—and this is what he said:—

O Hugh, son of Duach the Dark,[1]
Thou pool not permanent;
Thou pet of the mild cuckoos;
Thou quick chafferer of a blackbird;

Thou sour green berry;
Swarms (of bees) will suck the herbs;
Thou green crop like fine clothes;
A candlestick without light;

there interred. He was patron of Ardfert Diocese in the county of Kerry. In the Annals of the Four Masters his death is recorded in A.D. 576, as follows:—"St. Brenainn, Abbot of Cluain-ferta-Brenainn, died on the 16th of May. He died at Eanach-duin (now Annadown in the barony of Clare, county Galway,) and his body was interred at Cluain-ferta-Brenainn." It was he who performed the marvellous seven years' voyage in search of the promised land.

The holy Mucolmoc. It appears that he was Mucholmog of Dromore in the county of Down.

Comgall. This was Comgall of Bangor, in the barony of Ards, county of Down. The Annals state at A.D. 552—"The church of Bennchar was founded by Comgall of Beannchar." At A.D. 617, the death of Comhgall, a bishop, is recorded.

Dalua of Daire. Being too far away from the MS. sources of information, such as the Book of Lecan, the Feilire Aenguis, and the Calendar by the Four Masters, I cannot determine who this saint was. St. Dalua of Cill Dalua (now Killaloe), also called Molua, founded a monastery there in the 6th century. Another of the same name founded a monastery at the foot of Slieve Bloom in the Queen's County, and his death is recorded at A.D. 605.

The holy Caillen, or St. Caillen, is supposed to have been Cailen or Coelan, Abbot of Antrim and Bishop of Down, who lived about A.D. 540.

[1] As the king of Oirgiall confessed his total ignorance to Dallan of the meaning of this poem, it can scarcely be expected that, after the lapse of twelve hundred years, any person could be found who would be able to interpret it, especially as there are some words in it which are not to be found in our dictionaries. Dallan, however, having himself given an explanation of a portion

A bairc feagha fuair,
A bairc bearna beim,
A airbe in dubh daeil,
A airbirne a Aeidh.

Is cubur duinni, air Aedh, nach feadamairne in fearr no in meara rin ina in cead duan do rinnis. Ní hinghnadh fear haithneri da rad rin, air Dallán, agus or mirri do rinne na haerra ar me mhíneochus iat.

"A Aedh mhic Duaich dubh, a ruach air nach ruibh." Inann rin agus lodán ramhraidh, in uair do geibh re tarrt mór agus fáltras neach ann, rceinnid a lán ar agus ní tic lan eli ann no gu tic in tuili airis. Inann ron agus tufa, air ni fuil da mhéad molaidh do geba ara ticfa in t-eineach céadna

of it, though evidently not a literal one, the writer has ventured to manufacture an English version of this satire, which he submits to the indulgent consideration of Irish scholars.

[1] *The Dubh Dael*, or Dara Dael, the Forfecula Oleus, is a black insect of the Earwig class; the meaning of its name in English is the *Black* or the other *Devil*. In creeping along, whenever it hears any noise, it always halts, cocks up its tail and protrudes its sting, which is similar to that of the bee. No reptile has been so much abhorred or dreaded by the peasantry of Ireland as the *Dara Dael*, as it is popularly believed that this insect betrayed to the Jews the way in which our Lord went when they were in search of him, and that whoever kills it seven sins are taken off the soul of the slayer. They consider its sting to be very poisonous, if not mortal, and believe that it is possessed of a demoniac spirit, the emisary of Satan or the arch fiend himself. Under this impression, whenever it is seen in a house they always destroy it by placing a coal of fire over it, and, when burnt, the ashes are carefully swept out. The fire is considered the exterminating element of evil spirits. It is never trodden on by the foot as a common beetle would be, nor is it killed by a stick, as it is supposed that the demoniac essence would be conveyed to the hands and body through the leather or the wood; it is therefore stoned to death. In the field, if turned up by the spade, it may be despatched by that weapon, the iron being a nonconductor of the infernal essence. Many stories have been related of the *Dael duff*, and among them the following:—There once flourished a young man of ordinary size and appearance in a secluded district, whose fame as a great corn thresher spread far and wide, for he was known to thresh as much as any six men could accomplish. He was there-

Thou cold wooden boat;
Thou bark that will give dissatisfaction;
Thou disgusting black chafer;[1]
Thou art more disgusting, O Hugh.

"We must confess," said Hugh, "that we do not know whether that is better or worse than the first poem you composed." "No wonder for a man of your intellect to say so," said Dallan, "and as it was I that composed the satires, it is I that will interpret them.

"O Hugh, son of Duach the Dark, thou pool not permanent;" that is equivalent to a summer pool when it experiences a great drought and that persons trample in it; its water entirely evaporates, and it is not replenished till the flood comes again; you are similarly circumstanced, for no matter how highly you may be praised, the same hospitality shall not possess you again in consequence of

fore eagerly sought for by all the large farmers, who remunerated him according to the quantity he would thresh, which brought him in no small revenue, though to the disadvantage of other labourers of the same craft. In the course of his peregrinations he happened to have been employed by a farmer who wished to send all his corn to market by a certain day. This the thresher engaged to have ready. Whilst employed in the performance of his task, he was watched by a village sage, who had become curious to see the operations of this uncommon character. He soon observed that it was not the man but the implement that did the work. He therefore took an opportunity by night, while the thresher slept, to examine his flail, and he discovered a peg stuck into the colpaṫ, or handle. This he extracted, and to his surprise and alarm out jumped the black *Dael*. A council of the villagers was held on the morrow; the thresher was brought to account, and obliged to confess that he had entered into a compact with the *Old Boy*, who instructed him to put the Dael in his flail. An amusing story about the *Dael duffs*, mistakingly said by the author to be of the coleopterous or beetle tribe, is given by the late Rev. Cæsar Otway in his "Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly," p. 172, as related to him by one of the peasantry of that country. From the passage in Dallan's poem it may be inferred that the same notion regarding the evil influence of the Dael which has come down to our days also prevailed in Dallan's time, and may probably have formed a part of the tenets of the exploded Druidism.

ıṅdut do ṛıdıṛı déıṛ na n-aeṛṛa. "A bṛoẓ na cuaċ caıṅ." Jnaṅṅ ṛoṅ aẓuṛ peata cuaċ, ár ní bı a cıẓ peata ıṛ meaṛa ınṅaṛ. Tṛeıcıḋ a ceıleabṛaḋ aċt beaẓ, aẓuṛ ní ṗeaṛṛ leıṛ eıṛeıṅ do deṅuṁ tṛáṫ eıl ınna ıṛıṅ ẓeıṁṛeaḋ; aẓuṛ aṛaıl ıca ṛaḋ co n-dêaṅaṅṅ êṅ ele baṅaltṛaṅṅuṛ ṗıṛıṛ, cobcaṅ a aınm, aẓuṛ cuıṛıḋ ṛeıṅ a êṅ ṗêıṅ uaḋa, aẓuṛ beaṫaıẓıḋ ṛê êṅ na cuaıċe ẓuma hıṅẓnıṁa he, aẓuṛ beıṛıḋ ıṅ ċuaċ le he, aẓuṛ ní haṅṅṛa le ıṅ cobcaṅ ṛıṅ ınna ẓaċ êṅ eıl. Jnaṅṅ ṛoṅ aẓuṛ do daılṛı aẓuṛ aeṛ ealaḋna Ġıṛ-eaṅṅ, ní bı cuṛṁne acu aṛ ṁaıṫ da n-deaṛnuıṛ taṛneıṛ na n-aeṛṛa. "A aḋba luaṫ luıṅ." Jnaṅṅ rıṅ aẓuṛ loṅ d'êıṛẓı

[1] "*The cuckoo* is a bird of migratory habits, somewhat less than a pigeon, shaped like a magpie, and of a greyish colour. It arrives in this country early in Spring—but where it resides in winter has not been ascertained. Its note is heard early or later, as the season seems more or less forward, and is a guide to the husbandman when to sow his most useful seed."

The cuckoo's note is sweet though uniform. It is regarded as ominous, and among the many associations affixed to it in this country, is, that when first heard, in whatever quarter you are then looking to, in that direction you are surely to live the remainder of the year, but the distance is indefinite; it may be a mile, or hundreds of miles in that direction, and there is always a large margin allowed on either side of a direct line to verify the prediction. There are other omens also ascribed to the note when first heard, such as hairs of various colours may be found under the sole of the right foot of the hearer, from which future prosperity or the reverse may be divined by skilful sages. We often saw persons taking off the shoe to find this hair, and if not discovered there the stocking was also pulled off with great anxiety to seek this prophetic indicator. It is, therefore, very probable that the cuckoo was a sacred bird in the old pagan superstition.

"The female makes no nest of her own—she repairs for that purpose to the nest of some other bird, generally the water-wagtail or hedge-sparrow, and having devoured the eggs of the owner, lays her own in their place. She usually lays but one, which is speckled, and of the size of the blackbird's. This the fond foolish bird hatches with great assiduity, and, when excluded, finds no difference in the great ill-looking changeling from her own. To supply this voracious creature, the credulous nurse toils with unusual labour, no way sensible that she is feeding up an enemy to her race, and one of the most destructive robbers of her future progeny."

"The instinct which leads the cuckoo to deposit its egg in the nest of tha[t]

these satires. 'Thou captive of a tamed cuckoo;' that is equivalent to a pet of a cuckoo, for there cannot be in a house a worse pet than this. It ceases to sing except a little, and he will as soon do so in winter as at any other time. And some assert that another bird nurses for it; its name is Cobcan, and he puts away his own bird and feeds the cuckoo's bird till it is able to provide for itself, when the cuckoo takes it away with her, and she has no more regard for that Cobcan than she has for any other bird.[1] Similar to that is your case and of the learned professors of Erin, for they will not remember any good thou hast done after these satires. 'Thou quick chaffering blackbird;' that is equivalent to a blackbird which is roused

bird, whose young, when hatched, are sufficiently small to enable the young cuckoo to master them, and whose food is most congenial with its nature, is very surprising. Thus we find the young cuckoo in the nest of the water-wagtail and the hedge-sparrow, whose young he contrives to eject from the nest as soon as they are hatched, as it would be impossible for the old birds to supply nourishment for the voracious cuckoo as well as for their own young ones. I had an opportunity of witnessing, on one occasion, that it required the united efforts of both the old birds (wagtails) from morning to night to satisfy his hunger; and I never saw birds more indefatigable than they were."

"The cuckoo, when fledged and fitted for flight, follows its supposed parent but for a little time; its appetites for insect food increasing, as it finds no chance for a supply in imitating its little instructor, it parts good friends, the step-child seldom offering any violence to its nurse. Nevertheless, all the little birds of the grove seem to consider the young cuckoo as an enemy, and avenge the cause of their kind by their repeated insults. All the smaller birds form the train of its pursuers; but the *Wry-neck*, in particular, is found the most active in the chase, and from thence it has been called by many the cuckoo's attendant and provider."

This evidently is the bird alluded to by Dallan, as the opinion among the Irish has been that he always follows the cuckoo till she lays her egg, and then hatches and nurtures the young cuckoo. This bird is called by many the Riaḃóg i. e. the greyish little (bird) and is mentioned by the author of the song, A ṁuṁṁíṅ na gruaige baiṅe, my fair-haired little darling, in which he compares his attachment to his beloved as being equal to that of an ṁaḃóg andiaig na cuaiċe, or the Riavoge following the cuckoo.

ṁoṁ duiṅ ran oiġéi. Léicid ḟead no ṡcal ar, agus ní labṙann in oiġéi ṡin o ġabur eagla he. Is aṁlaiḋ ṡin duiṫṡi, do clour hoineaċ aceiṅ, agus o do haeṙaḋ ċu ní cluiṅḟe neaċ he taṙeiṡ na n-aeṙṡo. "Súiḋḟiṫ tṙeabċa luiṡ." Inann agus in beaċ, an da m-béaḋ oiṙṡi ṡeaċt n-eaċ a n-aen ṡoiġeaċ o ċuiṙṫeaṙ ḟoṙ teiṅiḋ é ní ḋeṅann aċt dubaḋ deiṡ na m-beaċ da ṡuġaḋ.

Leic ar, a Dhallain, ol in ṙi, na ġeib m'aeṙa am ḟiaḋnuiṡi ní is mó, an leicḟeat ar don ealaḋuin tu anois. Buḋ ḟin, on Dallan; ġabuṙ m'eaċṙaiḋ dam con imṫiġinn. Do ġabaḋ a n-eiċ doib, agus ṙo imṫiġṙeat ar in m-baile amaċ, Dallan cona ollaṁnaib. Neaṙt Dé agus na naeṁ uaimṡi an ḃuṙ n-diaiġ, ol Aeḋ, maḋ do ġneaṙaḃaiṙ co hecoiṙ mé.

Nir ċian ṙáncatar on baili in tan a dubairt Dallán ṙe a ollaṁnaib. Ar inġnaḋ leam, ar ṡe, in ní a deirṙiḋ luċt ṡcailti na ṡcelaḋaċtan, on ṙe a deaṙṡic, ġiḋ cia do ní na haeṙa co hecoiṙ cu maḋ ṁeiṡdi ḋo, agus ir doiġ limṙa naċ deaṙnaḋ ṙiaṁ aeiṙ buḋ ecoṙa agus buḋ ainḋliġtiġi inaiṫ na haeṙa do ṙinnur ḟein, agus ir ḟeiṙṙiḋi dam anois a n-deṅaṁ, on do ḃaḋur ġan einḟuil ag teaċt don baili agus ataiṫ da ḟuil maiṫi acam anois. A ṙi ollaṁ, ar ṡiat, ir maiṫ in ṡcel indiṙi, agus ní hurṙa a ċṙeideaṁ. Ar ḟir he, ar Dallán. Ṁaṙeaḋ, ar ná hollaṁna, innir duinne an n-eagar iṙin ṡliġi noṁuṫ agus ad ḋiaiġ. Ataiṫ, an ṡe, da naenḃaṙ acuib noṁam, agus naenḃuṙ am ḋiaiġ. Fir duiṫ, a ṙiġ ollaṁ, an ṡiat. Ní ḟeadaṙ in maiṫ na haṙṙḋe ut, an Dallán, on do naiṙciur mo comaṙṙce an Colum Cille, mac Feilim, indċoṁaṙṫa ecraṁail d'ḟaġail dam ṙia m-bár, agus cá ḟuiġinn coṁaṙṫa buḋ inġanta dam ṙna mu beiṫ dall ac teaċt don baili agus da ḟuil anoir acam, agus beiṙiḋ d'innṙaiġi mu ċiġi

by the approach of a person in the night; he gives a whistle or cry of alarm, and he is silent for that night through the terror that seizes him. Similar to that is your case; your hospitality has been heard of far off, but since you have been satirized no one will hear of it in consequence of these satires. 'Tribes will suck the herb;' like to the bee, for if seven horse-loads (of it) were put into one vessel upon the fire it only blackens after the bees have sucked it."

"Be done, O Dallan," said the king, "do not satirize me any more in my presence, for I will now excuse you from further professional attendance." "I'll take it for granted," says Dallan; get my steeds ready that I may depart." Their steeds were brought to them, and (Dallan and his ollavs) leave the place. "The might of God and the saints pursue you if ye have wrongfully satirized me," said Hugh.

They had not come far from the township when Dallan said to his professors: "It is a wonder to me," said he, "what the publishers of stories have related, for they assert that whosoever composes satires wrongfully it will be worse for himself; and I believe that never have been made satires more unjustly or wrongfully than the satires I myself have composed, and yet I am now the better for uttering them, for I was without an eye on my coming to the place, and I have two good eyes now." "O chief professor," said they, "it is good news thou tellest, although it is not easy to believe it." "It is a fact," said Dallan. "If so," said the professors, "tell us our order in the way before thee and after thee." "There are," said he, "twice nine of you before me, and nine of you after me." "True for you, O chief professor," said they. "I know not if these be good signs," said Dallan, "for I had an assurance from Columbkille, the son of Feidhlim, that I should have an extraordinary forewarning before my death, and what more wonderful sign could I get than, being blind on my coming to the town, and to have the use of my two eyes now?

me. Rucaḋ da ṫiġ he ían ríṅ, agus do ḃí na ḃeaċaiḋ tri la coṅ oiḋċiḃ, agus ḟuair báṡ iarṁ.

Tanccatar na hollaṁ co haeiṅ inad, agus ba hiat ro a ṅ-anmanna. Maolżeḋic mac Fiṅżoboc, ollaṁ Albaṅ; Airṅaċtaṅ mac Ouṅclainn, ollaṁ Breataṅ; Sruḃċaille mac Sreabċaille, ollaṁ Saxaṅ; Niaṁċaeṁ, ollaṁ Ulaḋ; Dael duileaḋ, ollaṁ Laiġiṅ; Ollṁoṅ, ard ēiġir, ollaṁ Dearṁuṁaṅ; Oiṅcṅe Aiteamain, ollaṁ Tuaḋṁuṁaṅ; Seanḃaṅ eiceas, ḟile agus ḟriṁollaṁ Coṅaċt. Tanżatar na hollaṁ co haeiṅinad, agus no ḟiaḟṅaiżeaḋ acu cia da ṅ-diṅżeantai ollaṁ a ṅ-inad Ḋhallain. Tabur muirṁe na cleiṅ cucainn, ar ríat, .i. Muirṅeann, iṅżiṅ Cuain Chuillíḋ, bean Dallain, agus ínċiḟar cailliḋ .i. Żruacc agus Żracc agus Żranżair. Tucaḋ oṅ agus no ḟiaḟṅaiḋṡat diḃ cia dar cóir ollaṁ do deṅaṁ. A dubairt Muirṅeann; do ċuaiḋ ríbṡe ḟeaċt riaṁ ar cuairt ollaṁṅaċta a ṅ-Albain, agus no ḟiaḟṅaiżirri do Dallan ann ríṅ żibe tan ro żebuḋ re ḟeiṅ báṡ, cia da ṅ-diṅżeantai ollaṁ na inad. Atbeirt roiṅ da cuirneaḋ neaċ ar doṁan riann a ṅ-inaḋ an noinn agus focul a ṅ-inad in ḟocail do ḟeiṅ, ar ē Seanċán reiṅḟile do ċuirḟeaḋ. Maarfeaḋ, ar na hollaṁ, deantar ollaṁ ṫairṅżirneaċ do Sheanċán aguinn, ar ríat. Ro hollaṁṅaiżeaḋ Seanċán acu ann ríṅ, agus a dubradur rir dul or cinn Dallain, agus marḃṅaiḋ do deṅaṁ ḋo. Do ċuaiḋ Seanċán agus do noinne in marḃṅaiḋṡi agus do żab ór cinn Dallain 1:—

[1] *Seanchan.* In the Transactions of the Iberno-Celtic Society, at A.D. 647, O'Reilly gives the following brief account of this poet or bard. "SEANCHAN TORPEST lived in the time that Guaire the generous was king of Connaught. He wrote a poem of twenty-eight verses, beginning 'Ro ríċ Feṅżur ríċṫ caċa,' 'Fergus fought twenty battles.'" This poem is historical, and gives an account of the battles of Fergus, son of Rossa, and grandson of Roderick, monarch of Ireland, from A.M. 3845, until A.M. 3862, according to O'Flaherty's computation. A copy of this poem is preserved in the Book of Leacan, fol. 17, 2nd col.; and another copy is in the possession of the Assistant Secretary. Its language and measure are strong proofs of its antiquity."

I have not discovered the name of any of the bards or professors here men-

therefore take me to my home." They then took him to his house, and he lived three days and three nights, after which he died.

The professors assembled together, and these were their names:—Maolgedic, son of Firgoboc, Bard of Alban; Arrachtan, son of Onsclann, Bard of Britain; Srubchaille, son of Sreabchaille, Bard of Saxan; Niamchaemh, Bard of Ulster; Dael Duileadh, professor of Leinster; Ollmhor, the arch sage of the professors of Desmond; Oircne Aiteamain, professor of Thomond; (and) Seanchán,[1] the learned Fileadh and chief Bard of Connaught. These bards having assembled together they debated amongst them as to whom they should appoint arch Bard in the place of Dallan. "Let the foster-mother of the literati be brought to us," said they, "namely, Muireann, daughter of Cuain-Cuilli, the wife of Dallan, together with the learned aged females, namely, Grug, Grag, and Grangait." They were convened accordingly, and they enquired of them who ought to be appointed chief Bard. Muireann said:—"You formerly went on a professional visit to Alban, and I then asked Dallan that whensoever he himself would die, who should be appointed chief professor in his place. He then said that if any person in this world could substitute a stanza for a stanza and a word for a word of his own (composition), it is Seanchan, the aged poet, that can do so." "Well, then," said the professors, "let Seanchan be elected our prophetic chief professor." Whereupon Seanchan was then inaugurated chief Bard by them; and they desired him to go over Dallan and compose an Elegy for him. Seanchan went and made this Elegy, and recited it over Dallan:—

tioned, either in the Annals or in O'Reilly's account of Irish writers. O'Flaherty, in his Ogygia, vol. II. p. 77, states that Seanchan Torpest, in the time of Guaire king of Connaught, was engaged, along with others whose names he has given, in forming a work on the Brehon Laws, entitled Celestial Decrees, from the writings of their predecessors.

Jnṁaiṅ corp a d-toṁcair ruṅṅ,
Ȝéar fear trom ba fear étruṁ;
Étrom cuirp ba trom féadṁa,
Ṁór clann dar bu tíȝearna.

Trí caoiȝid dúinn air aeṅ fir,
D'éicriḃ feadba forḃad fir;
Ṁaḋ da ṁ-béiṁir líṅ buḋ lia,
Fóḋluiṁ ṅua uaiḋ dúinn ȝaċ dia.

Uaṁṅ díleann ṅaċ roiċit fróiȝ,
Buinne eara ruaiḋe ro ṁóir;
Tuile Ṁara Róṁair raiṅ,
Saṁuil inṅtleaċta Dallaiṅ.

Ȝu roirtir tar iṅ ṅȝréiṅ ṅȝil,
Do dealḃ Dia di ór ṅa duiliḃ;
Ní roiċ fili ċuaiḋ ṅa ċear,
Tar Coċaiḋ reiḋ ri eicear.

Ba heaȝṅaiḋ a Dhé ṅiṁe,
Ba huaral ba hairdfili;
Cu tarraḋ toṅṅ do bár bil,
Uċ! ba háluiṅṅ ba hiṅṁaiṅ.

A dubratar iṅ tromḋaṁ uili cu roiḃi a raiṫ fein d'ollaṁ irin te do rinne iṅ marḃṅaḋ rin. Ir ann rin ro fiafraiḋreat ȝa cúiȝeaḋ a ṅ-Éirinn a raċdair ar túr ar cuairt ollaṁṅaċta, aȝur bui ȝaċ ollaṁ diḃ aȝ iarraiḋ ḋula da ċúiȝeaḋ fein. A dubairt Seaṅċán ba córa ḋula ar amur iṅ te ṅar haerraḋ aȝur ṅar hiṁḋearȝaḋ um ór ṅa um liṁaṅeaḋ riaṁ. Cia eirein ar caċ? Ȝuairre mac

[1] *Eassa Roe.* The cascade or waterfall at Ballyshannon.

[2] *Guaire, son of Colman,* "a king of Connaught in the seventh century, who is celebrated for his hospitality and charity; hence it passed into a proverb, in speaking of any one distinguished as a hospitable man, that he was 'as generous as Guaire;' and the poets in their figurative language stated, that

Beloved is the body that here lies dead,
Although a weighty man he was a light man;
Light in body he was mighty in mind,
Great was the clan over whom he was chief.

Thrice fifty of us were along with him,
Of learned men of letters of superior knowledge;
If our numbers had been greater
We would have new instruction from him each day.

The sound of the Deluge which hosts could not comprehend,
The mighty rushing flow of Eassa-Roe,[1]
The overwhelming flood of the Red Sea, [prehensible).
To these may be compared the intellect of Dallan (incom-

Till the brilliant sun shall cease his course
Which God ordained for him over the elements,
No poet north or south shall ever excel
The fluent Eohy, chief of learned men.

He was a philosopher, O God of Heaven!
He was illustrious, he was chief poet;
Until the wave of unhappy death came upon him,
Oh! he was splendid, he was beloved.

The entire of the Bardic Association declared that they had a sufficiently competent Professor in the person who composed that Elegy. It was then they deliberated as to what province in Ireland they should first proceed on a professional visit; and each one of them was desirous to go to his own province. Seanchan said it would be more meet to visit the person who was never satirized or reproached about (his liberality of) gold or abundance of valuable goods. "Who is he?" said each of them. "Guaire,[2] son

his right hand had become much longer than his left, in consequence of being constantly extended in giving charity.

Colman, mic Cobthaig, mic Goibneann, mic Conuill, mic Eogain, mic Eachach bric, mic n-Dathi, mic Fiachra. A dubhratar in tromdhamh uili ba cóir dóibh dul ann rin o bhuadh maith le Seanchan hé. Faiteas feara uainn gu Guaire. Tiagait agus innirit do Seanchan cona ollamhnaibh agus cona filibh da innraighe. Mu cheanna dóibh, an Guaire. Mu ceann da maithibh agus da n-olcaibh; mu ceann da n-uairlibh agus na n-irlibh; mu ceann da mnáibh agus da b-fearuibh. Do rinne Guaire iarram bhuidhin dóibh, agus oct fleara uirri, agus doiur idir gach da fir dibh, agus oct frimleapha idir gach da dhoiur, agus foileabaidh a fiadhnuisi gach frimleapha. Ir airi no ordaighrium rin, gibe do luicht na himdaighe do geanadh troit no imthiorain agus do eitheochadh airdi co faghadh fe in foileabaidh uilamh an a cinntir. Agus do rinne fe oct tobairt da b-fearuibh, agus oct tobairt da mnáibh, ár nir ail do uirin lámh na n-ollamh do dul tar lámhuibh na m-ban, na uirin lámh na m-ban do dul tar lámhuibh na n-ollamh; agus do rionadh fleagha agus

Guaire was not very fortunate in war, as appears from the following entries in the Annals of the Four Masters:—A.D. 217. "The battle of Ceann-Gubha (now Cambo, near the town of Roscommon), was gained by Raghallach, son of Mudach, over Colman, son of Cobhthach, the father of Guaire Aidhne, where Colman himself was slain" A.D. 622. "The battle of Carn-Fearadaigh (was gained) by Failbe Flann over the Connaughtmen, wherein many were slain; and Guaire-Aidhne was routed from the battle field." [Aidhne, or Crioch-Aidhne, was the name of an ancient territory coextensive with the diocese of Kilmacduagh, in the county of Galway. Carn-Fearadaigh, a mountain in the south of the county of Limerick.]

A.D. 645. "The battle of Carn Connaill (was gained) by Diarmaid, son of Aedh Slaine, against Guaire, wherein many were slain; and Guaire was routed from the battle field." [Carn Conaill or the Cairn, or heaps of stones raised over the body of Conall, son of Umoir, who fell in battle at the beginning of the Christian era, is supposed now to be the place called Ballyconnell in the parish of Kilbecanty, near Gort, which latter place it is said was the residence of Guaire, and from him named Gort-insi-Guaire, i.e. the holm or field of the Island of Guaire.)

of Colman, son of Coffey, son of Gabneann, son of Connell, son of Owen, son of Eohy Breac, son of Dathy, son of Fiachra." The entire of the great Bardic Association declared it would be proper to go there since Seanchan desired it. "Let messengers be despatched from us to Guaire" (said they). They (the messengers) went and informed him (Guaire) that Seanchan along with his professors and poets were coming to him. "My respect for them," said Guaire. "My respect for their good and for their bad; my respect for their nobles and their ignobles; my respect for their women and for their men." Guaire, after that, made a mansion for them, which had eight sides to it, and a door between every two sides (or divisions); and there were eight first class beds between every two doors, and a low bed (or truckle bed) beside every chief bed. The reason he made that arrangement was, that whosoever of those that occupied the beds, in case they should have a quarrel or strife and get out of them, he might find the lower bed ready for him. And he constructed eight fountains (or lavatories) for their men; and eight fountains for their women; for he did not wish that the water used in washing the hands of the professors should touch the hands of the women, nor the water of the hands of the women should be used in washing the hands of the professors; and feasts and

A.D. 662. "Guaire Aidhne, son of Colman, King of Connaught, died. Guaire and Caimin, of Inis-Cealtra, had the same mother, as is said, Cuman, daughter of Dallbronach, was the mother of (St.) Caimin and Guaire." [Inis-Cealtra is an island in Lough Derg, near the village of Scariff, in the county of Clare.]

Guaire was the common ancestor of the families of O'Heyne (or Hines), O'Clery, Mac Gillokelly, and other families of Aidhne in the county of Galway.

A.D. 694. "Ferghal Aidhne, King of Connaught, died; he was the son of Guaire Aidhne."

fuilleadh aigi fo a comhaill, agus do ċuill teaċta air a ceann iarram.

Atbert Seanċán, gid maiṫ eineaċ Ghuaire ní beirfa a b-fuil aṅ fo ċuice do lot Connaċt, air ní beag lim a da thiran do bheiṫ ċuigi, agus thiran d'ḟacbail, agus do ṁoiṁe fanṅlaiḋ. Ní ṁuc co Guaire aċt thi ċaegad êcear, agus thi ċaegad eicṙíṅ, agus thi ċaecad coṅ, agus thi ċaecad gilla, agus thi ċaecad bean ṁuinṫiri, agus thi naenbur d'aer gaċa ceirde; agus nannġatar co Durlus in lin rin.

[1] *Durlus Guaire.* "The Irish annals (says Keating) give an account, that Guaire had a brother, who devoted himself to a religious life, whose name was Mochua. This holy person observed all the fasts of the church with great obedience; and, designing to abstain from his common diet, and to eat no more than what was absolutely necessary to support nature, during the time of Lent, he retired for that purpose to a fountain of pure spring water, that lay southwards of Boirin (Burren in county of Clare), at the distance of five miles from Durlus Guaire. [The fountain here referred to is called tobar mac Duaċ, or the well of Mac Duach, from whom Killmacduagh got its name. This fountain is in the parish of Carrune or Carrow, in the barony of Burren]. Mochua had but one person to attend upon him, who was a clergyman of a lower order. In this retirement these votaries observed great abstinence in their eating and drinking till Easterday. His clerk, who attended upon him, was so tired with feeding upon barley bread and herbs, and such slender provisions, that he longed impatiently to eat flesh, and he desired his master to give him leave to go to Durlus, to the court of Guaire, King of Connaught, that he might satisfy himself with flesh meat. Mochua told him he would supply him with flesh without undertaking such a journey, for he would supplicate heaven in his behalf, and he was assured that his prayers would have the desired effect, and supply his wants.

"At that very instant it happened, (as some particular manuscripts relate, but with small truth I am afraid,) that the servants of Guaire, King of Connaught, were laying his dinner upon the table; and to the great surprise of the attendants, the dishes were hurried away by an invisible power, and conveyed directly to the solitary cell, where Mochua was continuing his devotion, and his clerk expecting the event. The king, with his whole court, was amazed at this wonderful accident; and, enraged at the loss and disappointment of his dinner, he ordered a body of his horse guards to pursue the dishes travelling in the air, and he followed, resolving to recover them and bring them back to his court at Durlus.

banquets were ordered for their entertainment, and he then sent messengers to invite them.

Seanchan said:—"Though excellent the hospitality of Guaire may be, I will not take all that are here to him to spoil Connaught, for I consider it enough to take the two-thirds of them to him, and to let one-third remain," and he acted accordingly. He did not take to Guaire but thrice fifty of the professors; thrice fifty students (or second class of professors); thrice fifty hounds; thrice fifty male attendants; thrice fifty female relatives; and thrice nine of each class of artificers; and that number arrived at Durlus.[1]

"It seems beneath the gravity as well as the dignity of an historian, to take notice of these legendary relations, which are certain rather to move the indignation and spleen than the belief of the reader; but it must be considered, that the times we are writing of abounded with incredible relations. And in the present case it cannot be supposed, that the transaction we are speaking of is put upon the best foot of credibility, but designed only to keep the thread of our history entire, and to give light to some material incidents, which otherwise would be obscure, and perhaps not easily accounted for. Whatever share of credit or contempt this relation may meet with, it is most certain, that the road leading from Durlus to the fountain where St. Mochua and his clerk retired to fast, during the Lent, which is the length of five miles, is known to this day in the Irish language by the name of *Bothur-na-Mias*, which in the English signifies the Road of the Dishes."

Dr. O'Donovan, in his Annals, A.D. 1215, says that *Durlus* signifies *a strong fort* (dúr, i.e. dangean, strong, and lios, a fort), was applied to many such places in Ireland, and is sometimes anglicised Thurles.

The real story appears to be that Mochua or Colman Mac Duach, or Coleman the son of Duach, but generally called Mac Duach to distinguish him from other ecclesiastics of the name of Colman, erected a cell or small oratory at the well called after him, and that Guaire, King of Connaught, found him at that place, and probably sent him some dishes for his Easter dinner from his court at Durlus. It also appears that Guaire, after some time, took him with him, built the monastery of Kilmacduagh, since the seat of a diocese in the barony of Kiltarton, county of Galway, which he endowed, and placed Mac Duach over it.

Many churches and holy wells dedicated to Mac Duach are still known, not only in Galway, but also in the neighbouring county of Clare, as well as also in the islands of Arran.

Do éirig Guaire na g-coinne agus do ṫainbir do ṗógaiḃ a maiṫi, agus do ḟear fáilte ris na raiṫiḃ. Ro ċeanna ḋaiḃ, air Guaire; mo ċeann da ḃar n-uairliḃ agus da ḃar n-ḟrliḃ; mór ḟáilte uaim daiḃ uile itir ollaṁ agus anraḋ; itir éceart agus aḋḃar; itir macuiḃ agus mnaiḃ; itir coin agus ġilla. Acht ata da ḃar n-imad ni da ḃar n-aiḋ-ḃliaġaḋ, ni roċ uaimri fáilte fo leiṫ da gaċ aen agaiḃ, acht mu ċeann roṁaiḃ uile ḋ'aentaeiḃ. Agus do cuireaḋ irin m-briaġin ṁóir iat, agus do forfcaileaḋ biaḋ air a m-beliaiḃ; agus a dubairt Guaire riu, gaċ ni do ḃeaḋ na n-earḃaiḋ d'iarraiḋ, agus gu ḃ-ḟuigdir.

Ba mor tra in deacair rin uili d'ḟaġail doibriuṁ, or ba heicin cuid na aenar agus leabaiḋ air leiṫ da gaċ neaċ diḃ, agus ni luiġfidir aon aoiḋċe (oiḋċe) gan tor-mar orra, agus ní eirġeidir aon la gan mianta ecraṁla, ionġantaċa, doirḃ, doḟaġla, do ċeagṁail do neaċ eicin acu, obair ḃ-ḟear n-Éireann uile an mian rin d'ḟaġail, agus muna ḃ-ḟaġṫaiḋe an ti do iarraiḋ ê ria ran tráṫ no ċéile nár ḃ-ḟearrde a ḟaġail dó go brać arís.

Do rala mian écraṁail an oiḋċe rin ḟéin a ttoiġe na tromḋáire, agus ar í neaċ da d-tárla an mian rin .i. Muireann, iníġean Chuain Chuillidi .i. bean Dallain agus muirne na cléire, agus do léig mairg ṁór órárd airdi. Do ḟreagair Seanċán í, agus ar é a dubairt. Cread a ṫig ḟriot, a ḃanḟlaiṫ? ol sé. Mian do rala dam, ol si, agus muna ḃ-ḟaġṫar dam é ní ḃím um ḃeaṫaiḋ. Créad an mian rin, air Seanċán? Ro innis siri an mian do tóġbaḋ di .i. sgála do linn leaṁnaċta le sruth ṁuġdorn ṁuc n-allaiḋ, agus ḟeata cuaċ do ḃeiṫ air crann eiginn

[1] *A bowl of the ale of sweet milk.* The word in the original is leaṁnaċta, the Genitive of leaṁnaċt, which is the name for *sweet milk*, and also for the herb *Common Tormentil*, the juice of which is very astringent or irritating, as its name implies. As, however, it would be more difficult to produce ale from new or sweet milk, probably that was the article meant by the chieftainess.

Guaire went forth to meet them, and he bestowed kisses on their chiefs, and gave welcome to their learned men. "My regards to you, said Guaire; "my regards to your nobles and ignobles; I have great welcome for you all, both professors and poets; both scientific men and students; both sons and women; both hounds and servants; only you are so numerous, but not deeming you too many, I would give each of you a separate welcome; however, my respects to you all on every side." And they were led into the large mansion, and viands were laid out before them, and Guaire told them that whatever they would desire they might ask for it and they should have it.

It was, however, a great difficulty to procure all things for them, for it was requisite to give to each of them his meals apart and a separate bed; and they went not to bed any night without wanting something, and they arose not a day without some one of them having longing desires for some things that were extraordinary, wonderful, and rare, and difficult of procurement. It was a task for all the men of Ireland to find that which was longed for, and unless the person who desired it obtained it within twenty-four hours, it was useless ever after to procure it for him.

An extraordinary wish occurred that very night, in the mansion of the learned association; and the person to whom that longing happened was Muireann, daughter of Cuan Culli, the wife of Dallan, who was the foster-mother of the literati; and she uttered a great moan aloud. Seanchan answered her, and what he said was:—"What is the matter with you, chieftainess?" "A desire that has seized me," said she, "and unless it be procured for me I will not live." "What is that wish," asked Seanchan. She told him the wish which seized her, namely, "a bowl of the ale of sweet milk (or common Tormentil[1]), with the marrow of the ankle-bone of a wild hog; a pet cuckoo on an ivy tree in my

an ḟiaḋnuiṡi ioṁ ḋa Nodlaiġ in tan ṡin, agus a teinneiṁe ḟoṁ a muin, agus cṡiorlaċ na tiṁċeall do ṁuaḋan bluinġe tuiṁc ġleġil, agus eaċ monġaċ ṁiaḃaċ do beiṫ ḟúiṫe, agus monġ ċoṁcṁa ḟuiṁṁe, agus ceaṫṁa coṡa gleġeala ḟuiṫi, agus bṁat do lín in daṁain alla uimpi, agus ṡí ac cṁóṅan noimpi co Duṁlus. Is deacair in mian ṡin d'ḟáġail, an Seanċán. Ní haein ṁian ṡin aċt gneas do ṁiantaiḃ ingantaċ naċ uṁṡa d'ḟáġail.

Rucatar as in oiḋċe ṡin co táinic maidin, agus ṫiceaḋ Guaire d'innṡaiġid na bṁuiḋne gaċ lai, agus do ḟiaḟṁaiġeaḋ cinnus do biḋ acu; agus táinic in lá ṡin agus d'ḟiaḟṁaiġ cinnus a taċar con muintir ṁoir maiṫ ro aniuġ. Ní ṁaḃamar ṁiaṁ, an ṡiat, uair is ṁeasa do beṫi againn. Cṁead ṡin? an Guaire. Mian do ṁala do neoċ acainn, an Seanċán. Cia da tarla in mian ṡoin? an Guaire. Do Mhuirinn, ingin Cuain Cuilliḋe, an Seanċán a. bean Dallain, muime na cleire. Cṁéad in mian? an Guaire. Do innis Seanċán dó. Ní haen ṁian ṡin, an Guaire, aċt mórán do ḋṁoċ ṁianaiḃ, agus gibe diḃ is ura d'ḟáġail is deacair he; agus imtigis Guaire co dubaċ dobṁóṅaċ, agus ní ċárla da ṁuintir na ḟarṁaḋ in uair ṡin aċt aein gilla ḟṁoċalṁa, agus ḟiaḟṁaiġid Guaire don ġilla. In maiṫ é do rún, a ġilla? an se. Cṁéad imma b-ḟiaḟṁaiġe? ol in gilla. Do b'ail leam dul go Searġan uair beoil, an Guaire, airm i ḟuil Fulaċtaċ, mac Eogain. Doiġ ar mirí do marb a aċair agus a ṁé mic agus a ṫṁi dearbṁáiṫṁe; agus is ḟearr leam he dom ṁarbaḋ agus m'oineaċ dair m'éis, ina mu beiṫ ḟéin tarṁéis m'oinġ; or ní ḟuiġteas na mianna ut cu bṁaċ. Is maiṫ mu rún, an in gilla, agus da b-ḟaiceas ṫú aġ imṫeaċt ní ḟuil irin teaċṡa duine naċ bia imat.

[1] *Are you a good secret keeper.* This literally means "is your secret good, or is your disposition good;" but it is likely that what Guaire wished to learn was whether he could keep his secret well.

presence between the two Christmases (Christmas-day and Twelfth-day or Epiphany) at that time; and her full load on her back, with a girdle of yellow lard of an exceeding white boar about her; and to be mounted on a steed with a brown main, and its four legs exceedingly white; a garment of the spider's web around her, and she humming a tune as she proceeded to Durlus." "It is difficult to procure that wish," said Seanchan; "that is not one but a number of strange wishes which are not easily gratified."

They bore away that night 'till the morrow; Guaire was in the habit of visiting the mansion every day, and used to enquire how they fared; and he enquired "how fares it with this great and good people to-day." "We never had," said they, "worse times than we now have." "How is that?" asked Guaire. "A longing that has happened to one of us," said Seanchan. "To whom did that occur?" asked Guaire. "To Muireann, daughter of Cuan Culli," replied Seanchan, "namely the wife of Dallan, the foster-mother of the literati." "What is the wish?" said Guaire. Seanchan told him. "That is not one wish but a variety of bad wishes, and the easiest is difficult of procuring;" and Guaire departed sad and sorrowful. None of his people accompanied him at that time but one attending servant, and Guaire asked him, "are you a good secret keeper."[1] "For what purpose do you ask," said the servant. "I would wish to go to Seasgan-Uar-Beoil," said Guaire, "where dwells Fulachtach the son of Owen; for it was I that slew his father, his six sons, and his three brothers; and I would rather he should kill me in order that my hospitality may endure after me, than that I should survive my liberality, for those wishes can never be obtained." "My secrecy is good," said the servant, "and should you be seen to proceed thither, there is not a person in this house that would not be around you."

Ba holc le Guaire rin, agur tainic roime co Finnaragal na feil, on in uair ba teanta dorom o luct eicri agur ealadan ag iarraid a n-aitcuinge fair, éicead co Finnaracal na feile, agur do nith fleitain agur urnaigéi agur eatarguige co hIra Crisort ann; agur do geabad ó Dhia gac ni da n-iarad tre éeartuib féile; agur ir aire rin do gairtéi Aracul na feile de. Do bi tra Guaire oc fleitain agur oc urnuigéi agur oc eadarguigi Dé um bar d'fagail do féin ruil do béad na beataid ag éirteacht re na aerad agur re na aitirlugad don tromdaim. Dóig nír hiarad air riam aitcuinge bud doilgi inait na miana ro cuinnigid in cailleac, agur do gaib ag guige Dé co diacrac uma foirréin on éicin rin, agur fa mian gac én nduine don clérr d'fagbail dó o'n duilead; agur do rinne in laid m-bic co hatorrreac a b-Finnaracail na féile :—

Durran dam a Wheic mu Dhé,
Gac dam tainig runnané;
Trí caogad éicear dorrb dam,
Tainicc runna le Seanchan.

Gid mór do damuib cruaidi,
Tainic co Durlur Guaire,
Cluice ir gairi ann gac neac,
No gu tainic in cailleac.

Wór in feidm fa tucur lairi,
Freartul cliar in beata bain;
Da n-deac om tig neac gan ni,
W'féidm cur anuig ir neifni.

Cid ma tuc Ri geal grréine,
A delb oruim budene;
O nac tibrad dam dia dil
Ni do dideonad m'aigid.

That was displeasing to Guaire, and he proceeded to Finn-Aragal of hospitality, where he knelt and prayed and supplicated Jesus Christ, and here he obtained from God every thing he desired through the efficacies of his bounteous liberality, and it was on that account that it was called Aracul of Hospitality. Guaire was kneeling and praying, and imploring God that he might die ere he should hear himself satirized and defamed by the great Bardic Association. To be sure, no favours were ever asked of him more difficult to be procured than the wishes desiderated by the old dame, and he prayed God most fervently to deliver him from that strait, and that he might obtain from the Supreme Being whatever wish any of the Bardic Institution might desire; and he made the following little Lay, in sadness, at Finn-Aracul of Hospitality:—

Here is my sorrow, O Son of my God!
Through all that happen'd me yesterday;
Thrice fifty learned men, a vexatious clan,
Who came to this place with Seanchan.

Though great is the number of austere bards
That came to Durlus of Guaire,
Each enjoyed pleasure and entertainment
Until the old woman intruded.

Great was the task I took in hand,
To administer to the learned of sumptuous living;
Should any depart from my house unsupplied,
In vain to this day has been my generosity.

Why hath the king of the brilliant sun
Conferred on myself his likeness,
Should he of his bounty not grant to me
Means to protect my countenance.

Do ġeallur do Mac Muire,
Nać dialtfaiṅṅ re dreiċ ṅ-duine;
Da m-bêaṅa fe ðím mu blać,
Cíð naċ do fêiṅ buð durfàṅ.

Rucaṙtaṙ Ġuaire aṙ iṅ aiġe riṅ cu taiṅiċ maiðiṅ, agur at ċualaið tâiṙm agur trieaċaṅ iṅ aeṅ ôclaiġ ċuiġi imuċa lai, agur do ḃi do ṁêad a ðoġra agur a ðômeaṅmaiṅ naṙ ḟêċ aiṙ, agur do aiċiṅ he iaṙ riṅ; agur aṙ ê do ḃi aṅṅ Mariḃàṅ mucaiðe, priṁḟáið niṁe agur talṁaṅ; agur fa mac mâċaṙ do Ġhuairi he, agur ir ê ba mucaið do Ġhuairi. Agur ir airi buí ṅa ṁucaið, aṙ comad uraide dó creidiuṁ agur cráḃað do ðêṅaṁ beiċ ṅa ṁucaið a ḃ-ḟeaġaiḃ agur a ḃ-ḟáraiġiḃ; agur beaṅṅaċur do Ġhuairi. Fo'ṅ cuṅa ceadṅa duirri, a ṗriṁḟáið niṁe agur talṁaṅ, aṙ Ġuairi. Créd iṅ bróṅ roiṅ oṙt, aṙ Mariḃaṅ? Mian do rala do neoċ a tiġ ṅa tromðáiṁe, aṙ Ġuairi. Créd iṅ miaṅ? aṙ Mariḃaṅ, ṅo cia ða taṙla? Do Muirinṅ, iṅġiṅ Chuaiṅ Chuilliði, aṙ Ġuairi, bean Dallaiṅ, agur buime ṅa cléire. Airi riṅ do b'áil liṅṅe ðfaġḃail bâir aṙ úr díḃ; agur caiði iṅ miaṅ? aṙ Mariḃaṅ. Sgala do liṅṅ leaṁṅaċta, aṙ Ġuairi, la fmiṙ ṁuġðoṙiṅ ṁuc ṅ-allaið. Aṙ deacair iṅ miaṅ roiṅ d'ḟaġail, aṙ Mariḃaṅ, agur gið deacair do ġebċaṙ acumra a ṅ-Gliṅṅ-iṅ-rcail hê.

Do iaṙ rí ṅi eli, aṙ Ġuairi ɹ. peata cuach do beiċ ag ceileabraiðaṙ aṙ craṅd eiġiṅṅ ṅa ḟiaðṅuiri. Aṙ iṅġṅað iṅ tráċ da iaṙaið riṅ aṅoir, aṙ Mariḃàṅ, agur gið iṅġṅað ir aiċṅeað duiṅṅi iṅ t-iṅad a ḃ-ḟuil riṅ.

Do ṙíṙ rí ṅi ele, aṙ Ġuairi ɹ. eaċ ṙiaḃaċ agur moṅġ deaṙġ uirri, agur ceaċṙa coṙa gleġeala ḟuiri. A ṅ-eiṅ-

I have promised to the son of Mary
Not to refuse the face of man;
Should any such person deprive me of my good fame.
Even to him it will be no sorrow.

Guaire passed over that night till the morning came, and he heard the bustle and paces of an individual advancing towards him in the early morn, but his grief was so great that he did not look on him. He afterwards, however, recognised him, and he who happened to be there was Marvan the swine-herd, the prime prophet of heaven and earth, he was son of Guaire's mother, and swine-herd to Guaire. His object in this occupation was that he might the more advantageously devote himself to religion and devotion in the capacity of swine-herd, in woods and desert places. He saluted Guaire; "the same compliments to you, chief prophet of heaven and earth," said Guaire. "What is the cause of your sadness?" asked Marvan. "A yearning that has seized a person in the house of the great Bardic Association." "What is the wish?" enquired Marvan, "or to whom did it happen?" "To Muiran, daughter of Cuan Culli," replied Guaire, "the wife of Dallan, and the foster-mother of the Bards." "That is she, whom we desire to be the first of them that should die; and what is the wish?" asked Marvan. "A bowl of the ale of sweet milk, together with the marrow of the ankle bone of a wild hog." "It is difficult to procure that wish," said Marvan, "and although difficult it will be found with me in Glen-a-Scail."

"She seeks another thing," said Guaire, "namely, a pet cuckoo cooing on an ivy tree in her presence." "It is a strange time (of the year) to desire that now," said Marvan, "and although strange we know the place where that is."

"She desired another thing," said Guaire, "namely, a bay steed, with a red mane and its four legs purely white."

tiġ ata in diar sin, an Mharbhán, in peata cuaċ agus in t-eaċ niabaċ. Cia oca b-ḟuilid? an Guaisin. Deindaṁna, inġean Jubdain, do leannan cuṁaċtaċ fein, is aici atáid. Maḋ aici, do ġebra, an Guaisin.

Do ṡín sí ní eile, an Guaisin, .i. beirt ildaċaċ impe do liu in daṁain alla. Do ġebċan sin agumsa a n-Glinn i scail, an Mharbhán.

Do ṡín sí ní eile, an Guaisin, .i. a tennem fon a muin. agus cuirlaċ na timċioll do nuaḋán bloinġi ċuirc ġleġil. Inan ṡín sí sin? an Mharbhán. Do ṡín, an Guaisin. Mu ṁallaċtsa an in te do ṡín sin, an Mharbhán, agus guiġimsi Ri ṁiṁe agus talṁan ṅán ḟoġna in mian sin di. Dóiġ is agamsa ata in tonic sin, agus is docain ḋaṁ a ṁarbaḋ, or is buachail dam he, agus is liaiġ, agus is teaċtuisin, agus is oirfideaċ. Cinnur do ní se sin duit, an Guaisin? Ní, an Mharbhán; in uain thicimsi o na mucaib sa n-oiġthe, agus naċ facbuit dneasta Glinne-in-scail leaṫan an mu ċoraiḃ, ticfium ċucam agus cuirid a theanga tan mo ċoraiḃ, agus da m-beidir taithleaġa agus uindeineinte in doṁain agam is turca dom a theangaram slainti ḋaṁ. Ar liaiġ daṁ he aṁlaiḋ sin.

Is buaċail daṁ he, or in tann tiaġuit na muca an fud Glinni-in-scail, agus bíd leisci onamsa, do beirim builli dom' ċoir annsan, agus teit andiaiġ na muca; agus atáit nai n-doirsi an Ghleann-in-scail, agus ni heacal do ṁuc dibh ġaduiġi, na caibḋean, na faelċu a figlaid, gu cuirean sé in muic n-deirneaḋnaċ díb irteaċ.

Is oirfiteac ḋaṁ hé, or in tan bíd saint codalta onmsa do beirim builli dom ċoir ann san agus cuirid a ḋruim fai, agus a ċann a n-airdi, agus canaiḋ crónán daṁ.

[1] leannan, or leanan, a "familiar." In the dictionary it is explained by *sweet-heart*, &c., but it also signifies a female fairy attendant and a protector against the genii, and I use this meaning in preference to the others.

"In one house those two are to be had," said Marvan, "the pet cuckoo and the bay steed." Who has them?" asked Guaire. "Derdavna, daughter of Iuvdan, your own powerful sprite[1] (or protectress,) it is she possesses them." "If she has them I will obtain them," said Guaire.

"She desired another thing," said Guaire, "namely, to have about her a garment of many colours (made) of the spider's silk." "That will be found with me in Glen-a-Scail," said Marvan.

"She desired another thing," said Guaire, "namely, her full load on her back and a girdle about her of the yellow lard of a purely white boar." "Did she request that?" asked Marvan. "She did request it," replied Guaire. "My malediction on the person who desired that," said Marvan, "and I implore the King of Heaven and earth that that wish may not serve her. Sure it is I who have that boar and it is a hardship for me to kill him, for he is to me a herdsman, a physician, a messenger and a musician." "How does he perform all that for you?" asked Guaire. "In the following manner," replied Marvan: "When I return from the swine at night, and that the skin is torn off my feet by the briars of Glen-a-Scail, he comes to me and rubs his tongue over my feet, and though I should have all the surgeons and healing ointments in the world his tongue would cure me soonest; in that manner he is a physician to me. He is herd to me, for when the swine wander through Glen-a-Scail, and that I am wearied, I give him a blow with my foot, and he goes after the swine. There are nine passes leading into Glen-a-Scail, and there is no danger of any hog of them (being carried off) by a thief, vagrant, or wolf of the forest, until he drives in the very last hog of them. He is a musician to me, for when I am anxious to sleep I give him a stroke with my foot and

agus is binbitheir lim fria téaduib m-beann-ćrot illaṁuib ruaḋ ica raeir ḟeinn in ceól canur daṁ; agus ari in molaċ beaċaiġeaċ is lia airdi ċeileabraiḋ ar biṫ, agus is lia aiṫeanraiċ cronain aiġirrion. Ar deacair daṁra an beaċaiġeaċ rin do ṁarbaḋ, ar Mharbán; agus cuirri féin teaċta ar a ċeann, ór ní ḟéadaimri a ṁarbaḋ; agus do beirimri mu bríaṫar duiri, ar Mharbán, gu tibrara cuairt eilai co bruiġin na tromḋairṁe, do ḋiġail in tuirc ḟinn orra, agus gu m-ba meirdi beit riat co briaṫ í.

Fríṫa, umorro, na mana rin uili ciṁ biṫéin Mharbáin. Do marbaḋ iarram in torc finn, agus do cuireaḋ a bloinac ar muin na cailliġe; agus do ċuaiḋ ar a heoċ, agus do bi ag crónán roimpe co Durlur; agus tarla for ċloċán ċorraiċ hi ac dul don baile, cor ṫuit a heaċ, agus cu tárla hi fein fúiṫi, cor brir cnáiṁ a lairġi, agus a riġeaḋ, agus a muinil, co b-fuair bár amlaiḋ; conaḋ de rin ata "eirre na cailliġe don bloinic."

Do rála mian ele do neoċ a tiġ na tromḋáirṁe i. Meadb Neidiġ, inġean Sheanċáin, agus do leic mairġ ṁóir eirdi. Do ḟreagair a hathair hi. Créd ṫig riot, a inġean? ar se. Mian dom rála, ar sí, agus muna faġair in mian rin ní baam beó. Créad in mian? ar Seanċán. Lán beinne mo bróit acum do ṁéiriuib corra cirḋuba; (is in ḟailleaḋ ro ċuinid rirí rin) agus co m-beinn ag dul roṁam co Durlur; agus conaḋ aṁlaiḋ fo ġabuinn muinter

[1] "*The Blackbird (Turdus Merula)* is common and resident throughout the wooded districts of Ireland. In the middle of June he has been heard singing as early in the morning as a quarter past two o'clock. In some seasons it ceases singing about the middle of June, but in other years he has been heard as late as the 25th of July. A blackbird had been often heard by several persons, that clapped his wings and crew like a bantam cock. He is a sweet songster."

Some years ago a shopkeeper in Dublin kept a blackbird in his shop which had learned to sing several tunes with great accuracy. He was taught by a young boy in the shop, who always whistled the first bar of the tune he desired him to sing, upon which the blackbird repeated it and went on through the

he lies on his back with his belly uppermost and sings me a humming tune, and his music is more grateful to me than that of a sweet toned harp in the hands of an accomplished minstrel. The blackbird[1] is the most variable in his notes of all birds, yet he (the boar) is still more varied. It is hard for me to kill that animal," said Marvan, "and do thou thyself send messengers for him, for I cannot kill him, and I pledge my word to you," said Marvan, "that I will pay a visit some day to the mansion of the great bardic body to be avenged of them for the white boar, and may they never be the better for it."

Howbeit, all those objects of desire were procured through the instrumentality of Marvan. The white boar was afterwards killed, his lard was put on the old dame's back, and she hummed her tune as she proceeded on her way to Durlus. While passing over an unsettled causeway that led to the place her steed fell and she happened to be under it, by which her thigh bone, fore arm, and neck were broken, and she died after that manner; and thence originated (the adage,) "The Hag's load of lard."

Another longing desire seized a person in the mansion of the great Bardic Association, namely Meve Neidigh, the daughter of Seanchan, and she uttered a great moan. Her father responded to her. "What ails thee my daughter?" said he. "A yearning wish that has possessed me," answered she, "and unless it be procured I will not live." "What is the wish?" asked Seanchan. "That I might have the full of the skirt of my mantle of large blackberries;" (the season being that of January,) and that I might be on my way to Durlus, and that on my arrival

entire of the tune. He attracted many persons to hear him and thereby brought some custom to the shop. The admiration of Oisin as well as the Fians of old for the exquisite singing of this bird, is fully evinced in the poem on the blackbird of Derrycarn, quoted at p. 32, Vol. IV., of our Ossianic works.

Shuairi i raeċ agus i n-Galar. Cid uma n-abrai rin, a inġean, ar Seanċán, agus Guairi 'gár n-gorrme agus 'gar learaġad. In b-fêadairirri, a aċair, ar Meadb, mar a tára am conraṁuil agus in fidat [1] in neanntóg; an tê do ní teaċ uimpi, ní fearr le neaċ da loirceann inar. Ir aṁlaid rin damra, ní fearr lim neaċ ele d'fáġail báir ar túr ina an te do beir maiu agus mór ṁaiṫiur dam. Rucrat ar in oidċe rin.

Tainic Guaire roirme co bruiġin na tromdaiṁe ar na marać, agus do ḟiafraiġ, cinnur atać̇ar ag an muintir ṁóir ṁaiṫ ro anuġ? ar re. Ní rabamar riaṁ, ar Seanċán, là ar mearа do beiṫ againn, or tárla mian dom inġeanri i. Meadb Neideaċ. Créad in mian? ar Guairi. Do innir Seanċán dó. Ba bróناċ Guairi de rin. Ni fuil a n-aicnead, ar Guairi, na miana rin d'fáġail. Imparidur ó'n bruiġin, agus ní cian do ċuaid in tan tarla Marbán dó. Mo ċean, a Shuairi, ar Marbán. Fon cuma céadna duiṫri, a ṗrinṁṗáid nirme agus talṁan, ar Guairi. Créad an bróن ro ort a Shuairi? ar Marbán. Mian do rála do neaċ don tromdaiṁ, ar Guairi. Déir an tuirc ḟinn? ar Marbán. Iread, ar Guairi. Creat in mian? ar Marbán. Lán beinne a broit do rméarraib corra círuba. Do zebṫar rin acamra a n-Gleann-in-rcail, ar Marbán. Cinnur on? ar Guairi. Là da rabairri oc reilg a n-Gleann-in-rcail, agus do bí cú for éill at láiṁ, agus at connaic in cú in beaṫadaċ, agus tug tarraing ortra, agus do bi tor dreadlad ad ḟarrad, agus do ṫarraing ré do bhat díṫ, agus do leicirri leir he co hercaid, or nir erair neaċ um ní riaṁ; agus ní dearnairi aċt dul

[1] *Fidat.* This word is not given in our dictionaries. It is now obsolete, and appears to have been antiquated at the time this work was written, when it seemed necessary to explain it by the term neanntóg, which every person understands to signify the *common stinging nettle*—Urtica major vulgaris urens.

there I might find the people of Guaire in sickness and distemper." "Why sayest thou that, my daughter," said Seanchan, "since Guaire is our consoler and comforter." "Dost thou know, father, how I am like unto the *Fidat*,[1] that is the nettle, for he who would construct a house about it would as soon be stung by it as any other person. Similar is my case, for I do not desire that any other should die sooner than he who gives me wealth and great substance." They wore away that night.

Guaire came to the mansion of the bards on the morrow, and he asked, "How does it fare with this great and worthy people to-day?" said he. "We never have had," replied Seanchan, "so bad a day as we have had, for a longing desire has seized my daughter, namely Meave Neidigh." "What is the desire?" asked Guaire. Seanchan told him. Guaire was sorrowful for that. "It is not in the comprehension of man to gratify these wishes," said Guaire. He departed from the mansion, but had not proceeded far when he met Marvan. "My love to thee, Guaire," said Marvan. "The like to thee, chief prophet of Heaven and earth," responded Guaire. "What sadness is this over you, Guaire?" asked Marvan. "A wish that has seized one of the great bardic body," replied Guaire. "After the white boar?" exclaimed Marvan. "Yes," responded Guaire. "What is the wish, and to whom did it occur?" asked Marvan. "To Meve Neidigh, the daughter of Seanchan, viz., the full of the skirt of her mantle of large blackberries." "They will be found with me in Glen-a-Scail," said Marvan. "How may that be?" asked Guaire. "One day that you had been hunting in Glen-a-Scail, you held a hound by the leash, and the hound having espied an animal, he made a pull at you; a bush of briars which was adjacent to you, caught and pulled off your cloak, which you readily let go, for you never refused a

uaiḋ in tan tanacra ċuige, agus fuarus siṁera iṁḋa an in ton, agus do scailear in briat uime, innus nan bean doineann na drisdan o ṡin ille sis le cuṁaċtaiḃ Dé agus lem' ċuṁaċtaiḃsi; agus in ní ba deanṡ in lá sin ḋíḃ as dub anois, agus in ní ba dub ata blas meala onno.

Do ṡís sí ní ele, an Ṡuaisnis, .i. mu ṁuintisiri do beiṫ i saeṫ agus i n-ṡalan an a cinn. Is deacair sin d'ianaiḋ, an Ṁanḃan; agus éisiḋsi noṁut anoċt co Finn-anaṡal na ṡéile, agus naċatra ṡu Ṡleann-in-scail, agus ṡuiṡ-eam an aen Aindsi nime agus talman umat ṁuintisiri do beiṫ i saeṫ agus i n-ṡalan, agus a m-beiṫ slán an in láċain ċéadna.

Tiaṡait nompa agus do niat eadanṡuiṡe diceta ṡu Dia in aiṡi sin; agus fuain Ṁeaḋḃ na sméana, agus tainic co Dunlus; agus is aṁlaiḋ fuain muintir Ṡhuaisni agus ainde bais as ṡaċ duine ḋíḃ tre eadanṡuiṡi Ṡhuaisni agus Ṁhanḃain; agus ní ḋeanna si aċt in baile d'ṡáeḃail in tan fuanutan sláinte idir ṡín agus ṁnai; con aṁlaiḋ sin fris na miana sin an biṫin Dé agus Ṁanḃain.

Tanla mian ele do neoċ a tiṡ na tromḋáiṁe .i. Briṡit inṡean Oiṫhċenne, bainċeli Sheanċain; agus do léic maisṡ móir airdi. Do ṡneagain Seanċán. Cnéat tic fristut, a ḃanṡlaiṫ, an Seanċán. Ṁian dom nala, an sí, agus muna ṡaṡan he ní ḃaam beo. Abair in mian, an Seanċán. Ṁu ṡáiṫ d'ṡaṡail dam do ṡaill luin uisce, agus mo ṡáiṫ ele do boin cluairdisṡ ṡleṡil ṡan ai innti, aċt ṡeisi a n-inat a haei; agus mu ṡáiṫ do ṡuṁuiḃ deanṡa agus do ċaenaiḃ conicna; agus ṡu maḋ hi deoċ so ṡaḃ-

[1] *A water blackbird.* Lon and Lon dub are the Irish names for the ouzle and blackbird, and Lun uisce therefore signifies a water-ouzle or water-hen, *Gallinula chloropus.* When the latter is in good condition, the flesh is well-flavoured; but it seems that in its best state there is not much fat on this bird, and it was on that account that the good old dame requested *her fill* from a dish that was so uncommon and difficult to be procured.

favour to any; you were just departed from it when I came up, and found a great large quantity of berries on the bush; I spread the cloak over it, so that neither storm nor rain has touched them ever since, through the powers of God and my intercessions; and such of them as were red on that day, are black to-day, and those that were black have the taste of honey."

"She desired another thing," said Guaire, "namely, that my people might be in sickness and disease on her arrival." "It is hard to ask that," said Marvan, "and do thou proceed to-night to Finn-Aragal of hospitality, and I will go to Glen-a-Scail, and let us conjointly implore the Supreme King of Heaven and Earth, that your people may be in sickness and disease, and be restored immediately after."

They proceeded forward and they both prayed to God fervently that night. Meave got the blackberries; she came to Durlus, and the condition she found the people of Guaire in, was that each of them had the symptoms of death through the united prayers of Guaire and Marvan; and she had only left the place when all of them both men and women recovered their health; and such was the manner in which those things wished for were obtained by God's means and Marvan.

Another longing desire seized a person in the house of the great Bardic Association, namely, Bridget, daughter of Onithkerne, the wife of Shanchan, and she uttered a loud moan. Shanchan responded—"What is the matter with thee, chieftainess?" asked Shanchan. "A wish that has seized me," said she, "and unless it be obtained I will die." "Say the wish," said Shanchan. "To get my fill of the fat of a water blackbird;[1] and again my fill of a red-eared and purely white cow without a liver, but having tallow in place of her liver; also my fill of red strawberries and of purple

uinn na n-dialg fechnait feagha fuinn .i. mil na feiceleann. Ar deacair na mlaha sin d'fagail, an Seanchan. Rucsat ar in aigi sin.

Tainic Guairi gu moch an mhaiach co bruigin na tromdaimhe, agus do fiarfaigh. Cinnus atatar coin muintir mhóir maithi anuas? Ní rabumur siamh, an Seanchan, uair is meara do beimis; or tarla mian do neoch againn .i. Brigid, ingean Oinchenne, mu beanta féin. Créad in mian? an Guairi. Ro innis Seanchan dó. Ní fuil a n-aicneadh na mlaha sin d'fagail, an Guairi.

Tainic noimhe co tosnireach ó'n bruigin, agus ní faba do chuaidh in tan tarla Mairbhan dó. Beannachair cách da chéle dib. Cret in bróin sin orit? a Ghuairi, an Mairbhan. Mian tarla do neach a tigh na tromdaimhe, an Guairi. Déis in tuirc fínn on? an Mairbhan. Iread, an Guairi, agus do innis na mlaha. Is aithe dathra baile a fuil sin, an Mairbhan .i. ag cailleachaib Tuama-da-ghualan, or atait nai fichit cailleach in oen teach, agus tic a raith uile d'aein-

[1] *Fethnait Feagha Fuinn.* This phrase is now absolete. The first word may signify woodbine or honeysuckle; the second word means of the *wood* or *woods*, and is also explained in the dictionary as the *beech tree;* and the third implies *land*, or may have been the name of some particular place, but the whole is explained here by *the honey of the woodbine.* As regards the fruits here mentioned it is difficult to determine of what kind they were. The word ruma or ruba is applied to the fruit of shrubs, as ruba talmain, strawberries, ruba craeb, raspberries, while the second is referable to the berries on trees; as caera caerchainn, roundberries or the fruit of the quicken tree.

[2] *Tuaim-da-ghualan.* This means literally the tumulus, mound or hill with two shoulders or projections, and probably so named from having at a distance the appearance of the head in the centre and two hillocks, one on each side, representing the shoulders. This was the ancient name of Tuam in the county of Galway where a religious establishment was founded by St. Iarlath about the beginning of the sixth century. I am not aware there was any saint called Da-ghualan.

Tuaim signifies a moat, hillock, tumulus or tomb, and seems to be the root of the Greek *tombos*, the Latin *tumulus*, and also of *cumulus*, which is but another form of *tumulus*. The graves of eminent men in ancient times were

berries, and that the drink I may get after them shall be *Fethnait Feagha Fuinn*,[1] viz., the honey of the woodbine." "It is difficult to procure these wishes," said Shanchan. That night wore on.

Guaire came early on the morrow to the bardic mansion, and enquired—"How fares it with this great and excellent people to-day?" "We never have been," replied Shanchan, "at any time so badly off, for a longing desire has seized one of us, namely, Bridget, daughter of Onithkerne, my own wife." "What is the wish?" asked Guaire. Shanchan informed him. "There is no possibility of procuring those wishes," said Guaire.

He went away in sorrow from the mansion, but did not proceed far when he met Marvan. They greeted each other. "What is the matter with thee, O Guaire?" asked Marvan. "A wish that has happened to a person in the dwelling of the Bards," replied Guaire. "After the white boar, eh?" exclaimed Marvan. "Yes," responded Guaire, and he told him the wishes. "I know the place where those are, viz., with the Nuns of Tuaim-daghualan,[2] for there are nine score nuns in one house, and they all get a sufficiency (of milk) by one milking from that cow;[3]

formed either of coped heaps of earth in the shape of moats or hillocks; or of heaps of loose stones raised pyramidically to a great height.—See O'Brien and Armstrong's Dictionaries.

[3] THE COW. The large quantity of milk yielded by the cow mentioned in this work would induce one to identify her with the Glas Gaibhne, or the grey cow of the smith, of which so many wonderful stories have been related by our Shanchees. She was the property of Lon Mac Liomhtha of the Tuath Dedanan colony, who was the first smith that ever made swords of iron in Ireland. The Glas supplied him and his numerous family and servants with plenty of milk and butter. On that account she was coveted by all those who heard of her good qualities, and they wished to be possessed of her. It was not, however, an easy matter to steal her from the smith, as he had her watched by day, and by night she betook herself to some mountain fastness; and her hoofs being reversed she always deceived those who sought after her. At length Balor Bale

bleaġan ó'n boin foin; acur if acu ata in lon fin, agur in tan leiceaf in ċailleaċ fa ḋeoiġ ḋíb an ċoblaḋ canaiḋ-fium ceól ḋóib da coiḋeldubh fin ġonta, agur mná co naeiḋnib; agur af deimin da tucċaṡa nai ḟíċit bó cluaf-

Beimionnach of Tory Island, the general of the Fomorians in the battle of Magh Tuireadh, succeeded in getting possession of her. She is said to have lived to the time of the Fians of Erin in the third century of the Christian era, and that she supplied them all with abundance of milk. At every place they encamped there was a cow-house constructed for the Glas, and hence many places throughout Ireland bear her name, such as Ardnaglass, or Ard-na-Glaise, i.e., the height or elevated ground of the Glas-Gaibhne. And to the present day the figurative saying is applied to a goodly lactiferous cow that she gives as much milk as the Glas-Gavne.

Keating in his History of Ireland under A.D. 528, evidently alludes to the cow of the nuns of Tuam in the following passage. There is an account in a very ancient chronicle, that in the seventh year of the reign of Diarmuid, king of Ireland, a poor woman, who was a nun, and had vowed a religious life, called Sionach Cro, applied herself to the king, complaining of the great injury she had received from Guaire, the son of Colman, who had violently forced from her a cow, that was the only means of her subsistence. This injury was so resented by Diarmuid, that he selected a strong body of his troops, and directed his march towards the river Shannon, on the opposite side of which Guaire's forces were drawn up to oppose their crossing the river. A battle ensued in which Guaire was defeated, put to flight and ultimately taken prisoner.

"Although the reign of the monarch Diarmuid Mac Cearbhail dates from the sixth century, when Christianity had been for a considerable time established, yet the king himself, if not an avowed pagan, was certainly only a Christian in name and still an abettor of Druidism; for it is related of him that he had Druids in attendance upon him. On one occasion we read of his going to battle and availing himself of their services in raising a magical mist, which would have given him certain victory, by confusing an army with which he was contending; but his opponents had a saint at their side, who by his prayers was able to dispel the mist, and so he was defeated. It is not probable that a prince of such bias would wage war with a whole province merely to punish them for having injured a Christian nun. This waging war with Guaire, marching into his territory, defeating and making him lie down on his back, so as that he should submit to have Diarmuid stand over him, and place the point of his sword between his teeth; appeared so mysterious to O'Halloran the Historian that he rejected the idea of the motive which Keating assigns; Guaire's offence being merely that of depriving an old woman of her cow. But this is not the only instance in the conduct of Diarmuid of his dispropor-

and it is they who have that blackbird, and when the last of the nuns retires to sleep he sings music for them which would lull to sleep wounded men and parturient women; and it is certain that should you give them nine

tioned vengeance. For the like offence he actually killed with his own hand his eldest son, heir to the throne, for nothing more than killing a *cow* for a feast. This *cow* had been, like the other, the property of an old woman, to whom the young prince had offered seven cows and a bull by way of compensation. Had she accepted the offer she would have been a gainer in the transaction; she therefore would have no cause of complaint, and the rage of the monarch must have been occasioned, not by the injury done to the *Caileach*, but for what he might have considered a sacrilegious crime. Diarmuid having murdered his son, was seized with remorse, and then in his affliction he avowed himself a Christian, for he had recourse to a saint, who ordered him to go on a pilgrimage, I think to St. Becan in Muskerry, who consoled and rid him of the great depression of mind under which he naturally laboured. It is possible that both stories may be true, but that Sionach Cro (the red fox) and the other *Caileach* were not nuns but Druidesses; the word Caileach may or may not mean either. It is said they were religious recluses. This they may have been, without being Christians. The probability is that they were pagan priestesses, and that the cows were living idols like Apis, or in some sense considered sacred animals. There are numerous evidences to shew that idolatry secretly held its ground in remote places, and Druidism lingered for several centuries after Ireland had been generally converted; and there are instances of its having been patronised by princes. This is shewn beyond doubt to have been the case in Wales, where Druidism under the name of Bardism was patronised by the princes as late as the time of Edward the First as is fully proved by Davis. According to Giraldus Cambrensis, the Irish pagans had a most formidable community almost up to his time at Mona Inch. Ledwich quotes Giraldus, but endeavours to shew that the so-called demons were only his favourite Culdees. The slaying of cows and calves, the property of old women, is not uncommon in our oral legends, one of them occurring in Imokilly, at a place called Cnoc-mona-lay of which they say, that there was an old woman whose name was Mona, and who, from her having an extraordinary calf, was called Mona-an-laoigh. For many years she kept this calf in spite of all that could be done to induce her to part with it. At length the lord of the place went with all his men and killed the old woman and her calf. Then there came a saint who ordered the house where she kept the calf, to be pulled down, and left his curse on any one who would ever mention Mona's name, to prevent which he moreover changed the name of the hill from Cnoc-Mona-an-laoigh to Cnoc-man-a-lay."

ḋeaṗʒ ʒleżeal ḋóiḃ, aʒuṡ laeʒ ʒaċa bó ḋíḃ, ʒuṗuḃ ḟeaṗṗ a m-bóṡan ṅa ṡiṅ; aʒuṡ ḋa tucṫa ṅaí ḟíċiṫ loṅ ḋóiḃ, ʒuṗuḃ ḟeaṗṗ a ṅ-aeṅ loṅ ṅṅaiṫ.

Do ṡíṗ sí ṅí eiṫ, aṗ Ʒuaiṗṗ .i. ṡuṁa aʒuṡ caeṗa aʒuṡ ṁíl ṅa ḟeiṡleaṅ. Do żeḃṫaṗ ṡiṅ acamṡa a ṅ-Ʒleaṅṅ-ṅṡcáil, aṗ Ṁaṗḃáṅ. Fuiṫa uile ṅa ṁiaṅa ṡiṅ aṁail do naṗṅʒaiṗ Ṁaṗḃáṅ; aʒuṡ tucaḋ ṅaí ḟíċiṫ bó, aʒuṡ ṅaí ḟíċiṫ loṅ do ṅa caillеaċaiḃ aṗ ṡoṅ a ṅ-aeṅ bó aʒuṡ a ṅ-aeṅ luiṅ; aʒuṡ a duḃṗataṗ maiṫe ḃ-ḟeaṗ ṅ-Ġlṗeaṅṅ ṅaṗ ḟiu iṅ tṗomḋaṁ uili iṅ ḋiaṡ ṡiṅ do maṗḃaḋ.

Taṗla ṁiaṅ aili do ṅeaċ a tiż ṅa tṗomḋaiṁe .i. do Sheaṅċáṅ; aʒuṡ do leic ṁaiṗʒ moiṗ aṡ. Do ḟṗeaʒaiṗ aṅ tṗomḋáiṁ uile a ṅ-aeiṅḟeaċt, aʒuṡ ṗo ḟiaḟṗaiżṡeat ciḋ uṁa ṗaiḃi. Ṁiaṅ doṁ ṗala, ol ṡe, aʒuṡ muṅa ḟażaṗ he ṅí baaṁ beo .i. ṁo ṡáiṫ d'ḟażail duṁ ḟeiṅ aʒuṡ doṁ ċleiṗ, aʒuṡ do maiṫhiḃ Coṅṅaċt, do ṡaill ṁuiṡi ṅaċ ṗucaḋ ḟóṡ, aʒuṡ do ċuiṗṁ éṅżṗáiṅṅe, aʒuṡ muṅa ḟażuṗ ṡiṅ ṡuil ḋeaċ iṅ tṗáṫ iṅa ċele biḋaṁ maṗḃ.

Do taḋḃaṡ ṡiṅ do Ʒhuaiṗṗ ṡaṅ oiżċi, aʒuṡ ṅiṗ ḟuiṗṗiż ṗe lá ʒaṅ teaċt d'iṅṅṡaiże ṅa bṗuiżṅe; aʒuṡ do ḟiaṗḟaiḋ ciṅṅuṡ a taṫaṗ aʒoṅ muiṅtiṗ ṁóiṗ ṁaiṫṡi ṫall aṅoċt? Ní ṗaḃaṁuṗ ṡiaṁ, aṗ ṡiat, oiżċi iṡ ṁeaṡa do beiṫi aʒaiṅṅ. Ciḋoṅ? aṗ Ʒuaiṗṗ. Ṁiaṅ táṗla do ṅeoċ aʒaiṅṅ. Cia ḋa táṗla iṅ ṁiaṅ ṡiṅ? aṗ Ʒuaiṗṗ. Do Seaṅċaṅ ṡeiṅḟle, doṅ ṗiż ollaṁ ḟéiṅ. Cṗéaḋ iṅ ṁiaṅ? aṗ Ʒuaiṗṗ. Ro ḣiṅṅṡeaḋ ḋó. Ba bṗóṅaċ Ʒuaiṗṗ ḋe ṡiṅ, oṗ ṅíṗ ḟáil ṅa ṁiaṅa ṡoiṅ ḋ'ḟażail.

"We do not see how the cow of Sionach Cro can be identified with the Glas Gaimhne unless the name was the same, and even then it must be by the same process of reasoning as the Egyptians used in identifying the Apis slain by Cambyses with the original incarnation of Osiris, which being flourished 2,500 years before at least. There is this much in common to Apis, and to the Glas Gaimhne, and to Sionach Cro's cow that all were sacred animals."

The foregoing note has been kindly supplied by William Hackett, Esq.

score, red-eared, purely white cows, their one cow would be more valuable than them all; and should you give them nine score blackbirds, their one blackbird would be better than they.

"She desired another thing," said Guaire, "namely, shrub-berries and tree-berries and the honey of the woodbine." "Those will be found with me," said Marvan. All those wishes were procured as Marvan predicted. Nine score kine, and nine score blackbirds, were given to the nuns for their one cow and one blackbird; and the nobility of the men of Ireland, declared that the entire of the great Bardic Association were not worth those two (animals) that were killed.

Another longing desire seized one of the great Bardic Association, namely, Shanchan, and he uttered a great moan. The whole of the great Bardic Association simultaneously responded, and they asked what was the matter with him. "A longing desire that has seized me," replied he, "and unless it be procured I shall die, namely, that I myself, my Bardic Association and the nobles of Connaught may get our fill of the fat of hogs that have not yet been farrowed, and also of ale (the produce) of one grain (of corn), and except these be obtained within the period of twenty-four hours I shall be dead.

That (circumstance) was revealed to Guaire in the night, and he did not wait for the day, but came directly to the mansion, and he asked—"How does it fare with this great and good people to-night?" "We never," said they, "have had a worse night." "How so?" asked Guaire. "A longing desire that has seized one of us." "To whom did that longing happen?" asked Guaire. "To Shanchan the aged poet, the arch bard himself." "What is the wish?" asked Guaire. He was told it. Whereupon Guaire was sore troubled, for he considered that those wishes could not be gratified.

Do ḟuṁta ó'n bruiġin amaċ, agus ní cían fairnic in tan tarla Mharbán dó. Créad in bróin fín ort, a Ghuairi? ar Mharbán. Mian tárla do neaċ a tiġ na tromḋaime, ar Guairi. Tarér in tuirc ḟinn? ar Mharbán. Iread,

[1] On the subject of a porcine cultus in Ireland, Mr. William Hackett, so well known for his investigations in Irish Folk-lore, in connexion with the vestiges of our early paganism, has obligingly furnished the Editor with the following note, which unfolds Mr. Hackett's views on this subject:—

"In a paper, which appeared in the 'Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society,' vol. II. pp. 303–34, I gave it as my opinion, that all the legends of porcine animals which abound in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, had reference to the suppression of a form of idolatry analogous to, if not identical with the existing worship of the Hindoo Deity Vishnu, in his Avatar as a boar. From subsequent reading I have been confirmed in this opinion. I consider the worship of the boar to have been a section of the arkite worship, which would appear to have been the religion of that stock, whose descendants, wherever scattered, are comprehended in the nations who speak the languages termed Hindo-European. Vishnu has been identified with Noah; in his incarnation, as a boar, he raised on his tusks the globe of the earth from the bottom of the abyss. It has been remarked by the learned Bryant, that the reason why the heifer came to be considered as a symbol of the ark, was that the word 'Theba' signifies an ark, also a heifer. The Irish language, perhaps, affords a similar key to the anomaly of identifying the boar with the ark. *Arc* signifies a boar in the instance of 'Droum-arc,' a cairn on the Slieve Muck range. A great boar is recorded as having resided there, and many local legends prevail in the subjacent 'glen of Atharla' (the Glen of the heifer) respecting him. In O'Donovan's 'Sketch of the life of Fionn,' we read that the hero, when in that part of the country, was cautioned against the ferocity of the great boar of *Slieve Muck*. In the other legends of Fionn, we read more of his achievements against serpents than against boars; but in the oral legends his prowess against boars is the prominent subject. It is remarkable that most of these legends prevail at sites which in Hindostan are considered sacred—the junctions of rivers. Since I wrote the paper alluded to, every inquiry I have made has added to the lists of such sites. Some time ago I went to see a place where a boar had been slain by a renowned warrior. On approaching the spot, a companion who was with me remarked, that as there was only one river, he feared my theory would not be supported. In that instance, I replied, that we should investigate before we pronounced. After having visited all the sites identified with the legend, we were about to leave, after we had seen where the boar was buried (it was a druidical monument). Our informant then stated, that formerly at that spot, the '*Poul Doracha*' water

He turned away out from the mansion but proceeded not far when Marvan met him. "What is it troubles thee, O Guaire?" asked Marvan. "A longing desire that has seized one in the mansion of the learned.' "After the white boar?"[1] exclaimed Marvan. "Yes,"

joined the main river, but had been diverted from its course by a former Lord Shannon. Considering the word '*Poul Doracha*' is significant of idolatry, I am inclined to think, that the Blackpool river, where it falls into the Lee in Cork, was a site of the Porcine *Cultus*, though the legend may have been lost; the place is called Leitrim, and the barony of that name was eminently renowned as a seat of boar worship. In the written legend called 'Sgeal Fiachtna,' we find it to be the place where the '*Saltair na Muck*' was obtained. In the county Cork, near Fermoy, is a place called Leitrim, at the spot where the river Funcheon falls into the river Blackwater. On accidentally meeting a man from that locality, I asked him if there were any story about a boar there; he replied, that the spot called *Cool na Muck* was on his land, where the boar lived that was slain by Fionn. I have not seen many of the sites where the death of Diarmuid is commemorated, and do not know whether the remark of the identity of sites would extend to them. That it exists in Scotland is proved in at least one instance where I find the terms '*Muck Comer*' near a place called 'Letter Finlay' (*Fion Laegh*), the white calf. Where the Deel falls into the Dinan in the county Kilkenny is an old grave-yard at the church of *Muck a Lee*. *Kanturk* is another coincidence, and I believe *Carrig-na-muc* castle on the Dripsey river may be added to the number. There are many reasons for concluding that those sites are not denominated from any natural or ordinary animals. Topographical terms would scarely originate in such a source, and the traditions of the peasantry all describe the animals as *Draoidhacht*, by which they understand enchanted, but which we may consider as druidical, belonging to druids.

"I think we have strong reason for believing that the Druids preserved certain Boars, Cows, &c., living animals with peculiar marks as the Egyptians had the Bull Apis, and it is remarkable that one of the peculiarities by which Apis was chosen, was that the hair of his hide was pointed towards his head, the reverse of that of other bulls. The same is told of these legendary Boars, whose bristles were pointed forward like hairs of Apis. I have mentioned that the late Mr. Sydenham came to the conclusion, from the numerous local legends, and for other reasons, that at all fanes of Druidism, the Druids had sacred cows, I think the remark would extend to Boars. I consider that those processions of the peasantry such as Skelligs, May games, Wren bushes, &c., are commemorations of old rites of the Pagan Priesthood commonly called Druids. In

ar Zuaiṁ. Cṗeac iṅ ṁiaṅ, ar Ṁaṅḃáṅ, agur cia ḋa tarla? Do Sheaṅċáṅ ṡeiṅḟile, ar Zuaiṁ, .i. a ḟáiṫ d'ḟaġail do ḟéiṅ agur da ċleiṫ, agur do ṁaiṫib Coṅṅaċt, do ċuiṁṁ éṅġṁáiṅṅe. Do ġeḃṫar acamṗa ṡiṅ a ṅ-Gleaṅṅ-

all probability it was an occasion of procession of the kind that these Druids made collections or in other words levied contributions on their congregations. I have noticed in the Kilkenny paper that the procession headed by the 'Lara ban' promised all manner of happiness and blessings to the generous and bountiful, and all maledictions and misfortunes to those who did not contribute liberally to the support of the *Muck olla*, a long practical address was recited on such occasions and such parties as young women anxious for husbands, newly married couples wishing to have children, even avaricious farmers contributed largely in hope of earning the blessings of the *Muck olla*. It is singular that these processions flourish most in Imokilly, in that district between Cork harbour and Ballycotton, where the achievements of Fionn in slaying the Boar are most celebrated—such contradictions are frequent in the regions of legendary lore. Samhain's eve was the time for making these appeals. There is a Fort in that country called 'Lisna Torc Thomaush,' which I consider very remarkable having found this word '*Thomaush*' embodied in many of these legends and in our topography. In some parts of the North-West Coast of Ireland, are two mountains, one called *Maam Torc*, the other *Maam Thomaush*. I would recommend the word to the attention of Irish scholars. Thamuz was another name for Adonis, whose history is the same as that of Diarmuid, and his name not very dissimilar to O'Duibhne. It is worthy of remark that, though Fionn of the legends was invariably triumphant over the Boar, and Diarmuid was slain by that animal, the reading may be that Diarmuid's attempt to suppress that worship was a failure. It is worthy of remark, that classical and Celtic mythic legends can with one exception be traced to a Hindoo source. In particular the legends of the Boar, the achievements of Hercules are like those of Fionn, and the meeting of heroes for the killing of the Calydonian boar are like Fionn's warriors, who assembled for a like purpose at *Faha Lay*, in Kinalea, where the *Laoghs* or warriors assembled. The legend which is not to be found in Hindoo lore is that of the Boar. We read of many particulars in the life of Crishna, of which we have counterparts in Celtic lore, but there is no prototype for Boar slaying. This is obviously owing to the fact that the worship has never been suppressed in Hindostan. In Moore's 'Hindu Pantheon' may be seen Vishnu with human figure and Boar's head. There is a prayer quoted in the *Asiatic Researches*, in which a goddess is invoked as having the face of a *wild swine*, and being 'black and good.' There is a cairn on a bend of the Midleton river, called *Cairn na Muck Vian*—now a cairn would scarcely be denominated from a common pig. On a similar bend is the river

replied Guaire. "What is the wish," asked Marvan, "and to whom did it happen?" "To Shanchan, the aged poet," replied Guaire, "namely, a sufficiency for himself and for his associates, and for the nobility and gentry of Connaught, of the ale of one grain (of corn)." "That will be found

Suir is Cool na-muck, recently the seat of the Walls. At *Ceann na-muck*, now Headborough, in the County Waterford, are legends of Boar-slaying; this is at a junction of rivers. Muckross, Killarney, is a promontory running into the lake. Muckross, now called Muckridge, is at the junction of the river Tower with the Blackwater. The river Ui Kearny, County Kilkenny, is said to be so called from an 'Arc,' a boar. Arklow, County Wicklow, has a similar source. *Glenn na muice duibh* (the Dane's cast') near Newry, northward, has doubtless its source in some Druidical incident. The 'Triur Mac,' mentioned in the Kilkenny Archæological Proceedings, is replete with the incidents of the boar. I have not seen the manuscript called *Seilg na muice duibhe*, but I think, if it were perused by one who entertained these mythic views, that it would be found to refer to some great hunting match not likely to have been a chase. The cutting up of the *Muck Datho* is very like the carving of the Caledonian boar.

"The pig or hog, known by the various synonyms of *muc*, *orc*, *torc*, *ner*, *triath*, *torc allaidh* (wild boar), *banbh*, *mat*, &c., seems to have existed in Ireland from the very earliest times either in a wild or domestic state. Its remains have been found in every situation, and especially in our great animal deposits, at Dunshaughlin in Meath; Lough Gur, county of Limerick; in the bone cave at Shandon in the county of Waterford; within Cranogues; beside our most ancient Raths, and near or in the Fulachda Fian.

"Cambrensis speaks with surprise of the immense abundance of swine in Ireland in his time. They appear to have been a favourite property, and highly valued as food. They were given in large numbers as tribute and stipend to kings and chieftains, and mortalities amongst swine are frequently recorded in our annals. Particular seasons are prescribed for hunting the wild boar; and periods are characterized as lucky or unlucky for hunting or avoiding the chase of this animal, in company or otherwise.

"In pagan times the pig was held as sacred in Ireland as it is held at the present day in the religious system of India and China. It is a curious fact, that the island generally, as well as many of its lesser islands lying along our shores and estuaries, long ago received the name of '*Muc Inis*,' or hog island, evidently in connexion with this sacred character, which it held in common with other animals similarly devoted to religion, as the Bull, Cow, Calf, Dog, &c. Islands were generally regarded in the ancient pagan world

ıṅ-ꞟcáıl, ań Ꝑaṅḃáṅ. Cıṅṅuꞟ oṅ? ań Ꝛuaıṅ. Ꝑeṅ ḋo lo ḋa ṅaıḃe ḋo ṅeaċtaıṅeꞟ ꞟéıṅ ı. Ꝛuaıṅe beıceṅıꝛ ać teaċt o ċuṅ ꞟíl, aꝛuꞟ ḋo ṁoċaıꝛ ꞟe áṅḋ eataṅṅa aꝛuꞟ boṅṅ a ḃṅóıꝛe, aꝛuꞟ ꞟuaıṅ ꝛṅáıṅṅe cṅuıċṅeaċta

as more or less sacred; but there were certain islands held as especially holy, as Delos, Samothrace, &c. That Ireland was so accounted, and received its name of *Muc Inis* from a religious dedication, has been the opinion of men profoundly conversant in our Archæology. This reputed sanctity, in ages long antecedent to Christianity, was indeed recognised in remote foreign countries from very early times when Ireland was known by the name of *Insula Sacra*, as we learn from Festus Avienus, who wrote in the fourth century from the 'oldest' annals of Carthage. That writer relates that Hamilco the Carthaginian, in his voyage of discovery in the north-western ocean, had navigated the seas between the island of the Albiones and the *sacred island* of the Hiberni, thus assigning to this venerable characteristic the very highest antiquity. The reputation was doubtless due to its pre-eminence as a seat of Druidism, connecting it with the traditions respecting the isles of the blest or terrestrial paradise, which prevailed from Gaul to Greece and India. Indeed, in the latter country the 'white islands of the west' are believed to include our western Samothrace, known as peculiarly consecrated to religion. One of our earliest colonies—the Danaans—appears to have formed a theocracy renowned for their skill in rites and mysteries, and succeeding colonists received their kings and chieftains into their mythology as Dii minores. It is more than probable that it was to Ireland in this its religious character, that Caesar referred when he intimated that Britain (generally) was the great seat of Druidism. In a report made to the Emperor Claudius as mentioned by Plutarch, an order of Magi is declared as existing in this island accounted of special holiness. This would seem to refer to that section of the Druid priesthood known by the name of *Mogh*, and which was borne by so many royal personages in our ancient history, as Mogh Nuadhat, Mogh Corb, Mogh Neid, &c.

"This is here mentioned as a further testimony to the reputed pagan sanctity of this island. To what extent swine were held in religious veneration cannot now be known. But this worship has left its impress on much of our topography and monumental sites. Such names as *Inis Arcan* (Sherkin), *Kill-na-muck*, and *Leaba-na-muice* (near Lough Gur), and the legendary attributes of enchanted boars, &c., are but the fragmentary reliques of old Irish general mythology. One of the Hebrides is still called Pig Island, the native chief of which was styled 'Muc.' That our paganism could have been of so degraded a character, as to assume such animals amongst the objects of its worship, must not surprise us, when we are reminded of the existence of a similar cultus in the

with me in Glen-a-Scail," said Marvan. "How so?" asked Guaire. "One day that your own agriculturist, namely, Guaire Beiceinigh (or of little hospitality) had been returning from sowing seed, he felt a substance (literally a prominence) under the sole of his shoe, and he found a grain

religious systems of ancient Egypt, and of that of India and China at the present day. An observant young friend of ours—Dr. Thomas Windele, writing home recently from Canton, speaking of the remarkable places visited by him in that city, says:—'Adjoining a large Budhist temple, which I visited, was an extensive enclosure, within which, I with my own eyes beheld the celebrated *sacred pigs*, and heard their hallowed gruntings to my entire satisfaction. They were enormously fat and bloated; much smaller than that cherished character the Irish pig; but of a much graver and more divine cast of countenance than the *Hibernian* species. The latter animal has a rollicking swagger, and an air of easy independence peculiarly his own, which no other hog of my acquaintance possesses. There is no doubt about this worship here, no more than that of the gold fish which I saw in the vicinity of the celebrated Temple of Longevity.'

"The old native breed of Irish swine here referred to is now fast disappearing, and will soon be extinct. It has been described as long-legged, large-boned and razor-backed, with elongated visage, a sharp snout, thin and spare of body, and easily fed but difficult to fatten. It is now giving way to an improved foreign breed, a short-legged heavy variety, more prolific and easier fattened, characteristics of superior value, as on the hog, at this day, is the poor man's chief reliance for payment of his rent.

"To a people addicted to hunting, as were the ancient Irish, the chase of the wild boar must have formed a very favourite amusement; and yet one may wonder how an animal so dear to the hunter could have been chosen for religious reverence, unless it may have grown out of respect and admiration of his prowess and fierceness, or become associated with some process of symbolism. Could we accept the interpretation recently given to the Ogham inscription upon the pillar-stone at Ballyquin in the county of Waterford, it would appear that the hog was sacred to the goddess *Ana* or *Aine*. Mr. Williams of Dungarvan, a zealous and successful Ogham investigator, reads the characters on this monument as forming Cacabar mocob ı mıca Anno, which he translates 'Sacrifice of swine is the sovereign right of Ana.' But it must be stated, that this rendering has been objected to on strong grounds, as involving a license with regard to several of the characters not admissible; whence it follows that we may regard the question, whether the pig was a deity or a victim, as still an open one."

ann, agus nír ṁó dearcu fordaraiġ inar; agus tug leis ċuġamra é. Ro clannaiġeaḋ liumra a talṁain he in bliaḋain rin; agus tancatar in bliaḋain tanaiste feaċt priṁḋiara fiċeat. Aċt ata aein bliaḋain déc o rin ille, agus nír leiceas arḃur ele trit frisin ré rin; agus atáid feaċt priṁcruaċa do ċoraḋ in aen ġráinne rin acumra; agus no uraillus fleaḋ ṁór ċáin do déanaṁ a n-Gleann-in-scáil, agus is dóiġ limra, an Manḃan, da tisdais maiṫi Connaċt a n-aenḃaill, co ḃ-fuiġdis a n-daeċain biḋe agus diġe do thoraḋ in aen ġráinne rin.

Do ṡís sé ni eli, an Guaisi, .i. a ṡáiṫ d'ṡáġail do ṡéin, agus da ċléis, agus do ṁaiṫib Connaċt, do ṡaill muice na nucaḋ for, agus muna faġtúr rin suil deaċaḋ in trath ana ċéli, ni fearrde a ṡáġail co brath. Do ġeḃtar acamra rin a n-Gleann-in-scáil, an Manḃan. Cinnus an Guaisi? Aen do lo da n-deaċaiḋ bantaiseaċ do ṁucra do bríeiṫ oric an fud Ghlinni-in-scáil, agus tánla da ċéle hi agus faelċu irin figḃaiḋ; acus tug in cú tarraing don muic gur leic a haḃaċ agus a hinaṫar frisa; agus tuc in ṁuc tarraing don ċoin gur bean a ceann di; agus ni ḋearnsat an aen aċt coṁṫoitim in tan tanacra cuca, agus fuarur coṁet na n-oric for lár, agus gaċ oric ḋib ac taḃairt tuinḋriuṁa for a ċoṁair. Do leceasta amaċ iat, nai n-oirc firneanna, agus aen oirc bainean. Do ṁarḃuta iarram oirc muice fa meara ceinel inaistriuṁ; agus ataid nai m-bliaḋana o rin ille, agus ataid rin ina nai toircaiḃ liaċa luibṡíaclaċa; agus is dóiġ limra, an Manḃan, da tistais maiṫi Connaċt co haen áit co fuiġḃitis a lon ḋaeċain do ṡaill na muc roin. Agus taḃairsi a noġa ḋoib in ṡleaġ rin d'ḋólacaḋ ċuca, no theaċt da caiṫiṁ gu Gleann-in-scáil.

[1] *A day and a night.* This is not literal, although it conveys the meaning of the original, which is suil deaċaḋ in trath ana ċéle, before the point of time goes into the other; that is, before the point of time in any day or night extends to the corresponding point of time in the next day or night following, or in other words, *before the fulfilment of the twenty-four hours.*

of wheat in it, and an acorn was not larger than it; this he brought to me. It was planted by me in the ground that year, and seven and twenty prime ears sprung forth in the second year. But eleven years have elapsed since then, and no other corn has been allowed to mix with it during that period, and I have (now) seven prime stacks (of corn) which are the produce of that one grain. I have given directions to prepare a great excellent banquet in Glen-a-Scail, and I am confident," said Marvan, "that should all the nobles of Connaught assemble, they can have plenty of food and drink from the produce of that one grain."

"He desired another thing," said Guaire, "namely, to have plenty for himself and for his bardic associates and for the nobles of Connaught of the fat of a hog that has not yet been farrowed, and unless it be procured within the space of a day and a night[1] it need never be procured." "That will be found with me in Glen-a-Scail," said Marvan. "How?" asked Guaire. "One day that the chief sow of your swine had wandered through Glen-a-Scail to farrow, she encountered a wolf in the forest, and the wolf having torn her, her litter and bowels gushed out. The sow made a charge at the wolf and took off her head, and they had only fallen by each other when I came up to them and found the holder (or matrix) of the piglings on the ground, and each pigling making a forward effort. I let them out, there being nine boar piglings and one sow pigling. I then killed the sucking pigs of a hog of an inferior breed to these, in order to rear them. Nine years have since then elapsed, and they are now nine full grown boars with curved tusks; and it is my opinion," said Marvan, "that should the nobility and gentry of Connaught assemble together, they shall have their full sufficiency of the fat of those hogs; and do thou give them their choice to have the feast conveyed to them or come and partake of it at Glen-a-Scail."

Tucaḋ a ṅoġa doṅ tṡoṁḋáiṁ ḋíḃ ṡíṅ. A dubṅataṅ ġuṅ ḟobṅataṅ maiṫi Choṅṅaċt d'aeṅaḋ tṡe ṅa ṅaḋ co ḃ-ḟuicḟiṫiṡ a ṁ-bṅuiġiṅ ḟeiṅ. Tucaḋ iṅ ḟleaġ ṡíṅ ċuca, agus do ṡuiḋiġeaḋ aṅ bṅeiṫ Sheaṅċáiṅ iat; agus ṅo gaḃ-ṡat ag ól agus ag aiḃṅeas, agus a ṅoġa oiṅḟiṫiḋ agus ealaḋaṅ da gaċ duiṅe uaṡal díḃ oṅ tṡoṁḋáiṁ. Bataṅ ḟoṅ ṡaṅ ḃ-ḟleaġ ṡíṅ tṡí lá agus teóṅa oiḋċe. Ot coṅaṅic Seaṅċáṅ iṁuṅcṅaiġ iṅ ḃíḋ agus ṅa díġe ica ċaiṫiuṁ ac gillaṅṅṅaiḋe agus ag daeṡcaṅṡluaġaiḃ Coṅṅaċt, do ġaḃ doiċiull ṁoṅ é, agus a dubaiṅt ṅaċ caiṫḟeaḋ bíaḋ ṅa deoċ ṅo gu cuiṅthe maiṫi Coṅṅaċt aṡíṅ ṁ-baiḷ aṁaċ, agus do cuiṅiṫ a céadóiṅ.

Bai tṡá Seaṅċáṅ tṡí la agus tṡí oiḋċe gaṅ bíaḋ gaṅ deoċ. Do ṅáiḋ Guaiṅṡ, ar tṡuaḋ dúiṅṅ, aṅ ṡe, aṅ tṡoṁḋáṁ uiḷ ag caiṫheaḋ bíḋ a tṡṁċeall Sheaṅċáiṅ, agus ṡe ḟéiṅ ṅa ṫṅoṡcaḋ; agus do ċuiṅ dalta muiṅṅeaċ do ḃí aiġi do ṡaiġíḋ Sheaṅċáiṅ, agus adbeiṅt ḟṅiṡ bíoṅ ḟada ḟíuḋ chuiḷl do ġaḃaiḷ cuiġi, agus ġeġ do ċuṅ aṅ; agus da tṡíaṅ iṅ beaṅa ṅoṁe, agus a aeiṅ tṡíaṅ ṅa ḋíaiġ, agus da iṁḟuiṅe a ḃ-ḟiaḋṅuiṡi Sheaṅċáiṅ. Teiḋ iṅ ṁacaeṁ co haiṅṁ i ṁ-ba Seaṅċáṅ. Cíḋ iṡ al duit doṅ ġeġ ṡoiṅ? aṅ Seaṅċáṅ. A ullṁuġa duitṡi, a ṅíġ Ollaiṁ, aṅ iṅ ṁacaeṁ. Cíḋ aṅ aṅ cuiṅeaḋ thuṡa leiṡ? aṅ Seaṅċáṅ. Neaċ gu caeiṅberaiḃ agus gu ṅ-glaiṅe do b'aiḷ do Ghuaiṅṡ led ċuitṡi. Aṡ doiġ líṅṅ, aṅ Seaṅċáṅ, ṅaċ ḟuaiṅ ṡe iṡíṅ ṁ-baile ṅeaċ buḋ ṁíṡciaṁaiġi iṅa thuṡa. Cṅeḋ iṅ t-adbaṅ? a ṅí Ollaiṁ, aṅ iṅ ṁacaeṁ. Do b'aiṫníḋ ḋaṁṡa do ṡeaṅaċaiṅ, agus do ḃí ṡe ṁelliṅġneaċ; agus o do ḃí ṅí caiṫeaḃṡa bíaḋ aṡ do laṁṡi.

[1] The ancient Irish were very exact in giving to each guest his seat at the festive board according to his rank in society; and we are informed by our MSS. and Shanachees that the seat of honor had often to be decided by an appeal to the Bard. "The usage at the feast of Eman was, that his own seat was appropriated to each of the household of (king) Conor." *(Tale of Deirdri.)*

[2] The conduct here, and in the next paragraph, attributed to Seanchan, is a satirical picture of the petulance, as well as intolerable insolence and license, assumed by the Bards.

The choice of selection was submitted to the Bards. They replied, that they had a mind to satirize the nobles of Connaught for presuming to think that they would leave their own mansion. That feast was brought to them, and they were seated in conformity with the decision of Shanchan.[1] They drank and made merry, and every guest present was entertained by the great Bardic Association with the choicest music and professional accomplishments. That feast was continued for three days and three nights. When Shanchan perceived the extraordinary quantity of food and drink that was being consumed by the servants he became very churlish, and said, that he would not taste of food or drink until the nobles of Connaught were dismissed from the mansion, and forthwith they were sent away.

Shanchan, however, continued three days and three nights without food or drink. Guaire said. "It is grievous to us that the whole Bardic Order should be taking food around Shanchan while he himself fasts." He then sent a favourite domestic of his to Shanchan, and he instructed him to procure a long white hazel spit, to put a goose on it, to keep two-thirds of the spit before him, and one-third behind him, and to hold it in that manner in the presence of Shanchan. The young man went into the place where Shanchan was. "What do you intend to do with that goose?" asked Shanchan. "To prepare it for thee, O Royal Bard," replied the youth. "Why have you been sent with it?" asked Shanchan. "As a person of mild manners and of cleanliness, selected by Guaire to bring you your food." "We believe," said Shanchan, "that he could not find in the locality a more uncomely person than thyself." "For what cause; O Royal Bard?" asked the youth. "I knew your grandfather and he was chip-nailed, and since he was so, I shall not take food out of thy hands."[2]

Inṫiġir in macaeṁ cu bṗóṅuch, agur do inṅir do Ġhuairṗ riṅ. Fa olc la Ġuairṗ riṅ, agur ṗucrat ar cu ceaṅṅ tṗi la agur tṗi ṅ-oiḋċe. Ġairṗear Ġuairṗ dalta eiṫ ḋó chuiġi i. inġean Bec Baiṅiġi, agur atbeart ṗia. Beir lat, a inġean, pluṗ cṗuiṫhṅeaċta agur ṗuchṗa bṗadain go Seaṅċán, agur ḟuiṅ na ḟiaḋṅuiṗṗ iat. Teit an inġean. Cṗéd do b'ail de riṅ, a inġean? ar Seaṅċán. A ullmuch-aḋ duiṫṗi, a ṗiġ ollaiṁ, ar ṗi. Cṗet umar cuiṗṗeaḋ ṫhura leir? ar Seaṅċán. Neaċ go ṅ-glaine agur co rceiṁ dob' ail do Ġhuairṗ led' ċuid duiṫṗiu. Ar doiġ leamra aṁ, ar Seaṅċán, naċ ḟuil iriṅ baili in dara ma-caṁ ir mírcíaṁaiġi ina thura. Ciḋoṅ, a ṗiġ ollaiṁ? ar an inġean. Dob' aiṫṅe daṁra do ḟeaṅṁaċain, agur do ḃi ḟoṗ caṗṗaic aṗṗd ag teagurg eoluir do lobṗaiḃ, agur do ḟíṅ a láiṁ do ċeacarc in eoluir dóiḃ, agur ó do ḟíṅ ciḋ uma caiṫéiṅṅṗi bṗaḋ ar do láiṁṗi.

Tainic an inġean roimpi cu bṗóṅaċ, agur do indir do Ġhuairṗ. A dubairṗt Ġuairṗ, mu ṁallaċtra ar in m-bél a dubairṗt riṅ, agur ġuiġim Aṗṗdṗi niṁe agur taliṁan ṗia riu ḋeach Seaṅċán don t-raoġal co tuca a bél póic do bél lobuṗ.

[1] *Leprosy.* This loathsome cutaneous disease, once so general in the ancient world, is now happily but little known in Europe, although still prevalent in the East as well as in Barbary and Morocco. It is an infectious, ulcerous affection of the skin capable of being communicated to others by contact. Under the Mosaic law the leper was separated from the rest of mankind, and sacrifices of purifications were appointed for restoring him to society.

It is supposed, although this is more than questionable, to have originated in the constant use of fish as food, and to have disappeared through the adoption of tea and the wearing of linen next the skin. Chaucer mentions the costume of the leper as a mantle and beaver hat, with a cup and clapper; the former for alms, the latter a wooden instrument with flappers, which the lepers shook to solicit charity. (*Chaucer Testam. of Creseide.*)

Some of our Irish saints were affected with this hideous disorder, and received names from the circumstance, as St. Nessan called the Leper (sixth century) and Finan of Swords, called *Lobhar*, or the Leper, who flourished in the seventh century. In the Life of St. Munu a certain Leper of a holy life is mentioned to whom St. Patrick had ministered at his death.

The youth came away sorrowfully, and he related to Guaire what had happened. Guaire was dissatisfied with that; and they passed away the time till the termination of three days and three nights. Guaire then called another favourite (or foster child) of his to him, namely the daughter of Bec Bainig, and he said to her. "Lady take with thee wheaten flour and the roe of a salmon to Shanchan, and knead them in his presence." The maiden went. "What do you intend to do with that, young girl?" asked Shanchan. "To prepare it for thee, O Royal Bard," she replied. "Why hast thou been sent with it?" asked Shanchan. "As a person of cleanliness and comeliness whom Guaire desired to send with thy food to thee." "Indeed I am sure," said Shanchan, "that there is not in the place another young girl more unseemly than thyself." "How so, O Royal Bard?" asked the maiden. "I knew thy grandmother, who was seated (one day) on a high rock whilst giving instructions to lepers about their way, and she stretched her hand forth to point out the way for them, and as she did so, how could I take food from thy hands."[1]

The maiden went away in sorrow, and informed Guaire. Guaire exclaimed: "My malediction upon the mouth that uttered that, and I implore the Supreme King of Heaven and Earth that ere Shanchan shall depart this world, his mouth may kiss a leper's mouth."

(*A. S.S.*, 265. See *Jocelyn* also, cap. 113.) In the Life of St. Fechin of Tara we have a mention of an Hospital wherein a Leper was received. (*Ib.* 131, 135. See also *Triadis*, 28, &c.) Leper Hospitals were very general in the middle ages; those in Dublin, Cork, and Waterford received the name of St. Stephen, but for what reason does not appear. The foundation of the Leper Hospital at Waterford, by King John, was said to be owing to the circumstance of the King's sons having been so feasted with salmon and cider whilst at Lismore, that eruptions caused by this almost exclusive feeding were supposed to be the leprosy, of which the King being informed he instituted the Hospital. (*Ryland's Waterford*, p. 200.) The last Irish leper on record was found in the Waterford Hospital in 1775. Boate in the middle of the 17th century informs us that leprosy had been nearly extinct in Ireland for many years.

Baí Seaṅċán lá ṡuṅ oiṡṫí iaṗ ṡíṅ ṡan bíaḋ ṡan diṡ. A dubaiṗt Briġíd, iṅġean Ouiṫcheṗṅe ṗe ṅa mṅaí ḟṗíċolṁa a ḟuiġeall do ṫabaiṗt do Sheaṅċán. Cṗéṫ iṅ ḟuiġill ḟuil acuṫ? aṗ Seaṅċán. Uġ cṗíce, aṗ Briġíṫ. Jr beac ṅach ḟuil mu ḟaiṫ aṅd, aṗ Seaṅċán; agur ní beag líṁ he iṡṫṗaṫhṡa. Teiṫ iṅ beaṅ ḟṗíṫholṁa aṗ ceaṅṅ ṅa huiġí; Beaidgill a haiṅṁ, agur baí oṡ iaṗaiḋ iṅ ḟuiġill co ḟada, agur ní ḟuaiṗ he. A dubaiṗt Seaṅċán, ar doiṡ leaṁ ar tu ḟeiṅ ata oc loṅgaḋ iṅ ḟuiġill. Ní mé, a ṗíġ Ollaṗṁ, aṗ Beaidgill, aċt tuaċa daiṫí a d'uaiḋ he .i. ṅa locha. Níṗ ċóiṗ dóibṡíuṁ ṡíṅ, aṗ Seaṅċán; aṗaí ceaṅa ní ḟuil da ḟeabur ṗí ṅa ḟlaiṫ ṅach buḋ ṁaiṫ leoṡoṁ ṡíṫ a b-ḟiacal ḟéiṅ do beiṫ aṗ a ċuiḋ, agur iṡ aiṅṁḟeaṡaċ dóibṡíuṁ beiṫ amlaiḋ ṡíṅ, oṗ ní buḋ iṅċaiṫṁe do ṅeoċ bíaḋ taṗéiṡ a b-ḟiacalṡoṁ; agur aeṗḟaṫṡa iat, aṗ Seaṅċán, agur iṡ obaiṗ uṁaṡa e ṡeiṅ; agur do ġaḃ oc a ṅ-aeṗaḋ, agur atbeaṗt:—

Locha ġiḋ ġéṗ a ṅ-ġuilbṅe,
Ní tṗéṅ a cathaibh cṗíbḋe;
Do beṗ toṅṅaiḋ doṅ buiḋíṅ,
A cíṅaiḋ ḟuiġil Bhṗíġdí.

Ar beag ḟuiġill do ḟacbuiṡ,
Ní ba tuiṗṗíṅṅ do ṫṗeicíṡ;
Ġaḃ ic uaiṅṅ, iṡ ġaḃ luiḋí,
Na haeṗ iṅṅ uile, a éicíṡ.

A luch ata ṡaṅ ḟṗoiġíḋ,
Do ní ġuṫ ó ṫíc aġhaiḋ;
Jr tuṡa a iṅġneaċ ní ġeaṗṗ,
A d'uaiḋ m'ḟuiġeall tṗe ḟalán.

Shanchan continued for a day and night after that without food or drink. Bridget, the daughter of Onithcerne, desired her maid servant to give Shanchan her spare food. "What leavings hast thou?" enquired Shanchan. "A hen egg," replied Bridget. "It is almost enough for me," said Shanchan, "and it will suffice for the present." The maid servant went for the egg, Beaidgill was her name, and she searched for the remnant of the food a long time and did not find it. Shanchan said: "I believe it is thyself that art eating the leavings." "Not I, O chief Bard," replied Beaidgill, "but the nimble race that have eaten it, namely the mice." "That was not proper for them," said Shanchan; "nevertheless there is not a king or chief, be he ever so great, but these (mice) would wish to leave the traces of their own teeth in his food, and in that they err, for food should not be used by any person after (the prints of) their teeth, and I will satirize them," said Shanchan; and he began to satirize them, and said:—

SHAN. The mice though sharp are their beaks,
Are not powerful in the battles of warriors;
Venomous death I'll deal out to the tribe,
In avengement of Bridget's leavings.

MOUSE. Small were the leavings you left,
It was not abundance you retired from;
Receive payment from us, receive compensation,
Don't satirize us all, O learned bard.

BRIDGET. Thou mouse that art in the hole,
Whose utterance is opposition;
'Twas thou, whose claws are not short,
That ate my leavings in your ambling.

Ꞹu ṁacra Bıaṅaṅ bṗoıṅṅġeal,
Searġaċ na ṗıaġlaṅ;
Jr do cleıṗ ṗomoıṗ ṗuıcıṅ,
Ata a cuıcrıṅ a ṁaṗbaıṅ.

Folṁaıġıḋ laıṫṗ leaṫna,
O atraıṁne a ṅdaıl baṗ ṗroṁṫa;
Ꞹıṗcıḋ uılı 'ran ṗroıġıṅ,
Ꞹġuṗ loıġıḋ a loċṫa.

[1] THE MICE. luċ is the generic name of the rat kind. By adding the diminutive particle ōġ to this term, as luċóġ, it means a mouse, in Welsh *llugoden*; and the rat is designated luċ Ḟṗaṅcaċ, i.e., a French mouse,

The following on rhyming rats (or mice) to death has been taken from the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy.

Doctor Todd read to the Royal Irish Academy in 1853 a curious paper on the subject of the power once believed to be possessed by the Irish Bards of rhyming rats to death, or causing them to migrate by the power of rhyme. He found frequent allusions to this curious superstition in English writings of the Elizabethan age, and the following century. Shakespeare, in *As you like it* (Act iii. sc. 2) puts into the mouth of Rosalind the following reference to this Irish legend:—

"*Celia.* But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

"*Rosalind.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree; I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember."

The commentators on this passage of Shakespeare have collected several parallel passages from writers of the Elizabethan age, in which allusion is made to this superstition. Ben Jonson, for example, in his *Poetaster* (Epil. to the Reader) says:

> "Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats,
> In drumming tunes."

And Randolph in the Jealous Lovers:

> "And my poet
> Shall with a Satire steep'd in vinegar
> Rhime 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland."

Archdeacon Nares, in his Glossary, quotes the following verses from "*Rhythmes against Martin Mar-Prelate.*"

MOUSE. My own son Bianan (sleek skin'd) of the white breast,
Thou art the non-observer of ordinances;
To the mighty and luxurious bardic body,
Is the knowledge of it, thou little doomed being.

SHAN. Clear ye out of your spacious abodes,
As we are prepared to convict you,
Come ye all out of the hole (or burrow)
And lie down (here) O ye mice!"[1]

"I am a rimer of the Irish race,
And have already rimde thee staring mad;
But if thou cease not thy bold jests to spread,
I'll never leave till I have rimde thee dead."

Sir William Temple, in his *Essay on Poetry*, has the following passage:—

"The remainders [he is speaking of the old Runic] are woven into our very language. *Mara*, in old Runic, was a goblin that seized upon men asleep in their beds, and took from them all speech and motion. Old *Nicha* was a sprite that came to strangle people who fell into the water. *Bo* was a fierce Gothic captain, son of Odin, whose name was used by his soldiers when they would fight or surprise their enemies: and the proverb of rhyming rats to death came, I suppose, from the same root."

Reginald Scot, in his Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 35 (ed. 1665) says: "The Irishmen affirm that not only their children, but their cattle, are, as they call it, eye-bitten when they fall suddenly sick, and term one sort of their witches eye-biters, only in that respect: yea and they will not stick to affirm that they can rime either man or beast to death."

And Dean Swift, in his witty and ironical "Advice to a Young Poet," (having quoted Sir Philip Sidney) says: "Our very good friend (the knight aforesaid), speaking of the force of poetry, mentions rhyming to death, which (adds he) is said to be done in Ireland; and truly, to our honour be it spoken, that power in a great measure continues with us to this day."

The passage to which Swift has alluded occurs in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*:—"Though I will not wish unto you to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland," &c.

Professor Curry supplied the learned Doctor from ancient Irish manuscripts with the following paper, containing the substance of what he had collected in illustration of this subject.

A deirid aroile gur ċuir deiġ luċa maṁb a b-fiadnaise Sheanċáin; agus a dubairt Seanċán fris, ní fíbri buḋ cóir damsa ḋ'aeraḋ, acht an buiġean ag a b-fuil bar corc

The antiquity of satire in Ireland is, according to our ancient writings, of a very remote date. In the early ages of Christianity it appears to have been so frequent and so much dreaded, that the "Brehon Laws" contain severe enactments against it, and strict regulations regarding its kind, quality, and justice, something like the law of libel of more modern times.

Several references to ancient satires and satirists will be found in the Preface, by Dr. John O'Donovan, to a low, scurrilous poem on the native and Anglo-Norman noblemen of Ireland, written at the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and lately published by John O'Daly, of Dublin. The most interesting in its results, and perhaps the most authentic, of these satires mentioned by Dr. O'Donovan, is that composed by the poet Laidginn (not Athairne of Binn Edair, as Dr. O'Donovan by an oversight has stated). The story is preserved in the Book of Ballymote, in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and the following is a literal translation of it:—

"Eochaidh, the son of Enna, king of Leinster [having been for some time at Tara as an hostage from his father to Niall of the nine hostages, monarch of all Erin at the end of the fourth century], absconded and repaired to the south to his own country. He decided on visiting the house of Niall's poet laureat, Laidginn, the son of Barcead, to refresh himself, but on arriving there he was refused entertainment. He proceeded home then, but soon returned with some followers to the poet's house, burned it, and killed his only son. The poet for a full year after that continued to satirize the Leinstermen, and to bring fatalities upon them, so that neither corn, grass, nor foliage, grew unto them during the whole year. In the meantime the poet so worked up the feelings of the monarch Niall, that he vowed to march with his army into Leinster and lay it waste, unless the young prince Eochaidh was delivered up to him again, to be dealt with as he should deem fit, in expiation of the double insult and violation which had been offered to the sacred persons of himself and his poet. This vow he immediately carried into effect, and the king of Leinster, being unable to offer any effectual resistance, was compelled to deliver up his son as he was commanded. The young prince was conveyed to Niall's camp, at Ath Fadat (now Ahade), on the river Slaney (about three miles below Tulla) where he was left with an iron chain round his neck, and the end of the chain passed through a hole in a large upright stone, and fastened at the other side. Shortly after, there came to him nine champions of Niall's soldiers for the purpose of killing him. This is bad indeed (said he), at the same time giving a sudden jerk, by which he broke the chain. He then took up the iron bar which passed through the chain at the other side of the

And it is stated that ten mice fell dead in the presence of Shanchan; and Shanchan said unto them—"It is not you that I ought to have satirized but the party whose duty

stone, and faced the nine men, and so well did he ply the iron bar against them that he killed them all. The Leinstermen, who were in large numbers in the neighbourhood, seeing their prince at liberty by his own valour, rushed in, led by him, upon their enemies, and a great battle ensued, in which the monarch was routed, and forced to retreat to Tulla, and ultimately out of Leinster, closely pursued, with great slaughter, by the Leinstermen."

Although this story is doubtless exaggerated, and has the appearance of a legend, it is, nevertheless, in all probability, founded on fact; for Mr. Curry, in 1841, with a copy of the story in his hand, visited the scene of this ancient battle, and found on the field a remarkable confirmation of the fact that a great slaughter had there taken place in very remote times. Not having then seen Ryan's History of the County Carlow, he was quite unaware of the existence at the present time of the "Hole Stone," mentioned by that writer. However, in moving along the road which runs parellel with the river from Tulla to Ahade, and when near to the latter place, he espied the identical flag-stone lying at the north end of a small field of wheat close on the left-hand side of the road, with a large lime-kiln nearly opposite, on the other side of the road. Having thus unexpectedly come upon the neighbourhood of the site of the battle, he proceeded a short distance forwards, to where some men were at work, at the same (left-hand) side of the road, trenching up a small field to a great depth, to get rubble limestone for burning, with which the soil seemed to abound. This appearing to him a fortunate circumstance, he turned into the field, and enquired of the men if they had discovered any thing remarkable in their excavations. They answered immediately, that they had found the field full of small graves, at a depth of from eighteen to thirty inches below the surface, and they showed him some which had not been yet closed up The graves were formed, generally, of six flagstones,—one sometimes at the bottom, four at the sides and ends, and one, sometimes more, to cover them in. They were from three to four feet long, one and a half broad, and about three feet deep. Every grave contained one, two, or more urns, bottom down covered with small flags, and containing minute fragments of burnt bones and black ashes or mould.

Mr. Curry succeeded in procuring two of the urns in a perfect state. They were made of materials superior to such urns in general, and very neatly manufactured, and are now in the valuable collection of Dr. Petrie. But to return from this digression.

Several instances of this alleged power of the Irish Bards of rhyming to death not rats only, but even Lords Lieutenants of Ireland, are collected by

.i. tuatha cat, agus aenfatha iat co maiṫ, agus aenfat a triatḋ agus a tiġerna, agus a m-brieṫiuṁ .i. Inasan mac Anasain; agus is aiṫne ḋaṁ ainm a fuil sé .i. a n-uaiṁ Cnoġda do'n leaṫ toin do Chluain ṁic Nóis naeiṁ Chianain; agus Riaṫaill-innṁfiaclaḋ, ingean Claib-aiṫ-inne, a ben; agus Reang-ġéanṁfiaclaḋ a ingean; agus in Cronanaḋ a Cruachain, agus Gruaman gairbḟiaclach a dearbbrathre; agus aenfutha Inusan fein, on is e is feann agus is urnaḋa acu, acus is tiġearna ḋóib; agus atbeart:—

Hinusan ataḋ n-ingne. Fuiġiall doibri. Canball do buaḋ. Ana fri hanaiḋ. Aṫaḋ fria Hinusan. Hinusan aṫaḋ n-ingne, an se, .i. in uair bis in luḋ irin fhoiġiḋ ni bi aigirium, aṫt gabaiḋ da ingnibh don fhoiġiḋ.[1]

Dr O'Donovan, in the Preface to Angus O'Daly's Satire, already mentioned, p. 17, seq.

The following is an instance given by the Four Masters at the year 1414 in which an unpopular Lord Lieutenant was rhymed to death by the Irish bards:—"John Stanley, Deputy of the King of England, arrived in Ireland, a man who gave neither mercy nor protection to clergy, laity, nor men of science, but subjected as many of them as he came upon to cold, hardship, and famine." Then, after mentioning some particular instances, especially his having plundered Niall, son of Hugh O'Higgin, the annalists proceed to say:—"The O'Higgins, with Niall, then satirized John Stanley, who lived after this satire but five weeks, for he died from the virulence of their lampoons."

Doctor Todd next refers, as to the most ancient story of rhyming rats to death in Ireland, to the details given in our text, and of which he furnishes a full abstract as regards the robbery of Seanchan's food by mice, and the punishment which he inflicted upon them by his scathing satires, which he followed out by a similar process against the cats, although with less fatal consequences to the latter delinquents.

[1] *Cnodhbha.* Now Knowth, in the parish of Monksnewtown, near Slane, on the Boyne, in the county of Meath. This place, which formed part of Bregia, rejoiced in the possession of *kings* of its own in the buxom days of Irish independence, as may be seen by reference to the Four Masters, A.D. 784, 890, 964, 1039.

It possesses a great pyramidal Tumulus of a similar character to those of Dowth and New Grange, which are within view, and from the latter of which

it is to suppress you, namely, the tribe of cats; and now I will satirize them effectually, as also their chief, lord and Brehon, namely, Irusan, son of Arusan, and I know where he is, viz., in the cave of Cnogda,[1] on the eastern side of Clonmacnois of St. Kieran; and (also) Riacall-rinn-fiaclach (or of the sharp-pointed teeth), the daughter of Clab-aithine (or fiery mouth), his spouse; Reang-gear-fiaclach (of the sharp teeth,) his daughter; the Crónánach (or the purrer) of Croaghan, and Gruaman-garv-fiaclach (or the surly looking fellow with the rough teeth), her brothers. And I will satirize Irusan himself, for he is the chief and most responsible of them, and is their lord,"—and he said:—

"Hirusan, monster of claws. Remnant food of the Otter. With beauish tail like that of a cow. Similar to a horse watching another horse. A monster is Hirusan. Hirusan of the monstrous claws," (said he); "that is to say, that when the mouse gets into the hole he misses him, and only darts his claws at the hole. 'Refuse of the food of the Otter,' (said he) for the progenitor of the cats had been

it is distant about a mile to the west. Some enormous masses of stone are arranged in a circular manner round its base, and a slight superficial excavation made in one of its sides, shows that it consists of a vast cairn of small stones, covered with a rich green sward, occupying in extent of surface about an acre, and rising to a height of nearly 80 feet. Whilst the other two mounds have been more or less explored, this of Knowth remains as yet unopened and uninvestigated, much to the disgrace of our metropolitan antiquaries. This, however, was not the case in earlier times, as a more practical race of delvers, the Northmen, inspired, not by a love of Archæology but by a thirst for gold, are recorded in our annals to have plundered its cave or crypt upon two occasions, in A.D. 861, and 933. That this cave was well known, even in much more ancient times, would appear by the circumstance of the writer of the *Imtheacht* making it the dwelling of his very formidable king-cat.

Doctor Petrie supposes this to be a sepulchral monument of the Tuath de Danann race, but without adducing any authority for this opinion. (*Round Towers*, p. 110.)

Fuiġeall ḋoibhi, an fé, on bui finnfean na cat feaċtuf aili an bhu loċa a linne uirce na ċodlaḋ, co tainic in dobhran ċuigi gur bean bainn in da cluar de, co b-fuil gaċ cat ó rin ille citaċ ceanbċluaraċ. Erball bo buaċ, an fé, on ni luaicthi eanball bo aibill ina a eanbalrom in tan ṫeit in luċ uaḋa. Ana fnia hanaḋ .i. if aṁlaiḋ bir in luċ agur in cat man bit da eaċ aice, agur fnaiġ dluiṫ eatanna biḋ a cluarri oc eirteaċt fnirriuṁ, agur a cluarrum oc eirdeaċt fnieri; agur a riat rin na hoeira, an Seanċán.

Tainic meanma na n-aen neṁe rin d'Inuran, agur re a n-uaiṁ Cnoġda, agur atbert:—Do aen Seanċán mé, an re, agur diġelatra ann he. Atbeart Reanġ ġéanṁiaclaċ, a inġean, frir:—Ro baḋ ḟeann linn, an rí, co tucta Seanċán na beathaiḋ cucainn, agur do ḋiġelmair féin na haona fann. Do ber tra, an Inuran, agur do gluair noiṁe, agur arbeart fnia inġean a bniaṫne do ċur na leanṁain.

Do hinnireaḋ do Sheanċán Inaran do beiċ an riġi ċuigi da ṁanbaḋ; agur at beart ne Guairi teaċt co maiṫib Connaċt uime da anacal an Inaran; agur tancatar uili na ṫimċeall, agur ní ċian dóib cu cualatur in tonann cnithnaiġċeach coṁċeann, coṁbruiṫin, aṁail buinne teinead mine móinḋéne ag meanlorcaḋ; agur dar leo ni naibi a Connaċtaib dar ṁ imeaċtnaiġ buḋ mó inar.

Ir aṁlaiḋ boirreom .i. Inuran agur re fnóṁael, raintaċ, féitfeaḋaċ, bailc, ceanbcluaraċ, cliableaṫan, ánd allatar, ingin ġér fleaṁain, fnóinbeannaċ, ġéinfiaclaċ ganb, goibneaṁan, utṁall, tainpċeaċ, taeibleaṫan, fuarcnaċ, feangaċ, finṁircnaċ, mean, cnóṅánaċ, cnan-

[1] *The otter.* Dobhran, an otter; the *mustela lutra* of Linnæus. This is a purely Celtic word, derived from dobar (ὕδωρ) water, and an a terminative, and sometimes a diminutive particle. He is more generally known by the names dobaṅċú, water hound, and madra uirge, water dog, which are improvements on the Greek derivation "*in water.*"

[2] *Defective.* In the Dictionary ciotaċ is explained by *left-handed, awkward;* but neither meaning would be applicable to the cat, and the word as used in the text seems to signify *imperfect* or *defective.*

formerly on the margin of a lake at a pool of water asleep, and the otter[1] came up to him and bit off the tops of his two ears, so that every cat ever since has been defective[2] and jagged-eared. 'Hanging down cow tail,' (he said) for no quicker does a cow's tail fall downward than does his tail when the mouse escapes from him. 'A horse watching a horse,' viz., the mouse and cat are similar to two horses yoked together, for there is a close attention between them; the ear of one is listening to the other, and the ear of the other is listening to him; and those are the satires," said Shanchan.

Their influence reached Irusan while in the cave of Cnogda, and he said,—"Shanchan has satirized me," said he, "and I will be avenged of him for it." Reang of the sharp teeth, his daughter, said unto him, "we would rather, said she, "that you would bring Shanchan alive to us that we ourselves may take revenge on him for the satires." "I shall bring him in due time," said Irusan. He made ready to go on, and told his daughter to send her brothers after him.

It was told to Shanchan that Irusan was on his way coming to kill him; and he requested Guaire to come with the nobility of Connaught in order to protect him against Irusan. They all came around him, and they had not been long there when they heard a vibrating, impetuous and impressive sound similar to that produced by a tremendously raging fiery furnace in full blaze; and it appeared to them that there was not in Connaught a plough bullock larger than he.

His appearance, viz., that of Irusan's, was as follows:—Blunt-snouted, rapacious, panting, determined, jagged-eared, broad-breasted, prominent-jointed, sharp and smooth clawed, split-nosed, sharp and rough-toothed, thick-snouted, nimble, powerful, deep-flanked, terror-striking, angry, ex-

fúileaċ; agus táinic da n-innfaiġe fo'n ramla rin; agus imṡiġir an fuḋ ċaiċ ġu coitcheann; agus nir ġabhrat airm he co rainic airm a m-bai Seanċán, agus ġabur an leaṫ lairṁ he, agus teilġin an a ṁuin, agus ġluairir irin fliġe cêdna; on ni raiḃi do ċoirc aiġi aċt teaċt an ceann Seanċáin.

Irê, unorro, do roinne Seanċán beiṫ ac molaḋ Innsain agus a lêime, agus a nêime, agus a neaṫa, agus a neirt, agus a ċalmatair, agus a ṫapaiḋ; agus atbeart—"Hinsan mac Ainsain. Do ṡil faiġli fiṫiri. Aḋraimri Dia adradram. Aḋraiḋrium doim tiri." Airi nir leiceaḋ Seanċán an lân cu riaċt Cluain ṁic Nóis naeiṁ Chiarain; agus bui oc dul feaċ dorur ceandċa, agus do raba Ciarán irin ceandċa, agus at ċonairc Innsan agus Seanċán for a ṁuin. Ní ro fcêl, an Ciarán, oineaċ Ġhuaire do báṫaḋ, agus ac rut Ard Ollaṁ Éireann an muin in ċait. Bui, din, caer aṡleaġṫa iarruinn a m-bél na teanncairi, agus tuc Ciarán uṁċur aḋṁur, uṁṁeirnaċ don ċat, cu tarla na ṫaeb, cu riaċt in taeb an aill, cu ro ḟacuib cin anmuin. Toirliġiur

[1] *The Cat.* It is remarkable that in almost all the known languages the term for *cat* is the same, with some slight variations. In Irish or Gaelic, Welch, Cornish, Armoric and Anglo-Saxon the generic name is *cat*; in French, *chat*; Icelandic or Swedish. *katt*; Danish, *kat*; German, *katze*; Latin, *catus*; Italian, *gatta*; Spanish, *gato*; Russian, *kotte*; Polish, *kotka*; Turkish, *keti*; Teutonic, *katt*; Persian, *kitt*; Javanese, *cota*; Georgian, *kata*, &c.

"The wild cat of the forests of Europe and Asia is considered as the original stock of all the races of the domestic cats. In Egypt the first domestication of the cat took place, where they were great favourites. There were severe laws enacted there against those who killed, or even ill-treated, this animal. They carried their notions so far as to be ridiculous; for they actually worshipped them as their gods, made great lamentations at their death, and buried them (according to Herodotus) with great pomp."

"The cat kind are not less remarkable for the sharpness and strength of their claws, which thrust forth from their sheath when they seize their prey, than for the shortness of their snout and the roundness of their head. Their

tremely vindictive, quick, purring, glare-eyed; and he came towards them in that similitude. He passed amongst them generally, but did not stop till he came to the place where Shanchan was. He took hold of him by one arm, jerked him on his back, and he proceeded by the same way (he had come), for he had no other object in view but to come for Shanchan.

Shanchan, however, had now recourse to flattery of Irusan, praising his leap, his progress in his running, his power, strength, and activity; and he said, "Hirusan, son of Arusan, of the race of *faigli fithise* (probably the remnant of the food of the otter); I invoke God between you and me; I implore him to deliver me." But, however, Shanchan was not let down until they reached Clonmacnois of St. Kieran. As they were passing by the door of the forge, in which forge Kieran happened to have been, he beheld Irusan with Shanchan on his back, and he said: "It is a great pity that Guaire's hospitality should be tarnished, and there goes the chief Bard of Erin on the back of the cat." There was at the time a flaming bar of iron held by the pincers, and Kieran made a fortunate brave throw at the cat, with which he hit him on the flank, and it passed out on the other side, and left him lifeless.[1]

teeth are very formidable, but their greatest force lies in their claws, and their gripe is so tenacious that nothing can open it."

"The mouse seems to be their favourite game; and although the cat has the sense of smelling in but a mean degree, it, nevertheless, knows those holes in which its prey resides."

"The wild cat, in its savage state, is somewhat larger than the house cat; and its fur being longer, gives it a greater appearance than it really has; its head is bigger, and face flatter; and the teeth and claws much more formidable; its muscles very strong, as being formed for rapine."

"In the eyes of cats the contraction and dilation of the pupil is so considerable, that the pupil, which by day-light appears narrow and small, like the black of one's nail, by night expands over the whole surface of the eye-ball, and, as every one must have seen, their eyes seem on fire."

Seanċan de, agus atbeart bretheṁ neiṁe. Ní ṁallaċt an in láiṁ tuc in tuiṡċur rin, an se. Cidon? an Cianán. A olcur leam gan mu léiṡcean le hIrurain dom ṡée, an gu m-béad in Thoṁdaṁ oc aenad Ghuaiṁ; on do bud ṡeasir lim Guaire d'aenad ina me fein a m-beaċaid, agus eirium gan aenad. Agus teit noṁe gu Durlus; agus do b'ail le maiṡib Connaċt failtu do cur rir, agus nir ġabrum ṗóg na failte o neoċ dib; agus téit co bruiġin na Thom-

The foregoing brief sketch of the cat is given merely as illustrating, in some measure, the description of this animal, written so many centuries ago by the author of the present tract.

The cat, so strangely associated with the idolatry of ancient Egypt, was not overlooked in the Fetichism which so intimately entered into the Celtic mythology. The supernatural attributes belonging to the animal in the Druidic system have, in many instances, survived the fall of that religion, and descended in the folk lore of our peasantry. The late Cæsar Otway, a close observer and diligent gleaner of the reliques of ancient Irish superstitions has, in his Erris and Tyrawley, preserved a notable instance of the weird character and magical influences of this mysterious animal. He says:—"Cats are supposed to be but too often connected with witchcraft, and to lend their outward forms to familiar spirits. The timorous respect the people have for them is increased by the FACT of their frequent and numerous meetings, to which they come, from a distance of seven or eight miles, and from fifty to sixty are often in the assembly. The parliament place is generally on these occasions under a haystack; and as, like another great house of congress, their deliberations are in the night, their *discoorse* is as loud as it is vehement; what they debate about is not exactly ascertained, matters, no doubt, of grave import to the feline polity,—war and commerce, ways and means, the falling off of followers, the increase of rats, the shortening of tails, much arguing at any rate about raising the wind, for Erris cats are known to have the power of creating a storm, or causing a calm; and this supposition seems to have arisen from the fact of cats being observed scratching the leg of a stool or table, or any upright thing within their reach, previous to a gale of wind, looking most knowingly and consciously the whole time, and frequently accompanying their exercise with most melancholy mews. The storm which succeeds is supposed to be the effect of this feline proceeding, which is looked on as an incantation, insomuch, that the moment a cat is observed to commence this scratching, it is immediately struck at with a stick, or tongs, or any other weapon within reach; it is, moreover, assaulted with a clap of curses peculiarly appropriate (and the Irish is a magnificent cursing language) to cats

Shanchan dismounted from him, and he uttered a vindictive expression. "My curse on the hand that gave that throw," said he. "Why so?" asked Kieran. "I am so dissatisfied that I have not been let go with Irusan to be eaten by him, that thereby the great Bardic Association might satirize Guaire; for I would rather that Guaire would be satirized than that I should live and he not satirized." He then proceeded to Durlus where the nobility of Connaught desired to welcome him, but he would not have a kiss or welcome from any of them; he

under these circumstances. As soon as the storm begins to rise, all the available cats are seized, and placed under a metal pot, and there held in durance vile, until they resort to the exercise of their power in causing a calm. Now, not only is this power universally allowed, but what is of incalculable importance, this power is often taken advantage of by the cat's owner. The following story will evince that the feline theory is wrought out into practice, and the practitioner must have her full credit for her ready wit, and good luck to her with it.

"Not very long ago, a vessel was detained for some time in Blacksod Bay; during the time of the delay, the skipper became intimate with and engaged the affections of a girl named Catty Kane. But when his vessel was ready for sea, the roving blade, with all a sailor's inconstancy, hoisted his sails, and he put out to sea, never intending to see the fair one more. But Catty knew a trick worth two of that, and had recourse to her cat. And now the brig is put into all her trim to clear the bay, but in vain; the wind blows a hurricane in her teeth, and back she *must* come to her old anchorage. From this time forth, day after day, the captain used all possible skill to get out of harbour, but as often as he weighs anchor he is driven back again; and Catty understands the management of her cat so well, that the brig *must* just come in for shelter close to the poor girl's residence. This continued for many months,—the cargo is spoiling,—what is he to do? Why, as the captain finds it impossible to quit Catty, he must needs marry her; and so, taking her and her cat on board, and doing all decently, next day, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, he can and does bid adieu to Erris!! What a pity it is that the spinsters in the other portions of the Queen's dominions have not the art of Catty Kane in managing her grimalkin; many a sweet thing that is now in danger of turning sour, might be thus saved from passing into the acetous fermentation."

ḋáiṁe, agus nucfad ar fria hathaḋ gan earbaiḋ maiṫ-iuṡa na fleaḋaiġṫi onno.

A dubairt Marbán mucaiḋe aen do lo a n-Gleann-in-ṡcail. Is fada o do ġeallus dul do ḋíġailt in tuisc ḟinn an in Thomḋáiṁ. Doiġ is aṁlaiġ bui Marbán, ba naeṁ agus ba fáiḋ, agus ba fili agus ba feas frisṁéiġi naiġeaḋ coitcinn he a n-Glinn-in-ṡcail; agus fa dearḃḃráṫair do Ghuairi he; agus isé do ḟoireaḋ Guairi ar gaċ n-deacair; agus ise do ċungain leis niaṁ um riġi Connaċt d'ḟaġail dó; agus for gaċ miġnimṁ do nit Guairi, ise Marbán do leasaiġeaḋ he; agus ba moġ dilius do Dia he.

Tainic co bruiġin na thomḋáiṁi ianam, agus ac teaċt d'innsaiḋe na bruiġne do tanla bannthraċt na thomḋáiṁe dó ag innlaḋ a láṁ arin tobur; agus a ri céad bean tanla dó Meaḋb neitiġ, inġean Seanċáin; agus beannuiġeas di, agus fiafruiġeas cáit i m-bui bruiġin na thomḋáiṁe? Doiġ a occlaiġ, ol Meaḋb neitiġ, is muirṫeaċair bai on tiġ ana beaċuiġir o naċ aiṫne duit bruiġin na thomḋáiṁe, agus naċ cualuir a scela agus a ceól. Ni he sin fa deara dam e, ar Marbán, aċt mucaiḋeaċt is ond dam; agus do cluinim co faġuinn gaċ duine a noġa ceoil isin bruiġin sin. Ni ḟaġann, ar Meaḋb, muna bia a ċaradraḋ ne heicsi agus ne healaḋain. Ata mu ċaradraḋ fein ne heicsi, ar Marbán, i. feanṁaṫair ṁna mu ġilla ian m-uá ḟileaḋ ísiḋe.

Tainic Marbán co teaċ na thomḋáiṁe, agus ni d'innsaiġe in dorais orlaice do ġaḃ, aċt d'innsaiġe in dorais dob' ḟearr iaḋaḋ ar in m-bruiġin, agus do eirriġ in coṁla

[1] *A house for general hospitality.* In our annals there are frequent entries about persons "who kept houses of general hospitality for the entertainment of the learned and travellers, and for the relief of the sick and indigent." The persons who presided over those establishments were called *Biatachs.* They had endowments and large grants of lands from the state, and hence arose the term *Ballybetagh*, so common in Ireland for the name of a townland. It appears, then, from the text that Marvan, besides being a saint, prophet, and poet, was also a *Biatach.*

went to the Bardic mansion, where they passed away the time with abundance of the best of viands and in feasting.

Marvan, the swineherd, said one day in Glen-a-Scail—"It is long since I proposed going to be avenged of the great Bardic Association for the (loss) of the white boar." Now Marvan's position was this—He was a saint, a prophet, and a poet; and he was a man who kept a prime house for general hospitality[1] in Glen-a-Scail. He was brother to Guaire, and it was he that used to relieve Guaire from all his difficulties; it was he that originally aided him in obtaining the sovereignty of Connaught; also, every wrong deed that Guaire committed, it was Marvan that redressed or atoned it, he was moreover a zealous servant to God.

In the course of time he came to the abode of the great Bardic order, and on his proceeding to the mansion he perceived the ladies of the great Institution washing their hands at the fountain, and the first lady he met was Meave Neitigh, the daughter of Shanchan. He saluted her and enquired where was the mansion of the great Bardic Institution. "It is evident, young man," says Meave Neitigh, "that you have been sea-faring away from the house in which you were reared, since thou knowest not where the palace of the great Bardic community is, nor heard of its stories and music." "That is not what I attend to," said Marvan, "but herding swine is my calling; I have, however, been informed that every person obtains whatever music he chooses in the palace." "He does not," replied Meave, "except he has a connection with arts and sciences." "I am connected with the arts," said Marvan, "viz., through the grandmother of my servant's wife, who was descended from poets."

Marvan arrived at the Bardic mansion, and it was not to the open door he came but to the best closed door of the building, and the door rose open before him. The manner

noiṁe, agur ir amlaiḋ do ċuaiḋriuṁ irteaċ agur lán beinne a ḃruiṫ do ġaeiṫ leir; agur ní noiḃí eu n-duine irtiġ naċ náinic uirean don ġaeiṫ na uċt. Do ēirġ iu tromḋáiṁ uile a naeinḟeaċt, agur do eirġ Seaṅċán agur do ḟiarḟaiġ cia ċainic ċuigi i n-aġaiḋ na gaeiṫi. Ainṁḟearaċ rin, ar Mhaṁbán; ní heaḋ, aċt le gaeiṫ tanac; agur da ḋearbaḋ rin tucur monán lim di. A ceann tacra ċeiḋi? ar Seaṅċán. Ireaḋ, ar Mhaṁbán, da ḟaġuinn a deanaṁ ḟriuṁ. Ma ṡeaḋ, ar Seaṅċán, creat ara ḟriṫ ar túr? Ar na cnaiḃ ṡearga, ar Mhaṁbán. Fír, ar Seaṅċán; agur in tu Mhaṁbán mucaiḋe, priṁḟaiḋ niṁe agur talṁan? Is mé co deiṁin, ar Mhaṁbán. Créat in roḋ rin ort? ar Seaṅċán. Do ċuala, ar Mhaṁbán, co ḃ-ḟaġann gaċ duinni a noġa ceoil no ealaḋan aguibri, agur tanacra d'ianaiḋ mu noġa ealaḋan ormib. Fo ġebu, ar Seaṅċán, ma ata do ċaradraḋ ne healaḋain. Ata, uṁorno, ar Mhaṁbán, i. ṡeanṁaṫair ṁna mo ġilla iar n-ua ḟileaḋ iride. Do ġebara do noġa ealaḋan, gid ḟada uait in gael roin, ar Seaṅċán; agur abair cret in ealaḋan ir ail duit. Ní ḟeairr leam ealaḋan da ḃ-ḟuiġir ir ttrarta inar mu ḟáiṫ cróṅain, ar Mhaṁbán. Ní hura ḋóiḃ ro ealaḋan eli do ḋéanaṁ duit ina rin, ar Seaṅċán.

Tanaic na cróṅanaiġ ċuca; tri naeṅbair a lín; agur do b'ail leó ceart ċróṅan do deanaṁ, agur ní he rin do b'ail do Mhaṁbán, aċt cróṅan rnaġaċ; agur ir uime ruc

[1] Cróṅan rnaġaċ. The term *Cronan* is applied to a humming tune, a lullabi, and bass in music. It also signifies the humming of a bee, and the purring of a cat, according to the old adage, Is an ṁaṫa leis féin ġnṁear an cat cróṅan," "it is for his own pleasure that the cat purs," which is applied to any person who does an act apparently to oblige another, but which is really for his own benefit or amusement. The word rnaġaċ, as here used, means a straining effort to produce a bass or low tone with continued shakes. It seems that those engaged in singing the *Cronan* were a band of chorusers, and constituted a part of the bardic order. Bunting, in his Essay on the Harp, states, that

by which he entered was thus, having the skirt of his mantle full with wind, and there was not one within that a portion of the wind did not blow into his bosom. The entire of the great Bardic assemblage rose up simultaneously; Shanchan also rose and enquired who it was that came to him against the wind. "You are mistaken in that," said Marvan, "it is not so, but with the wind I came, and in proof thereof I have brought much of it along with me." "Is it a contention you desire to enter upon?" asked Shanchan. "It is," answered Marvan, "if I get any to contend with me." "If so then," replied Shanchan, "say from what did the first cause originate?" "From blind nuts," answered Marvan. "True," said Shanchan, "and art thou Marvan the swineherd, chief prophet of heaven and earth?" "I am, indeed," replied Marvan. "What is thy pleasure?" asked Shanchan. "I heard," replied Marvan, "that every person gets his choice of music or of arts from you, and I am come to ask my choice of the arts." "You shall obtain that," said Shanchan, "if you can show your relationship to the arts." "I can do so," said Marvan, "namely, that the grandmother of my servant's wife was descended from poets." "You shall obtain your choice of the arts, though very remote is your connectiou with them," said Shanchan, "and say what art is it you prefer." "I desire no better at present than as much *Cronan* (a monotonous chaunting tune often used as a lullabi) as I like," says Marvan. "It is not easier for these to perform any other art for thee than that," says Seanchan.

The Cronan performers came to them, thrice nine was their number, and they wished to perform the regular *Cronan*. That, however, was not what Marvan desired, but the bass (or hoarse) *Cronan*;[1] and the reason he chose that was,

[1] "the rude species of counterpoint, accompanying the air of Ballinderry, is called its *Cronan* by the inhabitants."

do noḡaiṅ eireiṅ an daiḡ ḡu m-briirdi a cinn, agur a cora, agur a muinil; agur cu maḋ ḡirri a n-anál uaḋa ina ó'n cróṅán ceart.

Batar, din, na tri naeṅbair ac cróṅán fo'n raṁuil rin, agur in tan do ḟobraitir rcur ir ann atbeirreaḋ Mharbán:—déṅaiḋ ar ráiṫ croṅáin dúinn mar do ḡeall-aḃar. Ba rciṫ a céadóir na tri naeṅbair; agur do iar Mharbán arír cróṅán do déṅaṁ dó, agur ní fríṫ aċt aeṅ naeṅbar earbaḋaċ da ḟreagra; agur ir ḡirre do ḃatar reiṅ oca cor inaic na tri naeṅbair roiṁe; agur atbeart Mharbán, deṅaiḋ an ráiṫ cróṅáin dúinn. Atbeart neaċ irtiḡ ica ḟreagraḋ:—Do ḡeṅainn féiṅ ealaḋan duit, a Mhharbáin. Cia thura? ar Mharbán. Mirí Dael Duil-eaḋ, ollaṁ Laiḡeann. Cret an ealaḋan do ḡeṅta ḋam? ar Mharbán. Cearduṁnaċ maiṫ me, ar Dael duileaḋ. In maiṫ thura irin ceard rin? ar Mharbán. Ní cuir-fidir oram ceird naċ fuaircel, agur ní ċuireab irtiḡ ceird ḟuairlecur in tromḋáṁ uili; agur innirri dam, ar Dael duileaḋ,—cnét in maiṫ fuair duine a talam agur naċ fuair Dia; agur cuiċ in da cranḋ naċ teit a m-barr glar dib no ḡu crínait; agur cret in beitheach bir irin rairi, agur ire ir baḋaḋ dó a ḃuain arin raile, agur ire ir beaċaḋ dó a ċur ann; agur creat in t-ainṁin bír irin teinid, agur are ir lorcaḋ dó a ḃuain airdi, agur are ir beaċaḋ dó a ċur innte.

Ar maiṫ na cearda rin, a Dhaeil duilid, ar Mharbán, agur gid maiṫ fuaircelatra iat. Ire ní fuair duini a talmain, agur naċ fuair Dia .i. a ráiṫ do ċigirna, or ní

[1] All sources of information in Natural History have been carefully examined, in the hope of discovering some trace of this sea animal, but all to no effect; and we have, therefore, come to the conclusion that he must have been a very odd fish. The story of the Salamander is well known. In Walker's Dictionary he is described as "an animal supposed to live in the fire;" but it seems that in the time of Marvan they believed the story as a fact.

in the hope that they might break their heads, feet and necks, and that their breathing might the sooner be exhausted by it than by the regular *Cronan*.

The three nines were singing the *Cronan* after that manner; and, whenever they wished to stop, it was then that Marvan would say—"Give us as much of the *Cronan* as we desire in accordance with your promise." The three nines soon became exhausted, and Marvan again desired that more of the *Cronan* should be sung for him. Nine of them, who were inefficient, only answered to his call, and these continued a shorter time to sing it than the three nines previously; and Marvan said—"Perform as much *Cronan* as we desire."

A person within, in answer to him, said—"I will perform an art for thee, O Marvan." "Who art thou?" says Marvan. "I am Dael Duileadh, Professor of Leinster." "What is the art thou wouldst perform for me?" asked Marvan. "I am a good disputant (or wrangler)," said Dael Duileadh. "Thou wilt not propose to me a question that I will not solve; and there is not a problem which I would propose, that the entire of the great bardic association could solve; and do thou tell me," said Dael Duileadh, "what goodness did man find on the earth which God did not find? Which are the two trees whose green tops do not fade till they become withered? What is the animal which lives in the sea-water, whose drowning it would be if taken out of the sea-water, and whose life would be preserved by putting him into it? And what is the animal which lives in the fire, and whose burning it would be if taken out of it, and whose life would be preserved by putting him into it?"[1]

"These are good problems, Dael Duilidh," said Marvan, "and though excellent I will solve them. That which man found on earth, and which God did not find, is his sufficiency of a Lord; for there has not been a man, be he never so

ċáinic da olcur na ḋá ḟeabur duinn muna ḟaḡaḋ ṡe a ṡáiṫ do ṫiġirna ṡaeḡalda naċ ḟuiḡeaḋ ṡe Ri neimḣe agus talmḣan man ṫiġearna; agus ní man ṡin do Dhia, ní ḟuair ṡe a ṡáiṫ do ṫiġirna ṡiaṁ, ór are ḟein in Tiġirna ór na tiġirnaiḃ. Arṡat in dá ċrann naċ téiṫ a m-barr ġlas díḃ i. Eo Rosa, agus Fíḋ Sídeanġ a n-ainmana i. cuileann agus iubar. Are in beathach dar ab baḋaḋ a buain arṡin muir Ġuim Abraein a ainm; agus are in beathaċ darub loscaḋ a buain arṡin teine Tegillur a ċead ainm, agus Salmandar a ainm anuġ; agus is e ṡin ḟuasclaḋ na ceard do ċuirṡir onum, a Dhaeil duṡiḋ, ar Mharḃán.

Mu ċomairce ḟoṁt a ḣṡiṁḣáiḋ nimḣe agus talmḣan, ar Dael duileaḋ; na bí ḋaṁsa, agus ní bía duit ní ṡirmo. Deanaiḋ mu ṡáiṫ cróṅáin daṁ, a ṫromḋáiṁ, ar Mharḃán.

Do ḣreagair neaċ doṅ ċleir he, agus arbeart:—Do ġeansa ealaḋan duit, ar se. Cia ṫu ḟein? ar Mharḃán. Oircne airtheamuin mirí, ar se, Ollaṁ Tuaḋ Mhumain. Cret an ealaḋan do ġeanar ḋaṁ? ar Mharḃán. Is uisa dam ealaḋan ṁaiṫ do deanaṁ duit, ór isam ḟearaċ ḟir eólaċ. Is doiġ líṁsa, ar Mharḃán, ġiḋ imḋa duine ainṁḣíraċ a tiġ na tromḋáiṁe naċ ḟuil díḃ uile ên n-duinn is ainṁḣearaiġi ina ṫusa. Cíḋon? ar Oircne. Diar ḟear in aeinḣeaċt oc taṫaiġiḋ do ṁna, agus ġan ḣir ceaċtair díḃ acatsa; agus a siat in dana ḟear sin mac riġ Finḋfoltaiġ, agus mac Fraiġid Dairine i. dalta Ġhuairi; agus ḟail óir ḟuairir o Ġhuairi tuc si sin doṅ dana ḟear díḃ, agus tuc si do ċlaiḋeaṁ do'n ḣir aili. Do ḣirġ Oircne Airtheamuin, agus do ḟeċ a ḟail óir agus a ċlaiḋeaṁ, agus ní ḟuair ceaċtar díḃ aiġi, agus o naċ ḟuair arbeart;—ar do ċomairce ḋaṁ a ḣṡiṁḣáiḋ nimḣe agus

[1] *The Yew and the Holly.* See Appendix, No. II.

[2] The foregoing phrases are idiomatic, and literally mean "My protection be upon thee," &c., and "Be not unto me, and I shall not be unto thee any more;' or, as the child's bargain would have it, "Let me alone, and I'll let thee alone henceforth."

bad or so good, who, if he could not find his sufficiency of an earthly lord, would find the King of heaven and earth to be his Lord, because He is himself Lord of lords. The two trees whose green tops do not fade are *Eo-Rosa* and *Fidh-Sidheang*, namely, Holly and Yew.[1] The animal, whose drowning it is to take him out of the sea, is named *Gnim-Abraen;* and the beast, whose burning it is to take him out of the fire, is *Tegillus*, which was its original name, and its name at present is *Salmandar*. And these are the solutions of the problems you proposed to me, Dael Duilidh," said Marvan. "I crave thy mercy, prime prophet of heaven and earth," said Dael Duilidh; "Ask me no question and I'll ask thee no more questions."[2] "Perform as much *Cronan* for me as I desire, ye great bardic association," says Marvan.

One of the bardic body answered him and said:—"I will perform an art for thee," says he. "Who art thou?" says Marvan. "I am Oircne Aitheamuin," says he, "Professor of Thomond." "What art wilt thou perform for me?" asked Marvan. "It is easy for me to perform a good art for thee, for I am skilful and highly learned." "It is clear to me," says Marvan, that, though many an ignorant person there be in the house of the great bardic association, there is not of the entire one person more ignorant than thyself." How so?" said Oircne. "There are two men paying their addresses to thy wife, and thou knowest neither of them; and these two men are the son of the king Findfhaltaigh (of fair hair), and the son of Fraigid Dairine, that is, the foster-son of Guaire; and the gold ring which thou receivedst from Guaire, she has given it to one of them, and she gave your sword to the other man." Oircne Aitheamuin arose, looked for his gold ring and sword, and he discovered he had neither of them; and, as he did not find them, he said:—"I beseech thy mercy, O prime prophet

talṁan, na bí dáṁ agus ní bíu duit níor mó. Ní bíu, ar Mhaṁbán, agus deintar mu ḟáiṫ cróṅaiṅ dam.

Do raiḋ neaċ iríṅ bruiġíṅ do ġeṅ feiṅ ealaḋan duit, ar sí. Cía ṫu féiṅ? ar Mhaṁbán. Críṅlait cailliḋe mísi, ar sí. Créṫ iṅ ealaḋan do ġeṅta dáṁ? ar Mhaṁbán. An ealaḋan is uaisli ar bíṫ, ar iṅ ċailleaċ, agus naċ fettar ní, na ab, na earcob, na papa do ḋeṅuṁ na hecṁuis l. do ḟaiṫ laṅaṁṅais do ḋeṅuṁ duit. Is doiġ liṅṅ, ar Mhaṁbán, gur iṅṁuiṅ leatsa iṅ ċeiṁd síṅ iṅ tan do baḋuis at oiċrceiṁ, iṅ tan is a taiṫrceiṁ ar iṅṁaiṅ leat hi. Maḋ mísi, ar Mhaṁbán, iṅ ní naċ deaṅṅas as m'oiċrceiṁ ní diṅgean am ḟeiṅrceiṁ ṅe críoṅaṅṅaċt caeilṅeaṅgaċ, croiṁḟliasaċ, cailliġi man thusa. Mu comaṅṅce foṅt, a ḃriṁḟaiḋ niṁe agus talṁan, na bí dáṁ, agus ní bíu duit. Ní bía, ar Mhaṁbán, agus déantar mu ḟaiṫ cróṅaiṅ dam.

Do ġeṅsa, ar fear isteġ, ealaḋan duit. Cread iṅ ealaḋan? ar Mhaṁbán, agus cía ṫu féiṅ? Ollaṁ maiṫ misi ṅem ċeiṁd feiṅ ac Seaṅċán l. Casṁael cruiteiri m'aiṅm. Fiafraiġim díṫ a Chasṁaeil, ar Mhaṁbán:— Cret asa frit iṅ ċruitṅeaċt, no cía do riṅdi iṅ céad dán; no cía is tusca do riṅṅeaḋ cruit iṅa timpán? Ní ḟeatarsa síṅ, a ḃriṁḟaiḋ, ar Casṁael. Do ḟeadusa, ar Mhaṁbán; agus atbeir friutsa he. Laṅaṁuiṅ bui feaċt naill l. Macuel mac Mhiduel, agus Cana Cluaḋmor a bean; agus tuc a bean fuaṫ dó, agus do bí ac teicheaḋ roṁe ar fud ḟeaġ agus ḟásaċ; agus buisium na leaṅṁuiṅ. Agus lá da n-deaċaiḋ iṅ bean cu tsaiġ mana Camais, agus bui oc siubal na tsaġa, agus fuair sí taisi míl ṁóir[1] ar iṅ tsaiġ, agus at cluiṅ si foġur na

[1] Míol or mial, which in the genitive makes míl, is a general name for every animal; and the animals are designated by additional terms, as míol mór, the great animal, i.e. the whale; míol buiḋe, the yellow animal, or míol muiġe, the animal of the plain, viz. the hare, &c. The whale is also called míol mara, a sea animal, which in the plural make míolta mara, but more correctly míl ṁara.

of heaven and earth; do not disturb me and I will trouble thee no more." "I will not," said Marvan, "but let me have a sufficiency of *Cronan*."

A person in the mansion said:—"I will submit an art unto thee," said she. "Who art thou?" says Marvan. "I am Crinliath Caillidhe" (Withered Hag) she replied. "What is the art thou wouldst perform for me?" "The most noble of all the arts in the world, namely, to become thy spouse. "It is evident to me," said Marvan, "that thou art an ill-disposed old woman, and possibly had been so in your younger days, since thou speakest so immodestly at this advanced period of thy life. As for me," said Marvan, "as I did not wed in my youthful days, neither shall I do so now, particularly a withered, emaciated, and decrepid old hag as thou art." "Be merciful to me, O prime prophet of heaven and earth. Forgive me, and I shall say no more." "I will, said Marvan, "but let a sufficiency of Cronan be performed for me."

"I will perform," said a man in the house, "an art for thee." "What is the art?" says Marvan, "and who art thou?" "I am a good professor in my art to Seanchan, and Casmael the harper is my name." "I question thee, Casmael," said Marvan, "whence originated the science of playing the harp; who was the first that composed poetry, or whether the harp or the timpan was the first made?" "I don't know that, prime prophet," said Casmael. "I know it," says Marvan, and I will tell it thee. In former times there lived a married couple whose names were Macuel, son of Miduel, and Cana Cludhmor (or of great fame) his wife. His wife, having entertained a hatred for him, fled before him through woods and wildernesses, and he was in pursuit of her. One day that the wife had gone to the strand of the sea of Camas, and while walking along the strand she discovered the skeleton of a whale on the strand,

gaeiḋ ne ḟéiḋiḃ in ṁíl ṁóiṙ, agur do ċodail ṙiriṅ ḟoġaṙ ṙiṅ; agur taiṁic a ḟear na dialġ, agur do ċuiġ ġuṙ ab leiṙ an b-ḟoġaṙ do ċuiṫ a coḋlaḋ ḟuṙċa, agur teiġiḋ noiṁe ḟo'n b-ḟiġ coilleaḋ ba coṁḟocur dó, agur do ġni ḟuḋba cṙuiṫi, agur cuṙṙeaṙ teḋa d'ḟéiḋiḃ in ṁíl ṁóiṙ iṅṅti; agur aṙi ṙiṅ céad ċṙuiṫ do noṅaḋ niaṁ.

Agur diṅ bataṙ da ṁac ag Laiṁiaċ, Bigamuṙ .i. Jubal agur Tubalcaiṅ a ṅ-aṅmaṅṅa. Bui mac dib na ġaḃuiṅṅ .i. Tubalcaiṅ, agur do ċuiġ le ḟoġuṙ a ḋá oṙd iriṅ ceaṅdċa ġuṙ ab coṁḟaḋ naiṅṅ a duḃṙadaṙ; agur do ġniṙium naṅṅ aṙ an aḋḃaṙ ṙiṅ; agur iṙe ṙiṅ céad naṅṅ do noṅta niaṁ.

 Au ċomaiṙṙce ḟoṙt, a ṗriṁḟaiḋ niṁe agur talṁan, na bí ḋaṁ agur ní ḃiu duiṫ. Ní ḃiu, aṙ Aṅḃaṅ, agur déaṅtaṙ mu ḟáiṫ cṙóṅaiṅ dam.

A duḃaiṙt neaċ iṙtiġ;—do ġeṅṙa ealaḋaṅ duiṫ, a Aṅḃaṅḃáiṅ. Cia ċu féiṅ? aṙ Aṅḃaṅ; agur cṙeat iṅ ealaḋa ḟuil azat? Cóiṙṙce Ceoilḃiṅṅ m'aiṅṁṙi, aṙ ré, ollaṁ tiṁpaṅaċta na tṙoṅḋaiṁe. Fiaḟṙaiġiṁ diḋ, a Chóiṙṙce Cheoilḃiṅṅ, aṙ Aṅḃaṅ; Cṙéat ṁa ṅgaiṙṙeaṙ tiṁpaṅ naeṁ doṅ tiṁpaṅ agur naṙ ḟeiṅṅ naeṁ tiṁpaṅ niaṁ? Ní ḟeadaṙ, uṁoiṙṙo, aṙ iṅ tiṁpáṅaċ. A

[1] *The Harp and the Timpan.* See Appendix, No. III.

[2] *The first verse ever composed.* The couplets of the smith's sledge and hammer when striking the iron on the anvil, are familiar to the ears of almost every person, and are rather harmonious than the contrary. They sound notes somewhat similar to *tom-tee, tom-tee,* which occasionally vary to *tee-tom, tee-tom,* and would be a good guide for a poet to follow in some of his metres. In Prosody the former would be called Iambus, or the first syllable short, the second long; and the latter Trochæus, or first syllable long and second short.

The passage in the text recals to memory a story once heard from a *Shanaghee,* regarding four women who contended in poetry as to the superiority of the respective callings of their husbands, which were those of a weaver, a miller, a farmer, and a smith. The composition, as in many such cases, was extempore, and when it came to the turn of the smith's wife she sang the following:—

and having heard the sound of the wind acting on the sinews of the whale, she fell asleep by that sound. Her husband came up to her, and having understood that it was by the sound she had fallen asleep, he proceeded into an adjacent forest, where he made the frame of a harp, and he put chords in it of the tendons of the whale, and that is the first harp that ever was made.[1]

And moreover, Lamiach had two sons—Bigamus, namely, Jubal and Tubalcain. One of them was a smith, that is, Tubalcain; and he conceived that the tones of the two hammers in the forge denoted the quantities of metre, and on that measure he composed a verse, and that was the first verse that ever was composed."[2]

"Be merciful to me, prime prophet of heaven and earth; do not annoy me and I shall not annoy thee." "I will not," said Marvan, but let there be plenty of Cronan performed for me."

A person in the mansion said:—"I will perform an art for thee, O Marvan." "Who art thou?" says Marvan, "and what is the art thou hast?" "Coirche Ceoilbhinn (performer of melodious music) is my name," said he, "Professor of Timpanism to the great Bardic Institution." "I question thee, Coirche Ceoilbhinn," says Marvan, "why is the Timpan called the 'Saint's Timpan,' and that no saint ever performed on a Timpan?" "I really do not

Níon ċualaṡ ṡéiṅ ceól ba ḃíṅṅe
Na ceaṫaṙ ṡaiḃṅe aṡ uillṁuṡ' ṡneiṙ'lle
Ꞇ laṁ-oṅṫ ṡéiṅ a laṁ ṡaċ ḋuiṅṅe,
Ir iad a ḃuallaḋ buill' aṙ ḃuille.

I have not heard a sweeter music
Than four smiths making of a griddle;
Each man with hammer in his hand,
And striking blow for blow in time.

It is generally believed that Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" was composed by him in imitation of the sounds of the smiths' hammers in a forge adjacent to where he lodged.

déanta fhiuit he, an Mhanbán .i. in tan do ċuaiḋ Naí, mac Laiṁiach, iriu Airc, nuc fé mónán do ċeolaiḃ leis, agus nuc timpán do ḟunnaḋ; agus do ḃí mac aigi dan eol a ḟeinm; agus bátar iriu airc oiṅeat buí in dile fon fin n-doṁan co n-deachaiḋ Naí cona ċlainn airdi; agus do b'ail don mac in timpán do ḃreiṫ leis. Ní beanna, an Naí, no gu faġanta luaġ. Jarfoċt in mac de, cneat in luaġ Atbeanit Naí nan beag leis in timpan d'ainm-niuġaḋ uaiḋ féin. Do nat in mac in airciḋ fin dó, conaḋ timpán Naei a ainm o fin anall; agus ní he fin a deiṅ-ṫiri, ná timpánaiġ ainṁḟeaṙaċa, aċt timpán naeṁ.

Mhu ċomaince fort, a ḟiriṁḟaiḋ ninṁe agus talṁan; na bí ḋaṁ, agus ní biu duit níor mó. Ní ḃiu, an Mhanbán, agus déantan mu ḟáiṫ cróṅáin daṁ; agus do jan Mhanbán in cróṅán fa ṫní, agus ní ḟuain.

Ba nán le Seanċán fin, agus o nać fuain neać ele do ḟreiceóṅaḋ Mhanbán a dubaint co n-dingneaḋ fein cróṅán dó. Ar binḋi leamra uaitri he, an Mhanbán, ina o gać duine an bith. Ro ṫócuiḃ Seanċán a ulċain a n-ainde, agus nín ġaḃ Mhanbán uaḋa aċt cróṅán fnacać; agus in tan do ḟobnaḋ Seanċán fcuir ir ann a deinneaḋ Mhanbán, déanaiḋ mu ḟáiṫ cróṅáin damh. Ba nán le Seanċán fin, agus fneangaḋ no ṫeann da tuc ain ag denaṁ in ċróṅáin fceinniḋ a leaṫfúil tan a cind co m-bui fon a ġnuaiġ. Ot ċonaic Mhanbán fin do b'eagal leis achṁurán d'ḟaġail o Ghuaine; agus gaḃur a ṗaidir ina ḋeannaiṅn n-deis,

[1] The words Nae, Noah, and naeṁ, a saint, are so similar in sound, that the one might be easily mistaken for the other; and hence it may be presumed the error into which the ignorant Timpanists fell in misnaming the musical instrument.

[2] Gaḃur a ṗaidir ina ḋeannaiṅn n-deis. In the modern copy the word for gaḃur is dubaint, *said*. Deannaiṅn is the dative or ablative of deanna, which means the right-hand, and also the act of praying, as we learn from an old song; but whether the writer meant to say that Marvan repeated his rosary in his right-hand, said his Pater in his right-hand, or said his Pater or prayer

know," replied the Timpanist. "I will tell thee," said Marvan; "it was as follows:—When Noah, the son of Lamiach, went into the ark, he brought many musical instruments with him, and in particular he brought a Timpan, and he had a son who was accustomed to play on it. They remained in the ark during the time that the deluge had been over the world; and when Noah and his family were coming out of it, the son wished to take the Timpan with him. 'Thou shalt not take it,' said Noah, 'unless I obtain a request.' The son asked him what was the request. Noah said he would be satisfied by naming the Timpan after himself. The son granted him that favour, so that the Timpan of Noah has been its name ever since; and that is not what you ignorant Timpanists call it, but the Saint's Timpan."[1]

"Be merciful unto me, prime prophet of heaven and earth; do not interfere with me, and I shall interfere with thee no more." "I will not," said Marvan, "but let me have enough of Cronan performed for me;" and Marvan called for the Cronan three times and did not obtain it.

Seanchan was ashamed of that, and as he found no other person to comply with Marvan's request, he said he would himself perform the Cronan. It will be more melodious to me from thyself," said Marvan, "than from any other person." Seanchan raised his beard up high, and Marvan would have no other from him than the guttural Cronan. Whenever Seanchan would wish to cease, then would Marvan say—"Perform enough of Cronan for me." Seanchan was ashamed of that, and, by an overstrained effort of his in performing the Cronan, one of his eyes gushed out and lay on his cheek. When Marvan beheld that he was afraid that he might get blame from Guaire, and he said his Pater in his right hand,[2] and he put the eye back into its own

in his earnest manner, it is difficult to determine. The only meaning in the Dictionary for PAIDIN is "the Lord's Prayer."

agus cuirir in t-rúil ina hinnat féin; agus atbeirt iarram —déanaiḋ mu ṡáiṫ cronáin daṁ.

Atbeairt neaċ artiġ:—do gen féin eiriḋ duit, a Mharibáin. Cia thura? an Mharibán, agus cneat in ealaḋa? Sceiriḋ ir fearr irin tromḋáiṁ me, an eirium, agus a n-Éirinn uili; agus Fir mac Foċmairc m'ainm buaiḋ. Mara thura rceiriḋe ar ṡearr a n-Éirinn, an Mharibán, ata fir ṗriṁrcél Éireann acat. Ata co deiṁin, an an rceiriḋe. Ma ata, an Mharibán, indir Tain Bo Cuailgne daṁra. Moiġiḋ roċt an an rceiriḋe, agus imḋeairġear uime. Gat tai? an Seanċan, gan in rcél d'innirt do Mharibán. Fodlaiṁ, a riġ ollaiṁ, an an rcéiriḋ, ní ċuala in tain úd do ċaḃairt a n-Éirinn riaṁ, agus ní ṡeadur cia ċuc. Ma aread, an Mharibán, cuirimrí fa ġearaiḃ ċu no gu n-indirí tu in Tain dam; agus cuirim in tromḋaṁ uili fa ġearaiḃ da riaḃuid riat dá oiġċí a n-aeintiġ no gu fáġair fir na Tána; agus beanuimrí fór a hucht mu Dhia bar n-dán diḃ uili gan éin riand do ḋeunuṁ ó ro amaċ aċt aen duan nama no gu fáġċai Tain Bo Cuailgne damra; agus ac rúd mirí ag iṁteaċt anoir, an Mharibán; agus dar mu ḃreiṫir muna beiṫ Guairí ir maiṫ do diġeiainnrí in torc finn oriuiḃ, a ċliar udṁall ainḃfearaċ.

Teit Mharibán roiṁe, acur facbair in tromḋáiṁ gu rciṫaċ ceannrom, udṁall, imrniṁaċ. Atbeairt Seanċán iarram. Do ċuir Mharibán fo ġearaiḃ rinn da m-beirt da oiġċí a n-aein inaḋ no gu fáġmair in Tain, agus ir ann ra bailí ro do bamar a neir, agus ní biam anoċt ann

[1] The Tain-Bo-Cuailgne is a composition of a very early period, regarded by some of our Archæologists as the detail of a cattle raid, and by others as a purely mythical relation—a contest between two opposing sects of ancient paganism. It will form one of the early publications of the Ossianic Society.

place, and he afterwards said:—"Perform ye a sufficiency of Cronan for me."

A person in the mansion said:—"I will myself perform an art for thee, Marvan." "Who art thou?" says Marvan, "and what is the art?" "I am the best *scelaidhe* (story-teller) in the great Bardic Institution," said he, "and in all Ireland; and Fis Mac Fochmarc is my tribe (or family) name." "If thou art the best sgeulee in Erin," said Marvan, "thou knowest the principal stories of Erin." "I do, indeed," replied the sgeulee. "Well then," said Marvan, "relate to me TAIN-BO-CUAILGNE"[1] (or the Cattle Prey of Cooley). Silence seized the sgeulee and he is reproved for it. "What are you about," says Seanchan, "in not telling the story to Marvan?" "Have patience, O arch Professor," said the sgeulee, "I have not heard that that Prey was ever executed in Erin, nor do I know who took it." "Since that is the case," said Marvan, "I put thee under *geasa* (enchantment) until thou relatest the Tain to me; and I put the entire of the great bardic body under injunctions that they shall not remain two nights in the same house until they discover the story of the Tain. I also deprive you all of your poetic faculties, by the will of my God, that henceforth you shall not have the power of composing verse, excepting one poem only until you find for me the Tain-Bo-Cuailgne; and there am I now going away, and, upon my word, were it not for Guaire well would I avenge myself on you for the white boar, you indolent, ignorant, bardic clan."

Marvan proceeded on his way, and left the great Bardic Association wearied, downcast, gloomy, and in sorrow. Then Shanchan said:—"Marvan bound us under *geasa*, that we should not remain two nights in one place, until we would procure the *Tain;* and it was in this place we were last night, and we must not be here to-night, that we

do coṁall an ṅgear gan ṁṫeaċt noṁaiṅṅ d'ainnaiḋ na Tána no gu b-fáġam hi. Is aṅṅ rin do noṅaḋ einġe athluṁ eiṅḟin acoṅ tromḋáiṁ idir olluṁ agus aṅrnuiṫ; idir ḟileaḋ agus eicriṅ; idir ḟin agus ṁṅai; idir coiṅ agus gilla; idir óg agus ḟean. Acht ata ní ceana giḋ tromḋaṁ do gainṫi dibrom, agus giḋ an ṁór a n-gnáiṅ ba beag a ráiṫ. Or ba hi Brigit, iṅġean Ouitcenne, bean Sheaṅċáiṅ, duine ba mó ráiṫ diḃ, agus ní itheaḋ aċt uġ cince d'aeṅráiṫ, agus do ġainḋirrium Brigit ṁór-ráiṫeaċ di.

Is aṅṅ rin do ġluairreatar in tromḋaṁ nompa gu nán-gatar ainm i m-bui Guairi. Eirġir Guairi na naġaiḋ, or ba hiṅgnaḋ lair a b-fáicriṅ uili an in fáiġṫi, agus cuirir fáilti coitceann friu; agus do tanbir teora póg do Sheaṅċáṅ, agus atbeart:—Scela agat, a ní Ollaiṁ? ar re; ciḋ no ġluair rib ó bar m-bruiġin féin? Ar olc ar rcéla, a ní, ar Seaṅċáṅ. Manbán mucaiḋe, priṁ-ráiḋ niṁe agus talṁan, taiṅic an cuairt ċugaiṅd do diġailt in tuirc ḟinn ornaiṅṅ, agus do iar a noġa ealaḋan agus oirfitiḋ; agus do geallaḋ rin dó, agus ire noġa nucran a ráiṫ cronáiṅ; agus do ċoir tri naeṅbair acaiṅṅ aga déanaṁ rin dó; agus do chuaḋura féin, an Seaṅċáṅ, do déanaṁ in ċronáiṅ dó fa deireaḋ, agus in tan do ḟobnaiṅ rcur ir aṅd do ianaḋrom a ráiṫ cronáiṅ do déanaṁ dó; agus rneaṅgaḋ noi theann da tucur oram do ċuirear mu ráil an mu ġnuaiġ, agus do foirfiṅ me tre cuṁaċtaiḃ Dé; agus atbeart neach irin m-bruiġin co n-diṅgnaḋ re rcelaiḋaċt dó, agus do iarran Táin Bo Cuailgne; agus atbeart in rcelaiḋ nać noiḃi in rcélroin aigi; agus do ċuirium fo ġearaiḃ rinne agus in rcélaiḋ gan én nann dar n-dán d'fáġail dúinn, agus gan beiṫ da oiġṫi a n-aein

[1] This is a severe stroke of satire against the bardic order, who, no doubt, wished it to be understood that they were by no means expensive or burthensome to the country.

may fulfill our *geasa;* we must, therefore, proceed on our way in quest of the *Tain* till we discover it." It was then that every individual of the great Bardic Institution started up simultaneously, both professors and students, both poets and scientific persons, both men and women, both hounds and servants, both young and old. But, notwithstanding their being called the great Bardic Institution, and though greatly they were abhorred, yet small was their consumption of food; for Brigit, daughter of Onitcerne, the wife of Shanchan, was the person among them who did eat most, and she usually did eat only a hen egg at a meal, and therefore she was called Brigit of the great appetite.[1]

The great bardic association then proceeded on their journey, until they arrived at the residence of Guaire. Guaire went forth to meet them, for he wondered at seeing them all on the plain, and he bid them a welcome in general. He gave three kisses to Shanchan, and said—"What news hast thou, arch Ollav?" said he; "why have you departed from your own mansion?" "Bad is our story, O king," said Shanchan. "Marvan the swineherd, prime prophet of heaven and earth, came on a visit to us to take revenge of us for the white boar. He requested his choice art and music, which was granted to him, and the choice he made was to have his sufficiency of *Cronan.* Thrice nine of us went to chaunt the *Cronan* for him, and I myself," said Shanchan, "finally went to sing it for him; and whenever I chanced to cease he then desired to have more *Cronan* sung for him; and by an overstrained effort I made I put out my eye on my cheek, but he healed me by the power of God. A person in the mansion then told him he would entertain him with *Sgeuleeaght* (story-telling), and he (Marvan) chose to have *Tain-bo-Cuailgne* (the Cattle Raid of Cooley). The Sgeulee said he had not that story, and he bound us and the story-teller by *Geasa*

tiġ no gu b-ḟaġmair fir na Tana dó; agus anuṡa baili ro do ḃamar airéir, agus ní biam anocht ann.

Cia hairm no b'ail duib dul d'iarraiḋ na Tana? ar Guaiṁi. A n-Albain, ar Seanḋán. Na heirgiḋ, ar Guaiṁi, ar is a n-Albain is luġa do ġeḃtaí a ḟir. Or is a n-Éirinn féin tucaḋ in táin rin; agus do ṗeataṡa, ar Guaiṁi, mar ar cóir daiḃ do ḋéanaṁ. Cuṁur on? ar Seanḋán. Aṁṁain am ḟarraḋṡa, ar sé; agus in onóir ḟuarabair uaiṁṡe agus ó ḟearaiḃ Éireann gur anuġ do ġeḃtaí uaiṁṡi anoir he a n-ecṁair bur n-dána. Ní biaḋ acht maiṫ déirice ann rin, ar Seanḋán. Ma areaḋ, ar Guaiṁi, ḟanaḋ bur mna agus bur meic agus bur nġillann-raḋ am ḟarraḋṡa; agus eiricit bur n-ollaṁ, agus bur b-ḟiliḋ, agus bur luicht canta ciuil d'iarraiḋ na Tana. Atbeairtṡat uilí gur chóir rin, agus no chinnṡeat ar an coṁairle rin.

Is ann rin irbeart Seanḋán — in oen n-duan dar n-duan no ḟacḃaḋ acainn ar cóir dúinn a deanaṁ do Ghuairne. Or atairmit mí, agus ráiṫe, agus bliaġain,

[1] Gearra. "Ní ḟeidarṡa rin, ar Conḋúbar, óir is geir do Naire gan teicht a n-oir," "I know not that," says Conor, "for Naisi is under *solemn vow* not to return westward."—*The story of the death of the children of Usnagh* Note on the foregoing by Theophilus O'Flanagan. "Such vows were inviolate with our heathen ancestors. Any one became infamous who would break them; and the vengeance of heaven was apprehended as the immediate consequence of their violation. This was the ancient chivalry of the Irish, upon which, perhaps, was grounded the more modern one of the middle ages. Those who were initiated into the *order of valour*, a very ancient one in Ireland, as it existed long before the Christian era, were peculiarly bound by these Gesa, or *solemn injunctions:* Gera nać ḟruilingid fír-laeca, *injunctions not resisted*, (to be violated recte) *by true heroes*, is an usual expression in our ancient tales. Quære! Were these the Gessatæ of Roman story, or were they like them? Was our gaiṫ, or javelin, the *Gesa?*"—*Transactions of the Gælic Society. Dub.* 1808.

It appears, however, that the *Geasa* were usually imposed on persons as stated in the text, and probably by the Druids; a form of this solemn injunction, or druidic spell, has even descended traditionally to our own

(solemn injunctions)[1] so as not to have the power of composing one stanza of our poetry, and that we are not to remain two nights in the same house till we procure for him the story of the *Tain*. In this place we were last night, and we cannot be in it to-night."

"To what place do you propose to go in quest of the *Tain?*" said Guaire. "To Albain"[2] (Scotland), replied Shanchan. "Don't go there, said Guaire, "because in Alba you have the least chance of information, for in Erin itself that Tain was effected; and I know," added Guaire, "what you ought to do." "What is that?" asked Shanchan, "to remain with me," said he; "and the honour which you have been receiving from me and from the men of Erin unto this day, you shall now have it from me in consideration of your poetry." "That would be no better than a compliment of alms," said Shanchan. "If you think so," says Guaire, "then let your women, sons and servants remain with me, and let your professors, poets and musicians go in quest of the Tain." They all approved of that proposal and determined on that resolution.

It was then Shanchan said:—"The only poem of our poetry which has been vouchsafed to us, it is fit we compose it for Guaire, for we have been with him a month, a quarter

time. It may be often heard enunciated by children when at play, to the following purpose:—"Cuirim do ḡeasa choma dhiaidheacht ort, anias coir aṁna, sias coir aṁna; a b-coiṁ neanta go b-ceiṫeiḡ tú, na madraiḋ allta go n-ícid é ú; cor leat air ṫriab;—cor oile air, ꝛc." "I impose upon thee by weighty druidic spells that thou mayest wander to and fro along a river (but no particular river mentioned); that thou mayest fall in a bush of nettles; that the wild dogs (wolves) may devour thee"—and then follows the distribution of the members of the body, to be exposed on the tops of hills and mountains, in the sea, &c., unless the person so bound by the spell would perform the specified or required act.

[2] Alba, Gen. Albain, Dat. Albaiṅ, the name by which Scotland has always been designated by the Irish writers; and the inhabitants Albanaiḡ or "Albanian Scots."

aiʒi iriu m-bailiṡea .i. a n-Duṅluṡ. Arbeanṡaṫ in Tṡomḋaṁ ʒur ċóir riu. Dóiʒ aṁ ni noibi ceiṅce biḋ na diʒi, na ḋiṅ na aiṅciṫ, na ṡet na maine onaiuu, agur ni ḋeachaiḋ miaṁ aeu n-duine ṡa láṅ acaiuu ṡṅiṡiu ṡé riu, agur ni ṡuiʒteaṅ cu di ceauu in doṁain a m-baili ṡiʒ Ġiṅeauu na ṡiʒ ċúiciḋ conuṁail maṅ in conuṁail do ṡiad dúiuu. Ut dixit Seanċán:—

Tṡiallum uaiṫ a Ʒhuaiṅi ġlain,
Ṡacmaiṫ agat beanaċtain;
Bliaġain agur ṡaiṫhe ir mí,
Atam acut a aiṅdṡí.

Tri ċaeġa éiceaṡ nàṅ ṁíu,
Agur tri ċaeġat eicṡíu;
Da ṁnai, ir ʒilla, ir cú ʒaċ ḟiṅ,
Ro biaḋta uili a n-aeiu tiʒ.

Cuid aṅ leiṫ ag ʒaċ duine;
Leaba aṅ leiṫ ʒaċ eu n-duine;
Ní eiṅġimir madau moċ
Ʒau deabaḋ nó ʒau écnaċ.

A deiṅimri ṡibṡi ḋe,
Ṡiṅṡuitheaṅ in ṡaiṡdine;
Maḋ da noiṡium tolaiḃ clauu,
Ticṡam aṅir ʒe tṡiallam.

Ca ait aṅ m-beitḣi anoċt? aṅ Ʒuaiṅi. A Náṡ na ṡiʒḣ da noiṡium he, aṅ Seanċán, a n-duuaḋ ṡiʒ Laiġean, Conuna caech.

[1] "The inverted numeration is remarkable. It savours strongly of eastern origin, as well as of the eastern mode of writing from *right to left*."—Theophilus O'Flanagan, in *Transactions of the Gælic Society. Dub.* 1808.

and a year,[1] in this place, namely at Durlus." The great bardic association agreed that that would be proper; "for truly (said they) we had no want of food or drink, of gold or silver, or of jewels and substance; the yearning of no individual amongst us was unprovided for during that period; and there will not be found to the end of the world, in the residence of a king of Ireland or of a provincial king, an entertainment equal to the entertainment he gave us," as Shanchan said—

We depart from thee O spotless Guaire,
We leave with thee our benedictions;
A year, a quarter and a month
We have been with thee O exalted king.

Thrice fifty acute professors,
And thrice fifty students;
Two women, a valet, and a hound with each man
Were all supplied with food in one mansion.[2]

Each person had his own meals apart,
Each one had a separate bed;
We rose not on an early morning
Without debate or without complaint.

I say unto you as an inference,
That the prophecy will be fulfilled;
If our numerous body will reach the destined place
We shall return again, though we now proceed.

"Where do you intend to be to-night?" said Guaire. "At Naas of the kings[3] if we can arrive there," replied Shanchan, "in the fortress of the king of Leinster, Connra Caech" (Connra the Blind).

[1] *Aliter*—"Were all fed in one mansion, or house."
[2] *Naas of the kings.* See Appendix, No. IV.

Tiaguit romhpa co Nar, agur in tan do bátar ag dul don baili tarla lobur doib ar an ri ige, agur atbeart frim — Cia hinad ara tancabar in fian mhor bathlach so? ar se. Ni head rin fil ann, ar fear dib, acht Seanchan sein fili, guna éléir agur guna féin. Ir aitind dam bur n-anmanna, ar an clamh, gid fada me nad iat, agur ir meirdi an tír a ttigthi, agur ir fearrdi in tír ara tancabair. Cia fod ir ail duib dul a nocht? ar in lobor. Co dunad Conna éaeic, rig Laigean, ar riat. Ni fil toirc acuibri ann, ar in lobor, agur gan aen rand da bur n-dán acuib. Cia do innir rin duitri, a éliaimh? ar iatrom. A se anoir tráth a déanbta, ar an clamh; or ir cóir dib duan do déanamh do rig Laigean, or ire do béara imluchtad daib a n-Alpain. Ar fír don clamh rúd, ar na hollamhain; agur ar fearr duin a fechain in fetfamair duan do denamh do rig Laigean, agur do thialfat a déanamh i. rann o gach ollamh acu. Acht ata ni éeana da mad ferdi leo oirreat én focal, ní fuarattar le céle gu cóir.

Atbeart in clamh: Da mad ail lib luach do tabairt damh fein do geanann duan do rig Laigean ar bur ron. Atbeartrat co tibritir a nogha luaigi dó. Tabriaid bur luigi rir rin, ar an clamh. Tucrat a m-briatar uili dó. Ma aread, ar se, ire luac iarairri oraib Seanchan do tabairt poigi damh. Atbeart Seanchan da m-bead fé agur

[1] *Leper.* There are two different words given here for a leper, viz. lobar and clamh; the latter more properly signifies *mange*, and is probably used to denote a mangy or scabby person.

[2] *Alpa, Scotland.* O'Reilly in his Irish Dictionary, and Armstrong in his Gaelic, give the word alp to signify a *mountain*, which in the plural makes alpa or alba, i.e. p for b; and from this may be inferred that the Celtic name of Scotland means a mountainous or hilly country, or, as the northern part of it is called, "*the Highlands.*" O'Brien explains the word thus—Alp, any gross or huge lump or chaos. *Quære*, if this Celtic word be not the origin and radix of Alps the mountains so called, imposed upon them by the Gallic and Hel-

They proceeded on their journey to Naas, and when they were coming to the place they met a leper on the way who said unto them—"From what place did this large rustic crowd come?" says he. "They are none such who are here," said one of them, "but Shanchan the sage poet with his bards and noble company." "Your names are familiar to me, though long it would take to repeat them; and the country into which you come is the worse for it, and the country whence you came is the better for it. How far do you intend going to-night?" asked the leper. "To the fortress of Connra Caech, king of Leinster," they replied. "You have no business going there since you have not (the power of composing) one stanza of your poetry." "Who told you that? you mangy fellow,"[1] said they. "Now is the time to prove it," said the leper, "for it will be necessary for you to compose a poem for the king of Leinster, as it is he that is to give you a passage to Alpa"[2] (Scotland). "What the leper says is true," said the professors; "and it is better for us to try if we can compose a poem for the king of Leinster." They accordingly set about composing it, viz. a verse by each professor of them; but however had it been only one word (by each) they could not arrange them properly.

The leper said—"If you would be pleased to grant me a consideration I will compose a poem for the king of Leinster in your stead." They said they would grant him his choice favour. "Pledge your troth to that," said the leper. They all pledged their word to him. "Well then," said he, "the reward I ask of you is that Seanchan will give me a kiss." Shanchan said that should he and his professors

vetian (Celtic) races inhabiting at the bases, rather than from their being high, *ab altitudine*, or from their being white with snow, *quasi albi montes*. Sliab Alpa is the Irish name for the Alps.

a ollaṁain a ngill nir nać tibriaḋ fein foc don claṁ. Atbeairtfat na hollainṁ co n-impaḃḋair do ćum Guairi airir, agur nać riachdair leirrium muna tugaḋ póg don lobur.

Tuc Seanċán póg don claṁ gen learc leir; agur tangatar cu dorur in dúnaḋ; agur do ḃuailfeat barċrann. Do ḟiarfaig in doirrfeoir cia do ḃí irin dorar. Atbeairt in claṁ, gurube Seanċán cona ollaṁna bui ann. Do ḟiarfaig in doirrfeoir in riaḃí dan acu do riġ Laiġean. Atá, ar an claṁ, agur ir mirí ir reacaire dó. Olc in ṁairí reacaire ata ort, ar Seanċán, agur ir meirde rinne do ḃeiṫ mairle rinn. Tiaġuir irteaċ irin dun, agur do ćuir ri Laiġean ḟirċain fairli frru, agur do ḟiarfaiḋ dib cia conair do b'ail doib ḋula. A n-Albain, ar riat; agur do b'ail linn long agur lón d'ḟaġail uairi. Do ḟiarfaiḋ ri Laiġean in riaḃí dan molta acu ḋó. Ata, amorro, ar in lobur, agur ir mirí ir reacaire ḋó, agur ro ġaḃ in lobur in duan:—

A Chonnra ċaeiċ ṁeic Dairbre on tráiġ,
Charair mná fail foiltḟinne;

[1] Here the author reduces the proud, haughty, and overbearing arch-bard of Erin to the lowest degree of degradation.

[2] *Hand-wood.* The word in the original is barċrann, derived from bar, the hand, palm of the hand or an open hand, and crann, a tree or any implement, machine, or weapon, made from wood; but these terms are always accompanied by distinguishing words, as crann-feoil, the mast of a ship; crann-tabail, a wooden engine from whence stones were shot on an enemy's entrenchments. In the Tale of Deirdre, or the Death of the sons of Usnagh, the following passage occurs:—"Rancatar iar rin go h-Ḃṁain Maċa, acar do ḃainneadar béim bairċrinnn 'r an dorar, acar do ḟreagair an doirrfeoir mic Uisnig, acar do ḟiarfaig cia do ḃí ran dorar." "They arrived after this at Eman Macha (Armagh), and they struck a loud stroke of the knocker *(handwood)* at the door. The door-keeper answered the sons of Usnach, and asked who was at the door?" This work was translated by Theophilus O'Flanagan, a Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, who explains this term in a brief note thus—"*Hand-wood*, means the rapper." *See Transactions of the Gælic Society.* It does not appear that this rapper or knocker was fastened or

be forfeited for it he would not give a kiss to the scabby fellow. The professors declared they would return to Guaire again, and that they would not accompany him unless he would give a kiss to the leper. Shanchan thereupon gave a kiss to the scabby man, though loathsome it was to him.[1]

They came to the gate of the fortress and they knocked (with) the hand-wood.[2] The porter asked who was at the door. The leper replied that it was Shanchan with his professors that was there. The door-keeper asked "had they a poem for the king of Leinster?" "They have," said the leper, "and I am its reciter."[3] "Bad is your appearance as a reciter," said Shanchan, "and it is worse for us to have you along with us. They went into the *Dun*[4], and the king of Leinster bid them a hearty welcome, and asked them "to what place they desired to go." "To Alban," they replied, "and we wish to obtain a ship and stores from thee." The king of Leinster asked them if they had a poem in praise of himself? "They surely have," answered the leper, "and I am to deliver it," and he recited the poem.

O Connra Caech,[5] son of Dairbre of the strand,
Thou friend of the fair-haired women of Inis Fail;

tied to the door by a cord or iron chain, for we once heard an old Shanachee describe it. He stated that it was a piece of shapened wood (probably in the form of a policeman's baton), which was placed in a niche or hole in the wall, from whence it was to be taken and used by any person seeking admittance into the fortress. See also Vol. III., p. 162, of our Transactions.

[3] *Repetitor.* The word in the Mac Carthy Riagh MS. is ꝓeacaꝑe, and in the more modern copies ꝓeaċtaꝑe, which is erroneous, as it signifies not a repetitor, but a king, judge, or lawgiver. The word given by O'Brien (and from him by O'Reilly) is ꝓacaꝑe, which he explains thus:—"Racaꝑ, to rehearse or repeat, ex. ꝓacfad ꝼeaꝼda Dan le Dia, I will henceforth repeat a Hymn to God. Hence Racaꝑe, the poet's repetitor." It appears that this was an official attendant on the bard who wrote and recited his compositions.

[4] Dun. See Appendix V.

[5] *Conra Caech or Conra the Blind.* The term *Caech* has been usually applied

Tabair duinn luing dar cur tar tuind,
Mara puill poirt glindi.
A ġilla gloin luiḋriuṁ fad bloiġ
A comur cloiġ buird bréaġ ṁuiġi
Do ṁolaḋ maith a ri a ḟláiṫ.
* * * *
Na ndeaġ ġlac iodluiġ uair rinne,
Gu luaṫ tar linn, * *
Gu gaeṫ gu grinn a deaġ duine.

A haiṫli na duaine rin tugaḋ tiġi leapṫa ḋóib, agur nucrat ar in oiġṫi rin co rubach roṁeanmnach, gan earbaiḋ fréardail na fríoṫolṁa, co táinic maidin ar na ṁaraṫ.

Do glanaḋ long ḋóib ratam, agur do cuireaḋ lón innti. Do ḟiarfaiḋ in lobar in rachaḋ fén leo irin luing. Atbeart Seanḋán nach rachaḋ fén inti da

to those of imperfect vision, as one-eyed, short-sighted or half blinded persons, and *Dall*, to those who are totally blind. It may be considered, that it was paying a bad compliment to the king of Leinster to call him *Caech*, but probably it was by that he was distinguished from others who bore the name of Connra. In a similar manner the kings of Brefney and Oirgiall were named dub, black or dark, and fionn, fair, from the colour of their hair. These adscititious terms were very necessary before the introduction of family names; such names are significant of the colour of the hair or visage of the progenitors from whom they are derived. Even since the introduction of family names, these epithets have been numerous. Any one, who has lived among the people of this country, must know that scarcely any person could escape having a cognomen attached to either his Christian or surname. Those addenda were sometimes patronymic; in other cases derived from the locality of the dweller; or from strength, stature, or colour of complexion; defect or imperfection in the body, such as ciotaċ, bacaċ, cam, &c.; but the most numerous were those from the colour of the hair. Many persons in the rural districts are only known by their nicknames; in some instances, where the original family name had become obsolete, the nickname was adopted as a secondary family denomination. All the higher families that separated into two or more branches, had their distinguishing branch names; and their chiefs bore them as a part of their titles. Thus, in the Royal family of the O'Connors,

Give us a ship to convey us over the waves
Of the boisterous sea of the ports of fortresses.[1]
O purest man we have come by thy renown
To the fertile land of the delightful plain;[2]
To praise thee well, O king, O chief,
* * * * *
Of the bounteous hands, convey us away from thee,
Speedily over the sea * *
With wind and favour, O generous man.

After that poem they were supplied with bed-chambers; and they passed that night in cheerfulness and great mirth, without want of entertainment or attendance, till the morning on the morrow came.

A ship was soon cleared out for them, and provision stores were put into her. The leper asked might he go along with them in the ship. Shanchan replied that should he (the leper) go, he himself would not go into it. Then

kings of Connaught, which separated into two branches in the fourteenth century, the chiefs were styled O'Connor Donn, or the brown-haired O'Connor; and O'Connor Roe, or the red-haired. The Mac Carthys, princes of Desmond, were also separated into two great clans, the chiefs of whom were styled Mac Carthy More, or Great, and Mac Carthy Riabhach, or of the swarthy countenance, although the reigning chief might be as fair as a lily. But they derived those titles from their progenitors; and probably Connra the Blind came by his cognomen in a similar manner, for we have it on record that a branch of the O'Reillys of Cavan were called the Clan Caech O'Reillys, from their progenitor the Blind O'Reilly, and that from them the barony of Clankee in Cavan was named.

[1] The version or reading of this line in the modern copy is ꝼon mon mana ꝼꝛoṫ ġle, on the back of the sea of pure whiteness, alluding perhaps to a billowy or boisterous sea.

[2] In the modern copy this line reads—A ccoṁuin ċloṫe bruġ ṁuiġe, By the fame of the palace of the delightful plain. Bṗeaġ ṁuiġe here could have nothing to do, I believe, with Bregia. It may be remarked that the latter part of this poem is defective in all the copies, arising probably from lacunæ in the original MS., from which they were transcribed.

n-deachaóṡoṁ. Teiṫ Seaṅċán gura ollaṁnaiḃ iṡin luing, agus ṡacḃuiṫ in lobar ar tír; agus tiaġaiṫ ṡéin romṡa ar ṡud in ṁana cu naṅgatar laṁ ne cainṡiḃ Mhanann; agus ad connacatar aen n-duine ṡor an carraic, agus a ri ṡin uair at connacatar in lobar ar cuirr thoṡaiġ na luingi, agus cnoṁán ṡnacach aigi aga ḋeanaṁ.

Atbeart in duini bui ṡor ṡin carraic ora cind:—Cia ata iṡin luing? ar sé. Fneagnar in lobar he—Ata Seaṅċán cona ċléir. Mha aṡeaḋ, ar in ṡean ċuar, cuirṁiṡi ṡo ġeaṡaiḃ ṡiḃ da ti neaċ atír acuiḃ no gu b-ṡáġa ṡiḃ leaṫnann anaġaiḋ in leaṫnaindi. Gab he, ar in lobar. Atbeart Seaṅċán—Ar meirdi ṡinn in lobar do ḃeiṫ againn, or ni meirdi leir baṡcaḋ da b-ṡuiġeaṁ. Ní naġara atír ann so, a nig ollaṁ, ar an lobar, no gu b-ṡáġtar leaṫ nann na aġaiḋ sut. Gab do nann, a ḋuine, ar an lobar o naċ ṡuil ac Seaṅċán luaċ ir ail leamsa uaiḋ. Gabuir in ṡean leaṫ nann ut dixit:—

Caċ ne muinneaċ ṡainġi ṡuinneann ṡai.

Dixit in lobar.—

Tuinnṡuiḋ sneaċta, eingid tuinneann,
Gairḃiḋ acaill, cainill cai.

Ar e sin a leaṫ nann cóir, ar an ṡean ċuar, agus ní ṡuil iṡin luing neach do ċuinneaḋ a leaṫ nann coir nir aċt tura, agus ata leaṫ nann ele agam, ar se, Gab he, ar in lobur.

Gainṡaid eolaiċ ar ḃioḋḃuiḃ,
Gainṡad taṁann go bonn.

[1] It was a common practice amongst Irish poets, even in modern times, that whenever two or more of them met they usually tested each other's poetical powers by extempore verse, in the same manner as that described in the text. We have had an abundance of examples of those poetic trials from the story-tellers, which displayed much of our national wit, the replies generally savouring of sarcastic humour. The language of these verses is rather antiquated; they are apparently enigmatical, and rhapsodical, the tendency or real meaning

Shanchan with his professors went on board the ship, and they left the leper on land. They proceeded on their voyage over the sea till they came near the rocks of Mann. They beheld an individual on the rock, and at the very same time they saw the leper in the foremost part of the ship, and he singing the bass *Cronan*.

The person who was on the rock above them asked:—"Who is in the ship?" said he. The leper answered him. "Shanchan with his bardic company." "If that be so," said the man, "I put you under *geasa* (or injunctions) that not one of you shall come on land until you furnish a half stanza in reply to this half stanza."[1] "Recite it," said the leper. Shanchan said:—"It is unfortunate for us to have the leper among us, for he is regardless what destruction may befall us." "Thou canst not land here, O royal professor," said the leper, "until a half stanza be produced in reply to his. Recite your verse, man," said the leper, "since Shanchan has no premium that I would accept from him." The man recited his half stanza as follows:—

"Every mariner of the sea has a crew under his command:"

The leper replied:—

"Snow will fall, lightning will flash,
The voice of mild Caireall will be loud."

"That is the correct half stanza," said the man above, "and there is not in the ship a person who could give it a correct half stanza but thyself; and I have another half stanza," quoth he. "Recite it," says the leper.

"The learned will be severe on opponents;
They will excite their anger and increase their toil."

of which was only to be understood by the two colloquists; and, therefore, the translation in a great measure is merely conjectural. Other versions and solutions of these half stanzas might be ventured, but we fear they would tend to no satisfactory conclusions.

Dixit in lobar.—

Ar bru ċairġi ṁara Ṁayann,
Do rinnir mór ralann runn.

Ar é rin a leaċ nann, ar in fear thuar, agus ata leaċ nann ele agam, ar se. Gab e, ar in lobar.

Ar mu lorcaḋ ar mu ṁearcaḋ;
Ar mu ċearcaḋ ar an tuinn.

Dixit in lobur.—

A bainnliaiġ do ni in ċeard ċoimri.
Ir mor do ċoirri ar an tuinn.

Bainnliaiġ rut bui gabar n-agallaḋ cur ttnara, agus biḋ gaċ ne m-bliaġain na bainnliaiġ, agus in bliaġain aili ag denuṁ ṡaluinn, agus ata teaġduir cloiche aice, agus ata cirḋi aice irin teaġduir rin, agus ataic tri ficit marig ann, agus noinnfiḋ rí rin nibri anoċt, agus do bêara a leaċ daib, agus ire bur lón daib in fead beiṫi a n-Albain, agus ni hurrniri ar cóir ḋaibri a buiḋeaċur do beiṫ, ar in lobur, aċt ormra; agus teit in lobar uaċa iar rin, agus ni ṡeadadur ga conuir do ċuaiḋ. Tiaġaitriuṁ atir iar rin agus do batar in oiġṫi rin farir in m-bainnliaiġ fo gleire fireardul agus firiṫolṁe cu maduin ar na ṁaraċ, agus tuc xxx. marg do Sheanċân, agus atbeart frir.—A rí ro do ḋuar deiġinaċ, a Sheanċâin, ar rí, no gu b-ṡaġair do ḋân ar túr, agus buḋ maya ṡochuit biḋ ḋuit do ċoirc a n-Albain agus gan ên nann dod ḋân ar comur duit.

Tiaġuit na luing iar rin, agus reoluit romra con deaċadar a n-Albain, agus bui fleaġ ullaṁ inċaiṫṁe ag niġ Ollaṁ Albay ar a cinn; Maol Gebic, mac Fir goboc, a ainm, agus do batar in aiġṫi rin aigi fa noġa fireardul

[1] It seems by this that the Lady-Doctors in America, the first of modern times, have had their prototypes in ancient Erin.

The leper replied :—

"On the borders of the rock of the sea of Mann,
Thou hast made much salt there."

"That is the half stanza," said the man above, "and I have another half stanza," said he. "Recite it," says the leper.

"On (or by) my burning, on my mixing,
On my cutting on the wave."

The leper replied :—

"O woman-doctor that followest the profitable trade,
Great is thy weariness on the wave."

"That (said the leper) is a Female-Doctor (or Doctoress)[1] who has been hitherto conversing with you (or carrying on a dialogue with you). Every alternate year she is (a practicing) female-doctor, and the other year a maker of salt. She has a stone dwelling place and has a treasure in that house ; she has three score marks in it, and she will share it with you to-night, and will give you the half of it; that shall be your provision during your stay in Alban ; and it is not her you are to thank," says the leper, "but me." The leper then departed from them, and they could not see in what direction he went. They afterwards landed and remained with the Doctoress during that night, who gave them the choicest entertainment and attendance till the morrow morning. She gave thirty marks to Shanchan, and said to him:— "This is your last largesse, O Shanchan," said she, "till you again recover your poetic faculties; and your sojourn in Alban would be a state of contempt for you whilst you had not the power (of composing) one stanza of your poetry."

They then went on board their ship and sailed on till they reached Alban. The chief professor of Alban had a feast prepared for them on their arrival ; Mael-Gedhic Mac Fir-Goboc was his name, and they remained with him that night; they had the best of entertainment and attendance,

agúr fríċolaiṁ; agur arí rin aiġċí ir caḋuraiġi fuaṗaṫaṗ a n-Albain. Cid tra ṗo ḟiṗṗeat Albain o ḋeiṫciuṗt co tuaiṫciuṗt, agur o aiṗċeaṗ co hiaṗċaṗ, agur baṫaṗ bliaḋain a n-Albain, agur ni ḟuaṗaṫaṗ fir na Táṫa; agur fa coṗṗeaċ le Seaṅċán gan fir na Táṫa d'ḟaġḃail, agur atbeaṗt gun ṁaiṫh leis teaċt d'innraiġe Éireann.

Agur do glanaḋ a long leo, agur tancatar ṗoṁpa an fut in mana gun ġabrat cuan a n-Ath Cliaṫh; agur ṁar ṫáṅgatar a tir ann rin aḋ connacatar Cailliu naoṁ ċuca. Ṁac ṁáċar do Sheaṅċán erein agur tuc teora póg do Sheaṅċán, agur fiafruiġiur ṡcéla ḋe, agur atbeaṗ Seaṅċán nać fuair se fir na Táṫa. Ar cóir rin, ar Cailliu, ór ir móṗ d'ecóir agur d'aindliġeaḋ do ṗoṅair an Ṫhuaiṗe; agur do ġuiġ se Dia gu tucṫara póg do lobur, agur in feadairiri cuiṫ in lobur da tucair póg. Ní ḟeatur, ar Seaṅċán. Daṁra ṫucuir hi, ar Cailliu, agur do b'eiceaṅ duit a taḃairt daṁ. Ma areaḋ, a ḃriaṫair inṁain, ar Seaṅċán, taḃairi caḃair ḋaṁra ċum na Táṫa d'ḟaġḃail. Do ber, ar Cailliu, agur naġat lat co Durlur

[1] *Ath-Cliath*, or Dublin. See Appendix, No. VI.

[2] Durlus. The following interesting account of Durlus Guaire, and of the other places mentioned, has been kindly communicated by my excellent friend Thomas L. Cooke, Esq., the learned antiquary, and author of the History of Parsonstown and other works of great merit. To Mr. Cooke also have I been indebted for much valuable information supplied for my notes, whilst I was engaged with my Edition of the Annals of the Four Masters, and his renewed act of kindness on the present occasion is justly entitled to my warmest thanks.

"I have been familiar with Durlus Guaire and Bóṫar na mar, or, as the people call it, Bóṫar leanailteaċ na mar, 'the road of following the dishes.' It is now seventeen or eighteen years since I wrote some transitory papers on these places, in the vicinity of which I spent many a delightful day. I well remember to have seen in the extensive expanse of lime-stone the supposed tracks of horses, men, and dogs, which composed the cortege led in pursuit by Guaire, when St. Colman miraculously spirited away the king's dinner, dishes and all, for the entertainment of the saint's attendant, who was interred afterwards near the hermitage. His burial place was called leaċt an ḃéireaḃaiġ, the hermit's grave.

and that was the most friendly night's reception they obtained in Alban. They traversed Alba from South to North, and from East to West; and remained there a year, but, notwithstanding, they got no tidings about the *Tain*. Shanchan was troubled at not discovering the history of the *Tain*, and he said that he desired to return to Erin.

Their ship was cleared out by them, and they came along the sea until they entered port at *Ath-Cliath*.[1] When they landed there they beheld St. Caillin coming towards them; he was Shanchan's mother's son, and he gave three kisses to Shanchan, and asked him for news, and Shanchan told him that he got no account about the *Tain*. "That is but right," said Caillin, "for great is the injustice and trespass thou hast committed on Guaire; and he prayed God that thou mightest give a kiss to a leper, and knowest thou the leper to whom thou gavest a kiss?" "I do not know," said Shanchan. "To me thou gavest it," said Caillin," "and you were obliged to give it me." Well, then, my beloved brother, give me assistance to get the *Tain*." "I shall," said Caillin, "and will go with thee to Durlus,[2]

"As to *Durlus-Guaire*—There stands on the south-east point of the bay of Galway, a little village and seaport called Kinvarra. It is in the barony of Kiltarton, county of Galway, and diocese of Kilmacduach, which see was founded by St. Colman (known as Mac Duach from his father Duach). Colman was a near relation, I believe second cousin once removed, to Guaire, who was king of that country, and whose name is yet remembered as the personification of hospitality. Colgan, A. A. S. S., p. 248, gives St. Macduach's pedigree, and states that Guaire's father was named Colman, son of Cobteach, who was cousin-german of Duach, father of St. Colman. About a quarter of a mile from Kinvarra village, towards the east, are the ruins of two castles, separated from each other by a small arm of the sea. One of these castles is of a square form, vaulted internally, indicating an erection anterior to the Tudor era. It was used as a military barrack within living memory. The other building is merely a shapeless ruin, and stands in a small island. This (last) is still called *Dun-Guaire*; and if the antiquary does not admit its foundation, as to the stone and mortar portion, to be as ancient as the time of Guaire, he may, nevertheless, safely allow that it stands on the site of that

ᎠᏗᏗᏝ Ꮧ ᏏᏁᏗᏝ ᏃᏍᏗᏝᏝᏗ, ᎠᏃᏍ ᏏᏍ ᏏᏗᏝᏗᏝ ᏴᏗᏝᏏᏁ ᏝᏍᏗᏝᏏᏍ ᏟᏏᏍᏗᏝᏝ Ꮝ ᏃᏏᏝᏝ ᏗᏝ ᏍᏗᏝ, ᏍᏝ ᏗᏝ ᏗᏃᏃ ᏗᏍᏍ Ꮧ ᏓᏗᏝ ᏟᏗᏝᏍᏝ ᏏᏍ ᏃᏍᏏᏍᏗᏝ ᏗᏝ ᏍᏗᏝ.

king's once hospitable palace. There is at present, in my little collection here, an antique-shaped bottle, covered over with barnicle shells, which was found in a submarine vault or cellar at Dun Guaire. One would be glad to associate this vessel with the generous cheer so liberally given to strangers by the *ould* king Guaire. But alas! I fear this would be dating the manufacture of the bottle too far back. The locality about Dun Guaire is also known by the appellation *Durlus Guaire;* but I suspect this name was originally given to *the area surrounding a well*, situate about a quarter of a mile farther towards the east, and bearing the name Tobar Mhic-Duach. I know three or four wells within a few miles of each other in that quarter bearing the same name. My reason for ascribing the name *Durlus* to the well, rather than to the place where the ruined castle of Dun Guaire stands is, because ᏫúᏁᏝᏍ is water-grass or water-cress, derived from ᏻúᏁ, water, and ᏝᏍ, an herb (vide Thurles in the county Tipperary); and that Dun Guaire being on a very small and high island surrounded by the sea, does not seem to have been a locale suited to the growth of that vegetable, while the plashy circuit around the spring-well, would aptly serve for the propagation of an aquatic herb. But Dun Guaire and this fountain are so near to each other that possibly both were known as Durlus Guaire; and both of them are at the eastern termination of *Bothar-na-mias*, which runs from thence in a south-westerly direction to the cell of Mac Duach, a distance of about five miles, being the length of road mentioned by Keating. The cell of Mac Duach is at the western termination of the Bothar-na-mias, in front of the frowning precipice known as the Eagle's nest, which is situated on the boundary between the parishes of Oghtmamma and Carron or Carne, both in the county Clare. This precipice is also called Kinnallia, a name which I suppose to have been given to it, in consequence of St. Colman's cell or bed being there *excavated in the face of the rock*, viz. from ᏟᏗᏁ, a bed; and ᎠᏗᏝᏝ, a great steep, a precipice, rock or cliff. Here are the ruins of a very old cyclopean-built church, also the cell before-mentioned, a rude cubic pile of stones or altar, and a spring-well called, like others of its brethren waters in this neighbourhood, Mac Duach's well. Hard by is likewise the grave of St. Mac Duach's servant, which seems to have been scooped out of the extensive flat rock-formation, in which are the tracks or impressions which seem to have been the foundation of the Bothar-na-mias legend. The servant's grave is, or some twenty years ago was, called by the peasantry *Laught Divanough*, probably from ᏝᏍᏍᏗ, a grave or funeral pile of stones, and ᏻᏗᏍᏍᏍᏃᏍ, a hermit, or person living alone. This grave had been sacrilegiously opened long before I saw it. Close to it stood another rude altar formed of loose rocks. I must

where Guaire resides; and we shall get Marvan the swineherd to come to us from Glen-a-scail, for it is he who knows how the *Tain* may be obtained."

refer you to the pages of the Foras Feasa for the story from which Keating derives the appellation Bothar-na-mias, 'road of the dishes,' or, as I heard it called by a Roman Catholic clergyman, who was a good Irish scholar, and is long dead, Bothar-*leanaltach*-na-mias, 'the road of *following* the dishes;' and also as to the good and miraculous offices related to have been performed for St. Colman, alias Mac Duach, here by his cock, his mouse, and his fly. Dr. Lanigan, (Eccl. Hist.), charges Keating in regard to these stories with having picked up some '*prodigious fables*' concerning this saint. I strongly suspect that the term bóṫaṁ na mias originally meant the *altar*-lane or road, before the Romancer had turned it into the road of the dishes, for mias signifies an altar as well as a dish. In O'Brien's Dictionary, ad verb. bóṫaṁ, that reverend writer describes Bothar-na-mias as 'a way between Durlus Guaire in the county Galway and Mochua's well, or St. Mac Duach's hermitage in Burren, county Clare.' Dr. Lanigan denies that St. Mac Duach was called Mochua, and corrects others respecting it.

"With regard to another place which you seek the site of, viz. *Eregal* or *Aragal-na-feile*, it seems to me that this was but another name for the Cell or Bed of St. Mac Duach, already mentioned by the name Kinnallia, as situate under the Raven's nest. It must be borne in mind, that it was to this cell St. Colman's prayers miraculously transported the sumptuous dinner of king Guaire from Durlus Guaire, for the gratification of the saint's clerk or attendant. Hence it might be denominated not improperly Aracul or Aragul (c and g being commutable) na-feile—aracul meaning a cell, grotto, or retired dwelling; and féile, which signifies hospitality, being sometimes used to express *the feast* itself. Thus Aragal-na-feile would mean the *Cell of the feast*, which the cell of St. Mac Duach under the Raven's nest, in reality was, supposing the legend of the dishes' asportation to be true. This cell you must bear in mind was at the western end of the Bothar-na-mias. I do not remember the name (if I ever knew it) of the hermit who attended St. Mac Duach here in the woods and fastnesses of Burren.

"*Gleann-an-scail*, or the valley of the shadow. There are various gloomy valleys in that neighbourhood. As the lofty precipice over St. Mac Duach's cell runs from N.N.E. to S.S.W. the afternoon sun casts a very long shadow from it on the valley (Longesque cadunt de montibus umbræ). This might account for that vale being called Glen-a-scail; or, perhaps, some warrior named Scal fell there in days of old. Some remarkable person, I suppose, was interred in the Cairn on the summit of Slieve-Carne, which gives a name to the parish of Carron, and is immediately over the cell of St. Mac Duach."

Tiagait d'aentaeib .i. Cailliu agus Seanchan guna thomdaibh cu nanngatar co Durlus airm i m-bai Guairi, agus tuc seiu poic do Cailliu agus poig ele do Sheanchan, agus no fear fáilte coitchenn frisiu cléir o siu amach; agus no fiarfaig scela do Sheanchan, agus do iuuis Seanchan dó nach fuair fir na Tana o do facaib eisiun. Cuirit iar fir ar ceann Mharibain gu Gleann iu Scail. Taiuic Maribain cuca co Durlus, agus do fiarfaidhfeat de cia do iuuisfeadh doib iu Táin. Atbeirt Maribain nach noibi a m-beathaidh a n-Eirinn, agus nach fuair bár neach do feadhfadh iu Táin d'iuuisi acht aen n-duini nama. Cuich iu t-aen n-duini, ar Seanchan. Fearguis Mac Roidh, ar Maribain; oir is aice bui fir gnimraidh b-fear n-Eireann agus Ulad for Táin, agus ar a dáigin fein tucadh iu Táin. Cinnus do genamne? ar siat. Atbeirt Maribain frisiu fearta agus teachta do chur co naemhuib Eireann, agus a m-brieth leo cu Lugh Fingusa, agus tiorcadh tri la agus tri n-oigche do dénamh frisiu Coimhde um Fhearguis do chur cuca d'iuuisiu Tána Bo Cuailgne doibh. Teit diu Cailliu noimhe, agus tuc leis naemh Eireann co Durlus, agus batar oigchi ann siu ac fleagugadh, agus tiagait ar na mhaiach co Lugh Fingusa, agus do batar oc eatarguige Joru Christ um Fhearguis do chur chuca d'iuuisiu na Tána doib.

Taiuic diu Fearguis chuca, agus do b'ail dó iu Táin d'iuuisiu na fearamh dóib, agus ni chualatar a beag uadh no gur chuirfeat na fuidi he, agus iuuisidh doib iu Táin fon n-iuuur siu; agus ire do scriobh uadh hi .i. Ciaran Cluana; agus ire loc iu no scriobh hi fon seiche na hUidhre. Bai Fearguis oc iuuisiu iu sceoil no gu tainic

[1] Leabar na hUidhre. The original manuscript of this name was written under the superintendence of St. Kiaran, Abbot of Clonmacnoise, as we may infer from the text. The name of the manuscript signifies the "Book of the Brown Cow," from having been written it seems on the vellum manufactured from the hide of some remarkable brown cow. This Book was transcribed into a manuscript compiled in the twelfth century by Maolmuire, a learned

They proceeded with one accord, namely, Caillin and Shanchan with his great bardic company, until they arrived at Durlus, where Guaire was. He gave a kiss to Caillin and another kiss to Shanchan, and he gave a general welcome to the bardic body altogether. He asked news of Shanchan, and Shanchan told him that he had got no account of the *Tain* since he had left him. They then sent an invitation to Marvan at Glen-a-scail. Marvan came to them to Durlus, and they asked him who could relate to them (the story of) the Tain. Marvan told them that there was not living in Erin, nor was there among the dead any who could relate the *Tain* but one person only. "Who is that individual person?" asked Shanchan. "Fergus Mac Roy," replied Marvan, "for it was he had a knowledge of the exploits of the men of Erin and of Uladh (Ulster) in the *Tain*, as it was from his own pupil (Cuchulain) the *Tain* (or Cattle Prey) was carried off. "How are we to act?" said they. Marvan told them to send invitations and messages to the saints of Erin, and to bring them with them to the tomb of Fergus, and to fast three days and three nights to the Godhead (or Holy Trinity), that He may send Fergus to narrate unto them the (story of) *Tain-bo-Cuailgne* (or the Cattle raid of Cooley). Caillin went forth and brought the saints of Erin to Durlus, where they feasted for a night. They went on the morrow to the tomb of Fergus, and they supplicated Jesus Christ to send them Fergus to narrate the *Tain* unto them.

Fergus came to them, and he was about relating the *Tain* to them standing up, but they would hear none of it until they had him seated, and in that position he narrated the *Tain* to them. Kiaran of Cluan (Macnoise) was he who wrote it from him; and the *place* in which he wrote it was on the hide of the *Huidhre*.[1] Fergus was narrating the

scribe of the Abbey of Clonmacnoise. The latter is quoted by the O'Clerys in their Book of Invasions, as one of their authorities for that work. It is

ıṅ ſcel ꝑa ḋeoıġ ḋı, agur tēıt ıſṅ lıġı ċēadna ıarraṁ; agur do ṅıat na naeıṁ atlaıḋı buıḋı do Dhıa ar a ṅ-ıóġı d'ꝑaġḃaıl uaḋa ınoṅ ceıſḋ do chuıṅṅıḋ Seanċán orro tre ċuṁaċtaıḃ noeṁ Eırreann agur tre ċeacaſc Ṁarḃaıṅ.

Jr ıad ro ıomorra na noeıṁ tancadar ann:—Colum cılle mac Feıḋlım; Caıllıṅ naoṁṅa agur Cıarán Cluana; agur ſeıṅ Cıaran Saıġre; Fınden Cluana hJrraınd; Fınden Ṁuıġe Bıle; Seanaċ mac Gaıtıṅ; Breṅaınn Bırra; agur Breṅaınn mac Fıonnloġa; agur tancadar ıomra go Dúnlaſ Guaırre; agur badar aġ ꝑleaḋúġaḋ aġ Guaırre go ceann trı la agur teora ṅ-oıḋċe; agur ann ſıṅ d'ımṫıġ Ṁarḃán go Gleann an Sgaıl, agur do ċuaıḋ na naoıṁ ſıṅ uıle do ċum a ṅ-ıonadaıḃ beanuġa ꝑeıṅ.

Agur do ċuaıḋ Seanċán ſean ꝑıle cona ċlēırr cona ꝑeımıġa agur cona ꝑuırreann aırr cuaırt ollaṁṅaċta go cnıoċuıḃ Ṁúṁan; agur tuġ Seanċán ṁóıde agur ġeallúġa do Ṁhaṅḃán agur do na naoṁaıḃ ꝑeaṁṅáıte ſıṅ uıle naċ ſıṅꝑeaḋ aon don Tıomḋáıṁ aon ṁıan aırr neoċ ır an doṁan ó ſıṅ anaċ go bruınne an bıaıṫ agur an ḃeaċa.

Cona ı ſıṅ Jnṫeaċt na Tıomḋáıṁe go nuıġe ſıṅ.

Agur anoır ır mıan ꝑınn tıonſgnuġa aırr an Táın aṁuıl

also quoted in the Annals of the Four Masters at A.D. 266, and at A.D. 1470, the following entry occurs:—"The castle of Sligo was taken by O'Donnell from Donal, the son of Owen O'Connor, after besieging it for a considerable time, and O'Donnell received his own terms of payment on that occasion and tribute tax from North Connaught It was on this expedition he received the *Leabhar Gearr* (Short Book) and *Leabhar-na-Huidhri*; also the chairs of Donal Oge, which had been carried westward in the time of John, son of Conor, son of Hugh, son of Donal Oge O'Donnell." Doctor O'Donovan states of this manuscript, in a note, that "it was compiled at Clonmacnois in the twelfth century, and transcribed by Maolmuire, the son of Ceileachair, the grandson of Conn-na-mbocht, a distinguished scribe of Clonmacnois. A considerable fragment of this manuscript, in the handwriting of Maolmuire, is still preserved, and is now deposited in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy. It contains two curious memoranda, one in the handwriting of Sighraigh O'Cuirnin, written in 1345, when the book was in the possession of Donnell, son of

story until the story came to its termination, after which he returned to the same tomb. The saints offered up thanksgiving to God for their petition being granted regarding the question that Shanchan proposed to them, through the powers of the saints of Erin and through the instructions of Marvan.

The following were the saints who went thither:—Columbkille the son of Feilim; the holy Caillin (or St. Caillin); Kiaran of Clonmacnoise; Kiaran senior of Saigir; Finnen of Clonard; Finnen of Moville; Seanach son of Gaitin; Brennan of Birr; and Brennan son of Finnlogha. They proceeded to Durlus of Guaire, and they feasted with Guaire for three days and three nights. Then Marvan departed for Glen-a-Sgail, and all those saints went to their own holy (or consecrated) places.

Shanchan the aged poet, with his professors, attendants, and household, proceeded on a professional visitation to the territories of Munster; and Shanchan made a vow and promise to Marvan and to all the fore-mentioned saints, that none of the great bardic Institution should seek for a wish from any person in the world, from thenceforth unto the day of judgment and the termination of life (literally to the womb of Judgment and of life).

So far for the Proceedings of the great bardic Institution.

It is now our purpose to treat of the *Tain*, the undertaking of which originated with a curtain conversation that

Murtogh, son of Donnell, son of Teige, son of Brian, son of Andrew, son of Brian Luighneach, son of Turlogh Mor O'Conor; and the other in a more modern hand, stating that the two books referred to were recovered by O'Donnell, after they had been in the possession of the O'Conors of Sligo during the reigns of ten successive lords of Carbury." The Book of the Brown Cow is considered a very valuable manuscript, and contains, amongst other interesting matters on Irish history and antiquities, a very curious account of the cemeteries and sepulchres of the pagan kings of Ireland, and also a copy of *Tain-bo-Cuailgne*, directly transcribed from the original composition of the sixth or seventh century.

no čaṫla Coṁraḋ Cinn Cionnċoille eidir Oiḟioll mór agus Meaḋb um a d-táinic tofaċ air an Táin.

Finit de rin.

[1] In the Book of Mac Carthy Riagh, or as it is otherwise called the Book of Lismore, the last page of our text is partially obliterated, and we have been therefore obliged to use that of the more modern copy for this portion of the work. We at the same time give the fragmentary version as follows from our original MS., with breaks where the words could not be deciphered; and we have also inserted in brackets some words and phrases which seem to be apparent from the context:—

. . . . . tancatar nompa . . . . . ann in aiġe rin oc fleaḋuġaḋ agus bṁéig Marbaṅ ar na ṁaraċ gu Gleann in fcail . . . . . čuca binnirin na Tana ḋo . . . . nacha muna anad in tromḋam . . . . do beirim fe orra. A dubradar an tromḋaiṁ gu nnafadair. Tainic Marbaṅ . . . . iarum agus no hindreaḋ Tain bo Cuailgne do . . . . tromḋaiṁ aṅ dan agus a . . . . iar rin. IS ann rin nuc Marbaṅ leir . . (in tromḋaiṁ) gu Gleann in fcail agus cuc fleaġ ṁoṅċain doib agus do ch . . : iat co ceand (tri la agus tri noiḋċe) gan earbaiḋ biḋ na biġe na ealaḋun . . . . Marbaṅ a brieṫ fein orra aṁuil . . . do beariam umono ar fiat. Ta . . . naeṁ Ciriean nir rin ar Marbaṅ. Tucfat . . . . rin do. A ri brieṫ beirimri oriaiḃ ar (Marbaṅ) . . . uile do bul na čriċ duchura (fein agus) do beiṫ ann . , . . . da čriċ ḋuchura ar ar luch . . . . . agus ni riaibi in tromḋam . . . . (o ṫoin amaċ) a nCirinn. F. I. N. I. T.

It may be gleaned from the foregoing statement that Marvan came to Durlus, where they related to him the story of Tain-bo-Cuailgne; that he removed the spell or injunction he had imposed on them, by which means they resumed their faculties of composing verses, and were no longer obliged to stay only one night at a place. Then it seems that he invited them all, bards, saints, and nobility, to Glen-a-Scail, where he feasted them during three days and three nights with at least plenty of bread and pork and ale, the produce of one grain of the twenty-seven-eared wheat, and of the hogs that were never farrowed. It also appears that Marvan compelled them to pledge their word, which was to be inviolable through the guarantee of the assembled saints, that they would disperse, and that every one of them would return to his native residence and dwell there; and then we are led to understand that the congregated bardic Institution became dissolved and abolished from that time forth in Erin.

Thus we find how much these two copies of the same work differ, which is

happened between Oilioll More and Meave (King and Queen of Connaught about the commencement of the Christian era).[1]

END OF THIS.

the case with all our MSS., according to the views and notions of the various scribes. The copy in the Book of Mac Carthy Riagh does not end by stating—"It is now our purpose to treat of the *Tain*," &c., nor is there a copy of the *Tain* contained in that MS.

In a large collection of Irish MSS., the property of Charles O'Neill, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, is another copy of the *Tain*, written about forty years ago from a very old MS. The preface or introduction to that copy consists of one page, and is merely a brief summary of the work now printed in this volume. The preface states that the place of (finding) the *Tain* was the Tomb of Fergus Mac Roy, who was buried in Moy Ai (in the county Roscommon). The time was that of Dermot Mac Cerbaill, monarch of Ireland. The person who related the story was Fergus. The account of Shanchan and his bards going to Guaire, as well as Marvan's vengeance on the bardic body for their unwarrantable demands, are briefly sketched; and at the conclusion it states that Shanchan was the person who wrote it in a parchment Book. Here again our authors are at variance. Our MSS., however, seldom differ on points of history, but they frequently do so in words and phrases, which is rather advantageous than otherwise to the Irish scholar, for whenever a passage may become obscure or difficult to him, a second or a third copy of the same work will render it intelligible by a different reading, and thus one version may answer as a gloss or explanation to the other. Often the omission by the scribe of a single letter in a word will render the meaning of a whole sentence doubtful and difficult to be understood. Therefore the greater number of copies the Irish scholar will have access to, the better he will be enabled to understand their contents. These are the principal aids he can have in elucidating antiquated passages, and making himself master of the language of our most ancient Irish manuscripts.

The two best copies, and, we believe, the oldest extant of this curious and very interesting work, the *Tain-bo-Cuailgne*, are those in the Libraries of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, one contained in Leabhar-na Huidhre, a MS. of the twelfth century; and the other in the Book of Leinster, a MS. of about the same age. As this work has been announced for publication by the Ossianic Society, it will be most desirable to collate these two ancient copies with the more modern one procured by the Society, before the translation into English shall be finally determined upon by the translator.

The following curious account of a copy of the *Tain* and Introduction, contained in an ancient manuscript in Scotland, has been extracted from the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, Edinburgh, 1805:—

"Account of the principal manuscripts now in the possession of the Highland Society, by Dr. Donald Smith.

"The oldest manuscript in the possession of the Society appears to be one of the late Major John M'Lachlan's of Kilbride, written on vellum, and marked Vol. A. No. I. This manuscript is supposed to have been written in the eighth century by an entry in the margin, in which is given the name Muirciusa, believed to have been Muredachus, the prior of Iona, recorded by Colgan under the year 777.

"The manuscript, of which it has been thus attempted to determine the age, (by its orthography, &c.) consists of a poem moral and religious, some short historical anecdotes, a critical exposition of the Tain, an Irish tale, which was composed in the time of Diarmad son of Cearval, who reigned over Ireland from the year 544 to 565; and the Tain itself, which claims respect, as exceeding, in point of antiquity, every production of any other vernacular tongue in Europe.

"On the first page of the Vellum, which was originally left blank, there are genealogies of the families of Argyll and Mac Leod, in the Gaelic handwriting of the sixteenth century (in the Irish character, no doubt), before or after the middle of which they were written, as appears from the former ending with Archibald, who succeeded to the earldom of Argyll in 1542, and died in 1588. And it is probable that our manuscript came about this period into the possession of the Mac Lachlans of Kilbride, as a Ferquhard, son of Ferquhard Mac Lachlan, was Bishop of the Isles, and had Iona or I Colum Kille in commendam from 1530 to 1544; from which time, almost nearly to the present, they and the Mac Lachlans of Kilchoan, their relations, have been distinguished for taste and learning.

"The Critical Exposition prefixed to the Tain, gives a brief account of it in the technical terms of the Scots' literature of the remote age in which it was written. 'Ceathardha connagur in cach ealathuin is cuincda don tsairsisi (elabuinni) na Tana. Loc di cedumus lighe Fercusa mhic Roich ait in rou hathnacht four mach Nai. Tempus umorro (aucem) Diarmuta mhic Ceruailt in rigno Ibeirnia. Pearsa umorro Fergusa mhic Roich air is e rou tirchan do na hecsib ar chenu. A tucaid scriuint dia ndeachai Seanchan Toirpda (Tonpert) cona. III. ri ecces (con a ṫni caeca niz ecluṡ) . . . do saighe Guaire rig Condacht!'

"That is—The four things which are requisite to be known in every regular composition are to be noticed in this work of the Tain. The PLACE of its origin is the stone of Fergus son of Roich, where he was buried on the plain of Nai. The TIME of it, besides, is that in which Diarmad son of Cervail'

reigned over Ireland. The AUTHOR, too, is Fergus son of Roich; for he it was that prompted it forthwith to the bards. The CAUSE of writing it was a visit which Shenachan Torbda with three chief bards made to Guaire king of Connacht."

[The foregoing extract constitutes nearly the one-fourth of the Exposition prefixed to the copy of the Tain in the possession of Charles O'Neill, Esq. already alluded to.]

"The subject and character of this *Tain-bho-Cuailgne* is concisely and justly expressed by Roderic O'Flaherty. 'Fergusius Rogius solo pariter ac solio Ultoniæ exterminatus, in Connactiam ad Ollilum et Maudam ibidem regnantes profugit; quibus patrocinantibus, memorabile exarsit bellum septannale inter Connactios et Ultonios multis poeticis figmentis, ut ea ferebat ætas, adornatum. Hujus belli circiter medium, octennio ante caput æræ Christianæ, Mauda regina Connactiæ, Fergusio Rogio ductore, immensam boum prædam conspicuis agentium et insectantium virtutibus memorabilem, e Cualgnio in agro Louthiano reportavit.' [See Hely's Translation, Vol. II., p. 154.]

"It appears from the words, 'Ut ea ferebat ætas,' that O'Flaherty considered the tale of the Tain as a composition of the age to which it relates: so that the Critical Exposition prefixed to this ancient copy must have escaped the diligent and successful search that he made for materials to his Ogygia. And as he was the friend and pupil of the family of Mac Firbis, the most learned and intelligent of the professed Antiquarians of Ireland, there is reason to believe that the Exposition in question, was not only written, but composed in Scotland, and that it was either unknown to the Irish Antiquaries, or overlooked by them.

"Be that as it may, it sets forth that Sheanachan, with the three chief bards (thrice fifty chief bards) and those in their retinue, being called upon for the history of the *Tain-bho*, or cattle spoil of Cuailgne, when they were taking their departure from the Court of Guaire, acknowledged themselves ignorant of it. That they made their grand rounds of Ireland and of Scotland in quest of it, but to no purpose. That Eimin and Muircheartach, two of their number, repaired at length to the grave of Fergus son of Roich, who, being invoked, appeared at the end of three days in awful majesty, and recited the Tain from beginning to end, as it is detailed in the twelve Reimsgeala, or Portions, of which it is made up." [The part of the last sentence relating to Eimin and Muircheartach is quite new to us.]

"The historical anecdotes begin with that which is engraved on Plate II. herewith presented, and relates to Ossian the son of Fingal, whom it represents as showing an inclination in early life, to indulge in solitude his natural propensity to meditation and song. It is to be read as follows:"—

"Fint uao baoiscne a cuinchadh a mhic ethon Oisen Paoi Oisen pliadhin con fess ai himthus puoi cond ollgcus mucmhaich frie athuir Faoncaib Fint

iaromh an didhruph maur pui Oisen aucc finne muicei famb luith ante Fint Tou uerit teacht da Gauus Oisen a airmb imbeart ine nadhcai fou chedoir Is ann aspeart Fint ro badh paod don oclaoch comrucc fris in fear liadh Canuith opladhach iaromh Oisen *dicens* ‖ Con uadh ladh ei a scidh ‖ Con ‖ Con."

"That is—"Fingal, of the family of Baoiscne, meeting his son, to wit Ossian. Ossian was a year without any notice being had concerning him, until a boar-hunter informed his father. Upon which Fingal repaired to the desert, where Ossian was flaying a boar at the time of his getting there. Fingal sent him a messenger. Ossian instantly took his arms, and prepared for an armed resistance. It was then that Fingal said it was hazardous for the lad to engage with the gray-haired hero. Upon which Ossian sung the piece *dicens*." Note—"What follows *dicens* seems to have been the burden of the song which Ossian sung on the above occasion."

The *fac-simile* from the manuscript given in the Plate consists of six lines closely written, is much contracted, and the characters are small and similar in form to those in our ancient and modern Irish manuscripts. The word for Ossian in the original is oſr, with a horizontal stroke over the r, which may be read Oisen or Oisin, but certainly not Ossian. The word for Fingal is Fıoc. The letter c in the end substituted for ɔ (c and ɔ are commutable letters), is frequently written after ŋ for another ŋ, when ŋ requires to be doubled, and the monosyllable therefore may be read *Finn*. As for the second syllable *gal* in Fingal there is no authority for it whatsoever in the *fac-simile* of the manuscript.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE Honorary Secretary of the Ossianic Society having lately discovered a poem in his collection of Irish Manuscripts which relates to the O'Rourkes, he recommends its insertion in the Appendix, as an *addendum* to the note on Brefney at page 9. Mr. O'Daly states that "it has been copied from an Irish manuscript belonging to Mr. Edward Hayes of the Australian Colonization Bank, Melbourne, who kindly lent it for that purpose. The manuscript bore no date, and affords no clue to the writer. We do not remember to have seen another copy of this poem, which it is to be regretted has been rendered obscure in several passages by illiterate scribes, but yet it is better to preserve it with all its imperfections." The poem is an Elegy on the death of Hugh O'Rourke, Lord or Prince of Brefney in the sixteenth century. The author's name is not given, having only been represented by the term Sionnuibe, a word not to be found in our Dictionaries, but which appears to signify an *aerial poet* or fairy, that is to say, an impalpable or unsubstantial rhymer, not easily approachable. It cannot be determined who this Hugh O'Rourke was, but we subjoin the following two extracts from the Annals of the Four Masters, recording the deaths of two chiefs of this family of the same Christian name, who lived at that period, and whose pedigrees correspond with the one given in this poem.

A.D. 1564. "O'Rourke (Hugh Gallda, son of Brian Ballagh, son of Owen), was maliciously and malignantly slain by his own people, at Leitrim, in Muintir-Eoluis (the Lordship of the Mac Rannalls); after which the whole country closed round Brian, the son of Brian O'Rourke; and it was rumoured that it was for him this treacherous misdeed was committed, though he had no (personal) share in perpetrating it. Hugh Boy, the son of Brian, son of Owen O'Rourke, another brother, who was younger than Hugh, but older than Brian, called himself O'Rourke by the influence of O'Neill."

A.D. 1566. "O'Rourke (Hugh Boy, the son of Brian Ballagh) was slain by the Connallians (the O'Donnells and others of Donegal), at Ballintogher (in the barony of Tirerrill, county Sligo), in order that the son of the daughter of Manus O'Donnell, namely, Brian, the son of Brian, son of Owen (O'Rourke), might enjoy the lordship of Brefney."

It was at first intended to give the original poem without translation, but apprehending that there may be some of the Members of our Society not yet sufficiently learned in our noble language, we have deemed it a considerate duty to accompany it with an English version. Accompanying it are a few short notes explanatory of the names of persons and places mentioned therein.

TUIRGEANN AODHA UI RUAIRC.

[Ceirt an ċéad ṡíoṁṁuiḋe annsso síos an túr.]

Créad í an ġṁuaiṁṡí an Chṁuaċuinn Mheaḋba?
Créad é an n-uallġuṫ ad ċuala ag Tailteann?
Créad ṫug ṡṁuad ḟo ḃṁuaċaiḃ Teaṁṁra?
Nó b-ḟuil ṫuaiḋ fós ṁúṁaiḃ Eaṁṁna?

Créad beirt Uirṁeaċ lucairt leannṫaċ?
Ciaṁairt, tuirṁeaċ, ḟuileaċ, ḟannlaġ;
Créad beirt Cuoḋba an ṁíoġḃṁoġ aṁṁra,
Ag ṡíle deóir ġaċ lá co haṁġair?

Do ċím Colt ṡa ṁorġ air n-dearġaḋ
O ċaoi ġan toċt 'ṡa coṁp air ṡearġaḋ;
'S do ċíu Tlaċtḋa blaiṫ-ġeal, beann-ġlas,
Ag ṁilleaḋ a ḃláṫa le ṡaile ṡeandair.

Ar dúṁṡan an ṁíḋ do ċím ṁun amṡo,
Ríoġṗoṁt na ṁíoġ ag diobaḋ an dealba;
Ag ġol, ag caoi, 'ṡag díoċċur naḃṁaḋ,
'S ag tuirre co ríor, co ṡníoṁaċ, ṡaṁla.

[1] *Croaghan*, in the county Roscommon, was the royal residence of Oilioll and Meava, king and queen of Connaught, about the beginning of the Christian era.

[2] *Tailten*, now Teltown in the county Meath, between Kells and Navan, where games and sports were instituted by Lui, a Dedanan chief, in honour of Tailltean, the queen of the last king of the Firbolgs, by whom Lui had been fostered.

[3] *Emania*, near Armagh, where stood the splendid palace of the kings of Uladh till the fourth century of the Christian era. See note on Oirgiall.

AN ELEGY FOR HUGH O'ROURKE.

THE ENQUIRY OF THE FIRST *SIORRUIDE* (CELESTIAL OR AERIAL POET) AS FOLLOWS.

What gloom is this that has come on Croaghan of Meava?[1]
What is the wail that has been heard at Taillten?[2]
What has brought darkness over the heights of Tara?
Or why does it shroud the walls of Emania.[3]

What renders Usnagh[4] faint and woeful,
In sadness, in sorrow, bleeding and helpless,
What makes Knowth[5] the great royal palace
To shed tears each day in deep affliction.

I behold Colt and her eyes are reddened
By continual weeping, and her frame is wasting,
And I behold Tlachtda[6] of white flowers and green hills
Disfiguring his bloom by long continued briny tears.

Woful is the affair I behold at this time,
The royal seat of kings declining in appearance,
They are lamenting, weeping and banishing sportiveness,
And in grief so endless, so distressing.

[4] *Ushnagh*, now Usnagh hill, in the parish of Killare, county Westmeath, where, according to Keating, the first sacred fire was kindled in Ireland by an arch Druid.

[5] *Knowth*, Cnoꝫba, derived from cnoc, a hill, and bua, the wife of a Tuath De Danan chief, who was buried there, and hence Cnoꝫba, or the Hill of Bua. —*Book of Dinseanchus*

[6] *Tlachtda*, now the Hill of Ward near Athboy in the county Meath, on which may be seen the remains of a large ancient fortress. On the last day of October in every year druidic fires were lighted by night at this place to appease the deities.

Ní b-fuil a ṡpéis a d-téadaib meann-ċnoc,
Ag ʒ-ceól co léir is ṡéis ṡeanb-ʒoirt;
Ní hail leó cuairt, cluain, ná cealʒa,
Briaċra ṡuairc, ná duan, ná dainʒa!

Tiʒean duine na luinne, na leanbdaċt,
Spóirt ran ċruinne, ná cluiṫċe, na ceannṡaċt,
Ní naibe riaṁ an ciantra aʒ leanṁuin,
Diortaḋ na ríoʒ co d-tí an t-antro!

Badar o Chéin méinbriar meanamnaċ,
Flaiṫeaṁuil, aobda, maondá, meabraċ;
Ʒeanaṁuil, ʒaoṫṁar, ʒníoṁaċ, ʒneannṁar,
Lúinneaċ, ceóltaċ, ceólṁar, cainteaċ.
Coraċ, cuaċaċ, duanaċ, déanṁʒnaċ,
Lán do ṡpóirt a nóra ṡeannṡeaċt.

AN SIORRUIDE A D-TUAIDH AG FREAGRA DO'N T-SIORRUIDE THEAS.

Ní ḟeadar, monuar, mar buaiḋreaḋ meanmuin,
Nó muy ab iad arís ríʒṫe Banba;
Do ċuaiḋ d'éaʒ, mo léan! a lobra,
Neoċ do bí leó na núaḋ-ċráḋ ṡnaḋma!
Do ṫiocfaḋ arís a b-fírib aṁra,
Da ʒ-cur aʒ ṡníoṁ do bríʒ a n-annṡaċt;
'Sa ʒ-cearṡnaoi do ṁian a d-taire.

They take no delight in the strings of the melodious harp,
Music is entirely unpleasant and distasteful to them ;
They like not visits, compliments, or blandishments,
Facetious sayings, poems, or dancing.

They have no conversations, no mirth, no childrens' plays,
No sports in the world, no games or kindliness ;
This state of things has never happened before,
Till this very time in the mansions of our kings.

They had been from old times noble-minded, magnanimous,
Generous, prudent, efficient, facetious,
Amiable, courteous, deeds-doing, affable,
Jovial, harmonious, musical, conversable, [plished,
Liberal of cups and goblets, they were poetic and accom-
Full of merriment after the fashion of the ancients.

THE NORTHERN *SIORRUIDE* (OR AERIAL POET) IN ANSWER TO THE SOUTHERN *SIORRUIDE*.

[The meaning of the two first stanzas of the following poem is very obscure, owing, perhaps, to the cause assigned by the Honorary Secretary, namely, that the original was tampered with by some over-learned scribe. There is a disconnection of the subject, and probably some lines have been omitted. It is therefore impossible to render it intelligible by either a literal or liberal translation.]

I know not, alas ! unless it be a confusion of mind,
Or otherwise that the kings of Banba (Ireland),
Have perished, my grief! by distempers,
One who was with them is in renewed affliction !
They appear once more in gloomy visions,
They are made to be sad because they were beloved,
And they are taunted on account of their weakness.

Tocht do bêal, ní heól duit labra,
A ṡíorruide a nían ó ġrianbroġ Dealbna,
Is teanc dot heól 'rís mór dot hainbfios ;
Ina g-carcar, nó a g-cuas, nó a n-uaṁaid talṁuin,
Do hoileaḋ ṫu riaṁ no a n-diaṁair carraige?

An tan naċ lêir duit a n-Innre Ailgis,
'Sa m-Brianan ṡúbgaċ, ṡoilbir, ṡeangbrais ;
'Sa Londoin ríoġḋa, na mionṡoirt mairmair,
Do dul d'êag d'êis a g-cealgṫa !

Oir ní hê Gibean an triêinṡean tairṗṫeaċ,
Na Gireaṁôn mórḋa, meanamnaċ,
Na Ollaṁ Fódla cróḋa, calmaċ,
Na Tuaṫal Teaċtmar trias na fairge.

Na Féilim reaċtmar ba ċaṫ-urra a d-teannta,
Na Goċaḋ Feidleaċ êaċtaċ airgṫeaċ ;
Na Rosa ruaḋ uaibreaċ allta,
Na Juġoine mór an leóġan neaṁ-ṫais.

Na Moġa Nuaḋat cuaċaċ cairpteaċ,
Na Goġan loinn, Conn, nó Cairbre ;
Na Mac Airt aoinṡir an ríġ fairġe
Na grioḃ an ċorġair Rosa fáilġeaċ.

[1] *Dealbhna or Delvin.* There were several places of this name, but the principal were Delvin More in Westmeath, and Delvin Mac Coghlan in King's County.

[2] *Ailgeas* and *Branan.* The first of these seems to be a mistake for *Inis Ealga*, one of the ancient names of Ireland, and the second probably was intended for *Breatain*, Britain.

[3] *Heber* and *Heremon*, sons of Milidh, who were the two first kings of Ireland of the Milesian race. *Ollav Fodla*, the great Lawgiver and Monarch of Ireland about seven centuries before the Christian era. *Tuathal Teachtmar*, Tuathal the Acceptable or Welcome, who had been an exile in Alba or Scotland, from whence he returned. He reigned monarch of Ireland thirty years, and was slain A.D. 106, according to the Four Masters.

[4] *Feilim Reachtmar*, or the lawgiver, was son of Tuathal Teachtmar, was monarch of Ireland, and is mentioned in the Annals at A.D. 111 and A.D. 119

Keep silent thy mouth, thou art not qualified to speak,
Thou Western poet of the sunny mansion of Delvin,[1]
Deficient is thy knowledge and great is thy ignorance:
Was it in a prison, a cave, or a den in the earth,
That thou hast ever been reared, or in a dark cleft of a rock?

Since thou knowest not that in the isle of Ailgeas[2]
And in cheerful, happy, prosperous Branan,
And in regal London of marble palaces,
Many died after having been treacherously deceived!

For it is not Eber, the mighty and powerful hero,
Or the magnanimous and high-spirited Eremon,
Or Ollav Fola, the brave, the courageous,
Or Tuathal Teachtmar the lord of the sea.[3]

Or Felim Reachtmar, the battle-chief in the time of danger,
Or Eohy Felagh, the slayer and subduer,
Or Rossa Roe, the proud, the furious,
Or Hugony More, the fearless lion.[4]

Or Mogha Nuadhat of the goblets and chariots,
Or Eogan the powerful, Conn or Carbry,
Or (Cormac) Mac Art Aenfear, the ingenious king,
Or the griffin of havoc Rossa Failge (or Rossa of the Rings.)[5]

Eohy Feileach reigned monarch of Ireland twelve years immediately before the Christian era. *Rossa Ruadh* (or the red-haired) a prince of Leinster, was the father of Oilioll More, king of Connaught. See note 1. *Iugaine* (or rather Ugaine) *More*, monarch of Ireland, was slain A.M. 4606.

[5] *Mogha Nuadhat*, otherwise called Eoghan Mor or Owen the Great, king of Munster in the second century, who compelled the monarch Conn to yield him the sovereignty of the southern half of Ireland, which from thenceforth was denominated Leaṫ Moġa or Mogha's Half, whilst the northern portion was designated Leaṫ Coṁṁ or Conn's Half. This partition of the kingdom was defined by a boundary which ran from Dublin to Galway, consisting of a chain of gravel hills called *Eisgir Riada*, the word Eisgir signifying a line of hills or mountains, and Riada seems to be the name of a person. *Carbry*, monarch of Ireland, who fought the Fians in the battle of Gaura. He was the son of the

Na Muireadaċ dian, Niall na Feargus,
Na Muriċaḋ fiall, na Briain na Boruṁa;
Daiṫí ṡéadaċ na Séan ṡeanḋa,
Na neaċ ba ṫriaṫ air iaṫa Ealga.

No do ġabh ríġe ṫríċe Ceannṁa,
Thuc an uairṙi gruaim 'ṙ gneanta;
Foċuin bróin 'ṙ claoċlú n-dealḃa;
Do ṡeaċt ríoġṗoirt mín muiġe Meaḋḃa.

Aċt Aoḋ O'Ruairc coḋnaċ na Teaṗṫa,
Fiall ṁac Briain, mian na maiġdean,
Mac Aoḋ óig, ṁic Aoḋ ġallḋa,
Beanġán cúṁra do lubġoirt Fearġna.

An ġéag doḃ' aoirde i m-bár na hadhla,
Ba taṁán Aoḋ air an ṡíoḋḃa ṗailme;
Ba airġṫa líonta ḋá ḃ-fineaṁna,
Ir de ṫig bróin, leóin, 'ṙ meanḃal.

Orṁaḋ ir Och! na m-broġ gan deanmad,
An aoinṡear toġṫa ne codla ceaṅcéal;
An aoinṡear toġṫa le ṡroṁaḋ a m-bainnṙi,
An aoinṡear tocmairc dá múrġlaḋ a mallnoirġ.

good king *Cormac*, who was the son of *Art Aenfear*, or Art the Solitary. *Rossa Failge*, king of Leinster, was one of the sons of Caheer More, monarch in the second century. He was the ancestor of the O'Connors of Hy Failge or Offaly, a territory which comprised almost the whole of the King's county, with some adjoining parts of Kildare and Queen's county.

[1] *Muiredach.* Probably the king of Connaught in the seventh century, who was the ancestor of the Siol Muiredaigh, namely the O'Connors and others of Roscommon. *Niall*, evidently of the Hostages, monarch in the fourth century. *Fergus*—probably Fergus Rogy, a prince of Ulster, one of the principal generals of the Connaught forces in the Tain-bo-Cuailgne. *Murcha*—There were several kings and chiefs of this name, but perhaps he was the son of Brian Borumha, monarch of Ireland and the ancestor of the O'Briens. *Dathi* was king of Connaught, and the last pagan monarch of Ireland in the fifth century. He was killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps.

Or Muiredach the vehement, Niall or Fergus,[1]
Or Murcha the generous or Brian of the Tributes,
Dathi of jewels or the manly Sén, [Ealga,
Or any of those princes that ruled over the territories of

Or that assumed the sovereignty of the land of Cearmna,[2]
That has caused just now this gloom and sorrow,
This source of grief, this disfigurement of persons,
In the seven regal seats of the fine plains of Meava.

No; but it is Hugh O'Rourke, the Lord of Teafha,
The generous son of Brian, the admired of the maidens,
Son of Hugh Oge, son of Hugh Gallda,
The splendid scion of the garden of Feargna.[3]

He was similar to the highest branch on the top of the apple-tree,
Hugh might be compared to the trunk of the palm-tree,
(Or) to the primest and fullest fruit of the vine,
He is the cause of our sorrow, woe and misfortune.

He is the source of sighs and moans to the mansions that cannot forget him,
The solely elected to the couch of sleep;
He was solely selected as the first to taste of their banquets,
He was received with soft looks as the chosen man to arrange marriages.

[2] *Cearmna*, the twenty-eighth king of Ireland of the Milesian line, who kept his court at Dun-Cearmna, on the Old Head of Kinsale in the southern extremity of Munster, afterwards called Dun-Mhic Padrig, in the territories of the Courcies.

[3] *Feargna*. A prince of Ulidia of this name is recorded in the Annals at A.D. 551, but what connexion he might have had with the O'Rourke family does not appear. The Lord of Teafha or Teffia must be an error of the scribe, as the O'Rourkes had nothing to do with that territory; it was the Lordship of the Foxes in Westmeath and Longford.

An aoinḟear iul ne ṡtiúrad a ṡeanneaċt,
An aoinḟear ḟiall ne niar a n-eaġnad;
An aoinḟear coġad ne ḟoṡad na ġ-ceannṫar,
An aoinḟear coṡġair ne ḟorraċ a naiṁdead.

An aoinḟear ṡíṫe dá n-díḋean air ann-ṡmaċt,
A ġ-céad ċráḋ mar tá ġan anmuin;
A ġ-cóṡra clair a n-ġráḋ ḟó ṫaiṁuin,
Aoḋ O'Ruairc tríuaḋ na n-aindre.

Aoḋ mac Briain ġríoṁ na nġarḃ ṫréar,
Aoḋ mac tríaṫ na n-ġalġat;
Aoḋ mac Briain ba dían ar arma,
Aoḋ do leóḋaiḋ, do ḃréoiḋ, 'ṡdo ṁarbaḋ!

Ġaċ a d-teaġṁa ḋó a nġleó dá naiṁde,
Níor ċin Aoḋ ar ġníoṁ 'ṡair áirġiḃ;
Aoḋ mar an Aoḋ ro aċt Aoḋ mac Ainmire,
No Aoḋ ġríoḃḋa níoġṁac Ḟearġna.

Ar eaċ líoṁṫa íoġmur aiġeantaċ,
Is é do ġníoṁ co ḟraoċḋa ḟeardá,
A n-deoiġ bíoḋḃa co ṡaoṫraċ, ṡanntaċ,
Dob' é a aiṫġin ḟlaiṫ Dhún Dealġan.

No an tan do ḃáḋ na ċarbad ṡeardá,
No Nairi neartṁar ar d-teaċt ar Alba;
No Conall Cearnaċ láiṁ a narmġail,
Nó Ferdia a n-ġliaḋ nar cailġe.

[1] Aodh or Hugh, the son of Ainmire, was monarch of Ireland from A.D. 568 to A.D. 579. He slew Fergus son of Nellin in revenge of his father; he gained the battle of Bealach-feadha in Cavan, fought A.D. 572; he gained another battle in A.D. 579, and was slain in the battle of Dun-bolg, fought in Leinster A.D. 594. We cannot conveniently learn who Hugh the son of Feargna was; there was a king of Ulidia in the sixth century named Feargna, son of Aengus.

[2] The chief of Dun-Dealgan or Dundalk was Cuchulain, one of the Red

The chief man in knowledge to administer their ancient laws,
The most hospitable man in entertaining the literati,
He was chief warrior in defending the cantreds,
The most victorious man in overwhelming their foes.

The most willing to make peace, to preserve them from oppression,
Their hundred-fold anguish that he has ceased to live;
In a wooden coffin their beloved is laid in the earth,
Hugh O'Rourke, the lamented of the youthful maidens.

Hugh the son of Brian was as a griffin in severe conflicts,
Hugh the son of the chief of champions;
Hugh the son of Brian was a protection to armies,
Hugh that caused havock, sickness and slaughter!

In all the deeds he achieved in conflicts with his foes
There was not a Hugh in exploits and victories,
A Hugh like this Hugh but Hugh the son of Ainmire[1]
Or the warrior Hugh the royal son of Feargna.

Mounted on a sleek high-spirited steed
His deeds were fierce and heroic,
In pursuit of the foe actively and eagerly
He was the regeneration of the chief of Dun-Dealgan.[2]

When he rode in his slaughtering chariot,
Or of Naise the powerful on his return from Alba,
Or of Conall Cearnach the hand of victorious arms,
Or of Ferdia who in combats was not vindictive.[3]

Branch knights of Ulster at the commencement of the Christian era. He was the chief champion of the court of Emania, and leader of the Ulster forces riding in his war chariot in the Tain-bo-Cuailgne war.

[3] Naise was one of the three sons of Usnagh, whose history and death are given in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dublin, 1808. Conall Cearnach, or Conall the Victorious, was a cotemporary of Cuchulain, and also one of the Red Branch knights of Ulster. On his return with a prey from Con-

Nó Conraí faoi na n-doilb ċleaf,
No Oilill Fionn an binn-ḟear bán-ċaf;
No Luġaiḋ lámha dob' aṡba calmaċt,
No Goll na nglac an dáiṁ of dáṁna.

No Conlaoċ caoiṁ na n-blaoiṫe b-fann lag,
Nó 'n flaṫ Orcur tiodaċ tiealmaċ,
Nó Fionn na b-Fian aoinṁian Ailbe,
No Glas na ngeal láiṁ leanán Shaiḋbe.

Fuair Aoḋ an t-faoi gan ainbfior,
Altrom ríoġḋa a ríoḋbroġ fainne;
'S fuair a muirinn a b-fionn-líor Dailbe,
'S ag Aonġus Og ó'n m-Bóin n-anfaiḋ.

naught he was pursued and overtaken by the Conacian forces, who slew him at a ford in Brefney, which was named from him Beal-átha-Conaill, or the pass ford of Conall, now known as Ballyconnell in the barony of Tullaghaw, county Cavan. Ferdia was a Domnonian champion of Connaught, who fought Cuchulain in single combat in the war of the Tain. Ferdia was the stronger and braver of the two warriors, but was treacherously slain by Cuchulain by the aid of his charioteer, who was a more powerful man than Ferdia's attendant, as described in the story of the Tain. The place where they fought was at a ford on a river, and was named from him Ath-Ferdia or the ford of Ferdia, which has been anglicised Atherdee and Ardee, now a town in the barony and county of Louth. Cuchulain lay ill a long time of the wounds inflicted on him by Ferdia in that combat, the description of which is very curious.

[1] Conrai or Curigh, son of Daire, whose history is given by Keating, wherein it is stated that he had the power of transforming himself into another shape by magic. He was treacherously slain by Cuchulain in his own fortress, situate near the summit of Slieve Mis, between Tralee and Dingle, in the county of Kerry, still called Cathair Conrai. This was an ancient fort of Cyclopean masonry whose ruins are yet extant.

A very interesting account of this ancient fortress has been published in No. 30, of the Ulster Journal of Archæology by my valued friend John Windele, of Blair's Castle, Cork. Oilioll Finn was monarch of Ireland some short time before the Christian era. Lughaidh Lamha appears to have been Lughaidh Lagha, who is recorded in the Annals, at A.D. 226, as a warrior. Goll Mac Morna, or the son of Morna, was general of the Fenian forces of Connaught in the third century. He was the bravest champion of all the Fians, and whenever a

Or of Conrai, the master of magic feats, [hair,
Or of Oilioll Finn, the melodious hero with the ringleted
Or of Lughaidh Lamha of wondrous bravery,
Or of Goll of the arms, the chief of chieftains.[1]

Or of Conlaoch the mild, with the fine-haired tresses,
Or of Oscur, the hero of conflicts and military arms,
Or of Finn of the Fians, the only beloved of Ailve,
Or of Glas of the fair hands, the husband of Sabia.[2]

Hugh the chief without lack of knowledge,
Got royal nurture in a delightful fairy palace;[3]
He received his military arms in the fair fortress of Dailve,
And resided with Angus Oge at the stormy (or ruffled)
Boyne.

foreign invading hero challenged the best of the Fians to single combat, Goll was generally selected by Finn to oppose the foe. Some of those combats were carried on during seven days and seven nights, but invariably in the end the superior prowess of Goll would succeed in subduing his opponent, as we are informed by our Fenian legends.

[2] Conlaoch was son of Cuchulain by a Grecian princess named Aifa. See an account of this hero in Keating's Ireland, Haliday's Edition, p. 395, &c., and also in Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry. Although Cuchullin fell in his 27th year, according to the Annalist Tigernach, yet it would seem that his son Conlaoch was old enough to contend with him in arms—at least by a poetical license. Oscur was the son of Oisin, who fell in the battle of Gaura. (See vol. I. of our Transactions). Finn was Generalissimo or King of the Fenian forces; and Ailbhe or Ailve, his wife, was the daughter of Cormac, monarch of Ireland. See vol. III., Transactions, p. 300, &c. Glas was the husband of Saḃḃ or Sabia, the daughter of Cóġan Oꝛ. See a curious and interesting piece entitled Tóṁuiġeaċt Sḣaṅḃe ṁġíoṅ Cóġaiṅ Oiꝛ, p. 2. Fa ꝛí an Saḃḃ ꝛíṅ baḃ bean do Ġḣlaꝛ ṁac Aoṅ Cheanba bearṁaḃ.

[3] The last word in the second line (ꝛaiṅḃe) may be the name of a place or person. *Sanbh* was a King of Connaught who is mentioned in the Annals at A.D. 56, and by poetic license the Gen. might be made Sainbhe. In all our Indexes we do not find the name Dailbhe, which evidently was that of some ancient fort in which the fairies had an invisible palace. Aongus Oge, or the

A g-cnoc m-Buiḋḃ, nó a g-cruinn Ciorr Chaṗmaṅ,
Ag Aiḋḋaṗ na g-cloḋ 'ṡna m-bṗat n-dealḃ-ġlaṅ;
A g-cirte na niorta ṡleaṁṅain-ġeal
'S ag Manaṅáṅ caoin a n-Eaṁuin aḃlaḋ.

Do ṗuair aṗíṡ a liomḋa an alganḃ,
A mearg na ṡuaġ ba ṡuaṫna labṗa,
Eaḋon, Tuil Sigiṗ co milir ḃlaṡ cainte,[1]
No Cato buiḋ ṗá cuṁṗa cainnge.

No Ambṗóṡ na ṡeaṗmóin ainglíḋ
Do ṡnáḋṁ ṗó ṫṗí míṅ-ṡṗuṫ Seaġṗa;
Suaṡ 'ṡ ríor, tṗiḋ 'ṡ táṗṗna,
Táṗla ḋá ḃṗíġ ṡin d'Aoḋ an tainimṗi.

Neoċ do lil de ṗile agur ṗeallṡaṁ,
Fa ḃ-ṗuair maṗ onóiṗ conóin labṗail;
A'ṡ tṗé na ḃáṡ ata gan aṁṗaṡ,
Fó ċṗíċ Fail gáṗṫa 'ṡ gneannṫan!

Ba gan bleaċt 'ṡgan eaṫ an ċoilte,
Gaċ máġ gan ṗaṫ, gan áṗ, gan aṗḃaṗ;
Eaṡḃaḋ cṗuaċ ṗá ḃṗuaċa Beaṗḃa,
Gan ṗéaṗ an ṗiaṡg, gan iaṡg an aiḃnib.

youthful, was another name for Manannan Mac Lir after his decease. He was a merchant, and one of the first navigators of the west of Europe, according to Cormac's Glossary. "He was a famed Carthaginian merchant, who made the Isle of Mann his great depot: his real name is obscured in the glare of *enchanted* and *fabulous story* diffused around it, and he is called by the tale writers of old Manannan, mac Lir, Siḋe na ccṗuaċ, 'the man of Mann, the son of the Sea, the Genius of the Headlands.'" See Transactions of the Gaelic Society. His death was but a change of existence to the realms of faery. He was ever a great friend to the Fians, whom he often aided in their difficulties. He had several places of abode all over Ireland. Another name of his was Oirbsean, and from this Loċ Oiṁbṗin or Lough Corrib in the county Galway derived its appellation.

With the (chief of) Knockavoe, or at the round fort of Carman,
With Midir of cloths and well-shaped garments,
In the Treasury of the mansions of white smooth stones,
And with Mananan the mild at the delightful Emania.[1]

Again he received his polish in the noble arts
Amongst the learned men of the most erudite speech,
Namely, Tuil Sigir,[2] of sweet-toned language,
Or Cato, who spoke in accordance with rules,

Or Ambrose of the angelic sermons.
He swam thrice the smooth waters (or river) of Seaghsa,[3]
Up and down, through it and across it.
On that account Hugh acquired this (famous) name.

He acquired the titles of poet and philosopher,
By which he gained the honour of a crown of laurel;
It is on account of his death, without a doubt,
That the land of Fail (Ireland) is wailing and lamenting.

The kine give no milk, the woods yield no fruit,
The fields are unproductive, untilled, without corn;
There is a lack of stacks along the (river) Barrow,
There is no grass in meads nor fish in the rivers.

[1] *Knock-Buidhbh*, a celebrated fairy hill near Strabane, which obtained its name from Budhbh the Red, a chief of the Danans. *Carman* is the ancient name of Wexford. *Midhir* or Midir, one of the four sons of the Dagda, a chief of the De Danans. The great Druidical remains at Beal-atha-Midhir, near Cork, are named from him.

[2] Tuil Sigir, quære, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

[3] *Seaghais*, which makes Seaghsa in the Gen., was the name of the Curlew mountains on the borders of Roscommon and Sligo. At the east end of it lies Lough Kay, into and out of which flow several rivers, among others An búil, or the Boyle River.

Gan ċuirim, gan ċeól, gan lón, gan leanna,
Gan ċuirinn, gan ól, gan ḟeóil na fallṁair,
Gan ċuirneaḋ d'ḟóghaḋ uim ṫeaċt na Saṁna,
An ceaṫra ḋul d'ḟaghaḋ tríṫ ṁéaḋ a n-anfhaċt.

Sgneadhgal na n-ḟean 'r éiṁhe fanntair,
Dealb na b-fuaṫ ag buaidhneaḋ bannthraċt,
Fuaim 'r ríonhgal gaoiṫe gairbhe,
Ag meargha na d-tonn 'rna longh fá'n b-fairrge.

Séidhe rheaċta no reaca ran raṁna,
Aibhle teine na g-criṫéiḋ 'rna rflanna,
Ag tiaċt air mire 'rair buile ne tairrnigh,
An ghrian ċrutaċ gan ruiṫne gan deallra.

'San t-éargha dneaċ-ghéal ní faicfear na carbat,
Ar mhéadúghaḋ bróin d'ḟirr na Banba;
Faicfin doghra na m-boghar m-balbhra,
Cuirrid dóibh a g-cloḋ na meanman.

Gaċ bearr, gaċ gníoṁ, 'rgaċ mian n-anna,
Dhá raibhe Aoḋ co ríor ag leanṁuin;
Ba dá ṁianuibh ruighe or leabhraibh,
Ag goid rianra ar dlaoi-ċeart meamanuim.

Ba dá ṁianaibh faoiḋ reanma,
An ceól gaoiḋlaċ, 'ra rír na gall-ṗoirt;
Ba ṁian d'O'Ruairc duanta reanċair,
Bheiṫ dá luaḋ ne ruaḋ gan reanbhar.

[1] *Samhain*, Genitive *Samhna*, a Druidical festival which took place on the eve of November or Hallowe'en, when a fire was regularly kindled called the fire of peace (ran ṁ ṫeine). The fires which are kindled in many parts of Scotland on Hallowe'en, are the remains of this ancient superstition. See Armstrong's Gælic Dictionary.

There are no feasts, no music, no provisions, no ales,
No goblets, no drinking, no meat, no fat beef,
No general invitations on the coming (festival) of Samhain.[1]
The cattle are dying through the intenseness of grief.

The screeching of birds and the subdued cries,
The appearance of spectres which alarm the females,
The moaning and roaring of the stormy winds,
Which toss the waves and the ships at sea.

The falling of snow and freezing in summer,
Flashes of lightning, forked and sheeted;
Shoot wildly and madly with thunder,
The sun is deformed and yields no heat or light.

And the bright-faced moon is not seen in her chariot,
Which increases the grief of the people of Banba (Ireland);
Sorrowful contemplations are those deaf and dumb sights,
On the minds they are imprinted.

Every noble undertaking, act and resolution,
Hugh pursued with even perseverance;
It was amongst his pleasures to ponder over books,
Abstracting agreeable knowledge from obstruse manuscripts.

Among his delights were melodious songs,
Irish music, and then lively foreign tunes;
The O'Rourke took delight in historic poems,
To be recited by a sweet-toned bard.[2]

[1] Saoi means a person eminent or distinguished in any line, as ꞃaoi cꞇaḃaiḋ na n-Ꝑaoiḋeal, the most pious of the Irish; ꞃaoi ḟeanċaḃa agur ḟíṅ ḋana, a man learned in history and pure poetry; ꞃaoi ċṁṁḟeaḃṅa, an experienced (or distinguished) general (i.e., head or khan of an army); ꞃaoi le ḥealaḋaiṁ ḥi ꞃeanċur, ⁊ n-ḋan agur ḥi leiġioṅṅ, a man eminent in the arts of history, poetry and literature. *Saoi*, in its more archaic form of *Saige*, has been found

Ba dá ṁiaṅaiḃ fíoṅ ṅa Fṅaiṅṅce,
'S é dá ol ar cuaċa airgid;
Iṅa ḃṅoġ ċaoṁ air lí an ṁaṅṁoiṅ.

Ba dá ṁian daoiṅe daiḋḃṅe,
Do ċuir ṅe buaḃ ṡuar a ṡaiḋḃṅear;
Ba dá ḃéarṡaiḃ eide tarṅṅoċt,
'S maoiṅ do dáil air ṁṅáiḃ 'ṡ air leaṅḃaiḃ.

Cetera desunt.

in an ancient Ogham inscription discovered in the crypt of a Rath at *Rath a teotane* or Burnfort, near Mourne Abbey in the vicinity of Mallow in the county of Cork. For the interpretation of this inscription, as rendered by the late Rev. Mathew Horgan, the venerable P.P. of Blarney, the Editor does not, of course, hold himself in any way responsible, and offers no opinion upon it. The subject will be found, by those interested in such subjects, fully discussed in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society for 1851, in papers contributed by the Rev. Dr. Charles Graves of Dublin, and John

Amongst his delights was the wine of France,
Which he drank out of goblets of silver,
In his handsome palace which seemed as of marble.

It was his delight to bestow on the poor
Cattle, to enable them to become wealthy;
It was among his customs to clothe the indigent,
And to distribute goods amongst women and children.

Cetera desunt.

Windele of Cork. The conclusion derivable from it particularly exhibits the necessity of caution in dealing with inscriptions like these, whose antique, if not obsolete, dialect is rendered still more difficult by the probable practice of abbreviation, and the use of initial letters for syllabic purposes. If we might accept Mr. Horgan's reading, the word *Saige*, equivalent to *Saoi*, is cognate with the Latin *sagax*, the Scandinavian *saga*, and the English *sage*, and is found in the compound term *sag-art*, a priest.

No. II.

EO ROSA OR YEW TREE OF ROSS.

Eo-Rosa, or the yew tree of Rossa, is described in O'Flaherty's Ogygia, Vol. II., pp. 207, 208, as follows:—

"On the birth day of Conn of the hundred battles (in the second century) many phenomena happened. Lugad O'Clery, in his civil dispute with Teige Mac Daire, quoting the authority of Arne Fingin, has exhibited these wonders in the following lines:—

"Do Chonn ní mírbe a ṁaoibeaṁ,
A ċomaoin ain ċríoċ nGaoibeal;
Cúig ṗríoṁṁóid go port Teaṁra,
Do ṗríoṫ oiḋċe a ġeineaṁna.

'S an oiḋċe ċéadna no clos,
Léim Boinne 'na ṗraiġéibe 'n t-ionṁar;
Is Léim Chomain na tri Sroċ,
Is da loċ uṁ loċ Neaċaċ.

Craob Daiṫin, is Craob Muġna,
Is Craob Uisniġ cnuas cuṁna;
Bile Tortain, Eo Rosa,
Ṗríoṫ san oiḋċe ċeadna so."

"To Conn's great fame for ever let me tell
His obligations on green Erin's clime;
Five spacious roads to Temor's royal seat
Were first discovered on his famed birth-night.

On the same night, as old tradition tells,
Burst forth the Boyne, that copious sacred flood,
As did the bason of the three great streams (Suir, Nore and Barrow,)
And two lakes more, beside Lough-Neagh so famed.

And Dathin's branch, and Mughna's sacred bough,
And Uisneach's tree of copious rich produce,
The trunk of Tortan, and the Yew of Ross,
Were on this night first known to rise in air."

"These trees flourished in the highest bloom among the other trees of Ireland, and their fall is described after this manner by writers in the social reign of the sons of Aidh Slaine, in the year of Christ 665. Eo Rossa was the yew tree, and fell to the east of Drumbar. Craobh-Dathin, the ash, giving its name to a country in Westmeath, and by its fall towards the south of Carn-ochtair-bile, killed the poet Dathin (query, Druid or priest of the tree). Eo-

Mugna, the oak, fell on the plain Moy-Ailbe (near old Leighlin, Co. Carlow), to the south, towards Cairthe-crainn-beodha. Bile-Tortan, the ash, fell to the north-west, towards Cill-Iachtair-thire; and Craobh-Uisnigh, an ash tree in Westmeath, fell to the north towards Granard in Carbry, in the county of Longford."

We may infer from the passage in the text that the yew and the holly were probably the only two trees of the evergreen class that were known in Ireland at the time of writing this work. And we are informed by Dallan's poem, given hereafter, that the shield of Hugh, king of Oirgiall, was made of the wood of *Eo-Rosa*, or the yew tree of Ross, which is here alluded to, and that it was Eohy the Druid that made the shield. It appears then that the Eo Rosa was a sacred tree at which the Druids performed their religious ceremonies, and this opinion is in a great measure strengthened by another passage in Dallan's poem, viz., that "Tolgne was the Druidic priest of *Crann Greine*," or the Tree dedicated to Grian, who seems to have been a princess of some celebrity, as several places in Ireland are said to have derived their names from her; for instance, Lough Greine in the parish of Feakle, county Clare, so celebrated by Bṗıan Mac Meanmna, or Bryan Merryman's poem of Cúṗt an ṁeoḋan oıḋċe, is believed to have received its name from the circumstance of this lady having been drowned in that lake according to the Book of Leacan. Now the question arises whether this lady Grian, who might have been a sun-worshipper, got her name from Grian, the sun, or that the great luminary itself, which is known by no other name in Irish to the present day, derived its appellation of Grian from this princess. There are many places and districts in Ireland named *Grians* and *Grianans*, and have been so called undoubtedly from being sunny places, or places favoured by the sun.

We also glean from Dallan's poem that the shield of Hugh was elastic, that it bore a high polish reflecting a glare of light, that the wood was durable, that the tree from which it was made bore berries, and that the wood in its polished state was of various colours, which, as well as being a religious tree, along with other peculiarities closely correspond with the following description of the yew in our own times:—"The yew tree becomes round-headed when it has attained its utmost growth, and incipient decay in its topmost branches marks the period when it has passed maturity, a condition it frequently does not arrive at before several centuries have been numbered. Numerous nearly horizontal branches spring from within a very short distance of the ground; these annually elongate, and at length cover with their umbrageous spray a large space of ground. The trunk and larger branches are covered with a thin bark of a rich reddish brown colour. The flowers are solitary, some pale brown, and others green. The fruit when ripe consists of a scarlet berry, very sweet to the taste. The yew is indigenous to the British isles, growing naturally in various parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and particularly affecting rocky and mountainous wooded districts, advancing to as high a range as

twelve hundred feet. It is seldom found growing in large masses together, but usually solitary or intermingled with other trees. The yew is long in attaining maturity, and many centuries frequently elapse before it shows any symptoms of decay, a fact we learn from the records of celebrated trees now extinct, as well from others still in existence, and whose history can be traced for upwards of one thousand years."

"In medieval times the yew tree furnished that formidable weapon the long bow, so destructive in the powerful and skilful grasp of the English archer. The yew has been frequently found growing in churchyards, where many of our most venerable and celebrated specimens are still to be seen. It is one of the most beautiful evergreens we possess, combining beauty of appearance with other valuable properties, such as a temperament hardy enough to brave our most inclement seasons, and extraordinary longevity. The yew and the oak tree are the longest in attaining maturity. As to the frequent occurrence of the yew tree in churchyards, the following opinion, from among many, is given as the most probable origin of the custom, viz., that there is little or no doubt but that the yew trees existed in places of Druidical worship previous to the erection of Christian churches upon the same sites; and that churches were more frequently built in yew groves or near old yew trees, than that yew trees were planted in the churchyards after the churches were built. Mr. Bowman also observes,—'It seems most natural and simple to believe that, being indisputably indigenous, and being, from its perennial verdure, its longevity, and the durability of its wood, at once an emblem and a specimen of immortality, its branches would be employed by our pagan ancestors, on their first arrival here, as the best substitute for the cypress, to deck the graves of the dead and for other sacred purposes. As it is the policy of innovators in religion to avoid unnecessary interference with matters not essential, these, with many other customs of heathen origin, would be retained and engrafted on Christianity on its first introduction."

"The wood of the yew possess qualities of first-rate excellence, being not only hard, compact, of a fine and close grain, and elastic, but susceptible of a very high polish, and almost incorruptible. The colour of the matured wood is peculiarly rich, varying from shades of the finest orange red to the deepest brown, and near the root and at the ramification of the branches it is marbled and veined in a way surpassed by few of the finest foreign cabinet woods; the sap wood, also, which is white and of a firm and hard texture, may be worked up with the other kind, and thus add to the numerous shades of colour it exhibits. It is one of the most valuable among European trees for cabinet purposes, such as small tables, work-boxes, &c.. It has an extraordinary power of resisting decay and corruption, particularly in a manufactured and polished state." Dallan's description is very similar to that given in this paragraph.

There are various opinions regarding the Irish yew tree, which some say is

a different species from the English and Scotch yew; that unlike the English, whose branches shoot out horizontally, those of the Irish grow up straight, and that the tree is in the form of a cone. It is also said that the Irish species was supposed to have been extinct, but was discovered some years ago, by the Earl of Enniskillen, growing in its natural state on the banks of Lough Erne. It has been transplanted and propagated by his Lordship, and from that circumstance it is now known as the Florence Court yew.

Besides the four trees which are said to have grown up on the birth-night of the monarch Conn in the second century, and the other tree called *Fidh Sidheang*, or the Holly, mentioned in the text, we are informed by our chronicles that there existed in ancient times many remarkable trees in various parts of Ireland, and that from several of them places and districts got their appellations. As for instance *Magh-Bile*, or the plain of the tree, the Irish name of Moville in the county of Down, and also of Moville in the county of Donegal. *Magh-Eo* or *Magh n-Eo*, i.e., the plain of the yew tree or yew trees, now Mayo in Connaught. *Bile-Magh-Adhair*, or the tree of the plain of Adhair, a Firbolg chief, was a remarkable tree in the parish of Clooney, county Clare, at which the Dalcassian princes, namely, the O'Briens, were inaugurated kings of Thomond. *Craebh-Tulcha*, the Tree of the Mound, was a wide-spreading tree at Creeve, near Glenavy, in the barony of Massareene, county of Antrim, under which the kings of Ulidia were inaugurated. *Iubhar-chinn-tragha*, or the yew tree at the head of the strand, extant in the time of St. Patrick, is the Irish name of Newry, and Newry is the anglicised version of *Iubhar*, the yew tree.

Cormac Mac Cullenan, Archbishop of Cashel and King of Munster in the tenth century, derives the word ꞃuḃaꞃ, *yew*, in his Glossary, from eo, perpetual (green) and baꞃꞃ, *top*, i.e., evergreen top or head. It may be observed that the yew tree is at present more generally known in Ireland by the name of *palm* than it is by its real name, in consequence of being used as a substitute for that tree on *Palm Sunday*. In Wales that day is called *Flowering Sunday*, because the friends of the departed strew the graves of the deceased, in the various burial places, with the choicest flowers and evergreens of the season throughout the whole of the principality.

The Holly is an ornamental tree and has a beautiful appearance in the forest. When Gobaun Saer's son asked his father what was the best wood in the forest, the father replied in these words:—

"Ꞇꞇ cuꞃleaꞇꞇ caoiꞇ ꞇeaḃaꞃ ꞇꞇa coꞃlle,"
The close-grained Holly the choice of the wood.

We are all acquainted with the decorating of houses with branches of the Holly at Christmas, which had its origin after this manner:—

The holly was dedicated to Saturn, and the celebration of the festival of that god being held in December, the Romans decorated their houses with its branches: and the early Christians, to avoid persecution, continued the practice of adorning their houses with holly when they held their own festival of Christmas; and hence its use in modern times.

No. III.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

Eohy O'Floinn, one of the chief Bards of Erin in the tenth century, states in his poem of fifty stanzas on the creation of the world, and the names and ages of the patriarchs, that:—

> Two sons had Lamech, who were heroes of power,
> Their names were Jubal and Tubal-cain;
> Jubal invented the musical harp,
> And Tubal-cain was the first smith.

See the original account in Genesis, chapter IV.

The story about the origin of the harp among the Greeks and Romans is to the following effect:—

At one time that Mercury returned home from his ramblings, he found the shell of a tortoise at the mouth of his cave; he took it up, and tied seven strings of gut over the mouth of the shell, and played on it with his fingers. It appears that Mercury was born a thief, and having stolen some cattle one day from Apollo, that deity pursued and detected him; whereupon Mercury, as a cunning rogue, began to play on his *Testudo*, and Apollo was so charmed with his music, that he forgave the robber. The god coveted this shell, and, in exchange, he gave Mercury the *Caduceus*; and Apollo being the god of Music, it is said that the Testudo was the origin of the lute, harp, guitar, and all other stringed musical instruments.

Now Marvan's story is every whit as good as that about Mercury, and of the two somewhat more plausible; but it is to be regretted that he forgot to tell us more accurately who Macuel son of Miduel was, and whereabouts his sea of Camas lay, for of the latter we can only give a conjecture, and suppose it to be some part of the Mediterranean, the Euxine, or the sea of Azoff.

It seems that the harp was brought into Ireland at a very remote period. We are informed by the Books of Leacan and Ballymote, that the names of the three harpers of the Tuath-De-Danans were Ceôl, Binn, agus Teibhinn, that is, Music, Melody, and Harmony of chords. This colony was in possession of Erin when the Milesians landed in this country from Spain, and we are informed that they also brought a harper with them from that country.

Under the year A.M. 3648 Keating gives us an amusing story about a harper who lived in Erin at that period. "Craftiny, (he states) the harper, an eminent musician, proceeded to Gaul at that time with an ode composed by a princess, who had fallen in love with Laura Lyngshy, who was then residing in that country (in exile). Craftiny, upon his arrival in Gaul, and coming into the presence of Laura Lyngshy, plays an enchanting air upon his harp, which he accompanies with the ode," &c.

"It is also related of the same Laura (who afterwards became monarch of Ireland), that his ears resembled those of a horse, wherefore every person who cut his hair, was instantly put to death, that none might know of this defect. It was customary with the king to have himself shaved annually, from the ears downwards. Lots were cast to determine who should perform this service, because each person so employed was put to death. The lot, however, once fell upon the only son of an aged widow, that lived near the royal residence; who, upon hearing it, repaired to the king, and besought him not to put her only son to death, inasmuch as that she had no other issue. The prince promised the youth should not be put to death, provided that he would keep secret what he was about to see, and never disclose it to any one till the hour of his death. After the youth had shaved the king, the secret so operated upon him, that he became very sick, and no medicine had effect upon him. In this state he remained a considerable time, until a learned Druid came to visit him, who told his mother that a secret was the cause of his distemper, and that, until he disclosed it to something, he would not recover health. He desired him, as he was under obligation not to discover it to any person, to go unto the meeting of four roads, and turn unto the right, and to salute the first tree he should meet, and to divulge his secret to it. The first tree he met was a large willow, to which he made his discovery, and immediately the sickness that so much oppressed him vanished, and he was perfectly well upon his return to his mother's house. It happened shortly after, that Craftiny broke his harp, and went to look for materials for another, and by chance made choice of the very willow, to which the widow's son had divulged his secret, and from it made a harp, which, when made and strung, and played upon by Craftiny, was conceived, by every person who heard it, to say—

'Dha ċluaiṡ ċapaill an Labra Loingseaċ,'
Two ears of a horse hath Lavra Loingseach.

and, as often as played upon, produced the same sounds."

This is another version of the classic legend of Midas.

Keating adds that he conceives this to be rather a romantic tale, than genuine history. But it tells us this much, that the belief was, when the story was first told, that the harp was well known in this country so far back as the time of Lavra Lyngshy. It also records the remarkable fact that the ancient harp makers considered the willow to be the best wood for making a harp from; and it is curious enough, as a confirmation of this opinion, that the harp in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, generally but erroneously called Brian Boru's Harp, which is now the oldest instrument of that kind in Ireland and probably in Europe, is made of the wood of the willow or sallow, as stated by Bunting in his Dissertation on the Harp.

The harp and harpers are mentioned in many of our MSS., and are referred

to at various periods of our history. The following extracts from Colgan are curious and amusing:—

"Ipse Rex Mumeniæ Ængussius cytharistas habuit optimos, qui dulciter coram eo acta heroum in carmine citharizantes canebant: qui aliquando ambulantes in plebe, quæ dicitur Muscrya Thire, quæ est in regione Mumeniæ, occisi sunt ab inimicis suis, et corpora eorum abscondita sunt in quodam stagno in deserto: (quia pax firma erat in Mumenia in regno Ængussii,) et suspensa sunt cytharæ erorum in quadam arbore super ripam stagni. Et Rex Ængussius contristatus est, nesciens quid illis accidit: Et sciens S. Kieranum plenum spiritu prophetiæ, venit ad eum, ut sciret quid suis Cytharistis accidit. Factus enim Christianus noluit interrogare Magos sive Aruspices. Et ait S. Kieranus Regi; Cytharistæ tui, Domine Rex, occisi sunt occulte et occultata sunt corpora eorum in stagno, et cytharæ eorum suspenduntur in arbore imminente stagno Vir autem sanctus Kieranus rogatus á Rege venit cum eo ad stagnum et jejunavit ibi illo die; expletoque jejunio, aqua in stagno arefacto non apparuit, et videntes corpora in profundo sicci laci, pervenit S. Kieranus ad ea, coram Rege et omnibus, rogans scilicet in virtute Patris et Filii et Spiritus sancti, quasi de gravi somno illico suscitavit eos: et illi scilicet numero septem erant, et per totum mensem occisi mersi erant sub aqua, et resurgentes statim cytharas suas acceperunt, et cecinerunt dulcia carmina turbis coram Rege et Episcopo, ita ut præ suavitate musicæ multi ibi dormirent homines, et cum cæteris ipsi gloriam dederunt. Stagnum autem in quo submersi sunt, vacuum est ab illo die usque hodie sine aqua, sed tamen adhuc nomen stagni vocatur *Loch na Cruitireadh*, quod latine sonat stagnum Cytharedorum."—Life of St. Kieran in Colgan's A. SS., p. 460.

"He, Ængus, king of Munster, had most excellent harpers, who, while they played on their harps in his presence, sang sweetly the deeds of heroes in their lays. They, whilst travelling some time ago in a country called Muscrya Thire,* which is in the territory of Munster, were killed by their enemies, and their bodies were hidden in a lake in a desert (because there was perfect peace in Munster in the kingdom of Ængus); and their harps were hung on a certain tree over the bank of the lake. And king Ængus was grieved, not knowing what happened them: and understanding that St. Kieran (Abbot of Clonmacnois, died A.D. 548) was full of the spirit of prophecy, he came to him that he might learn what befell his harpers. For having been made a Christian he was unwilling to consult the Magicians and Diviners (Druids). And St. Kieran said to the king; thy harpers, My Lord King, have been secretly murdered, and their bodies are concealed in a lake, and their harps are suspended on a

[* *Muscraighe Thire* was the ancient name of the country now comprised in the two baronies of Ormond in the county Tipperary, and is said to have received that appellation from Cairbre Musc, son of the king of Meath, a famous Bard, on whom it was conferred by Flacha Mullleathan, king of Munster in the third century, as a reward for his poems.]

tree overhanging the lake. Saint Kieran, however, being requested by the king, came with him to the lake, fasted there that day, and at the conclusion of the fasting no water appeared in the dried up lake, and seeing the bodies at the bottom of the dried lake, St. Kieran came to them, in the presence of the king and all, and fervently praying by the power of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, he caused them to awake as it were from that profound sleep: they were, indeed, seven in number, and for the space of a whole month had lain killed and submerged under the water; and rising up instantly they took their harps and played charming tunes to the crowds in the presence of the King and Bishop, so that by the exceeding sweetness of the music many of the people there were lulled to sleep, and they along with the others glorified. The lake, however, in which they were submerged has been without water in it since that day till the present time, notwithstanding which the place has still been called *Loch na Cruitireadh*, which in Latin means the Lake of the Harpers."

St. Brigid (Abbess of Kildare in the sixth century) proceeded to Magh Cliach (in Campo Cliach) to liberate a man there in chains, "et intravit domum regis et non invenit Regem in domo sua; sed amici ejus erant in ea, id est vir qui nutrivit Regem in domo sua, et filii. Et vidit Brigida Citharas in domo; et dixit; citharizate nobis citharis vestris. Responderunt amici Regis; non sunt nunc citharistæ in domo hac, sed exierunt in viam. Tunc alius vir, qui erat cum comitibus S. Brigidæ joculoso verbo amicis dixit; vosmetipsi citharizate nobis; et benedicat S. Brigida manus vestras, ut positis complere, quod illa præcipit vobis, et obedite ejus voci. Dixeruntque amici Regis; faciamus, benedicat nos S. Brigida. Tunc arripuerunt citharas, et modulantur rudes cytharistæ. Tunc venit Rex ad domum suam; et audivit vocem carminis, et dixit; quis facit hoc carmen. Respondit ei unus; nutritius tuus et nutrix tua cum filiis suis jubente illis Brigida. Intravit Rex in domum suam et postulavit benedici a Brigida. Dixitque ei Brigida; tu vicissim dimitte mihi virum vinctum. Tunc Rex gratis donavit ei vinctum. Amici vero Regis fuerunt cytharistæ usque ad diem mortis suæ, et semen eorum per multa tempora Regibus venerabiles fuerunt." Tertia Vita S. Brigidæ. Trias Thaumaturga, Cap. 76, p. 536-7. The same incident is again given with little variation in the Fourth Life, Cap. 50, p. 557.

"St. Brigid proceeded to Magh Cliach (in the county Limerick) to liberate a man there in chains, and she went into the king's house, and did not find the king in his house, but his friends were in it, namely, the man who nourished the king (Steward) and some youths. And Brigid saw harps in the house, and she said:—'Play for us on your harps.' The king's friends replied that the harpers were not in the house; that they had gone out into the highway. Then another man, who was of the company of St. Brigid, said in a jocular manner to the (king's) friends:—'Play yourselves on the harps for us, and St. Brigid will so bless your hands that you will be able to perform;

whatever she shall order you to do obey her words.' And the king's friends said, 'we shall do so; let St. Brigid bless us.' Then they seized the harps, and the untaught harpers played. The king having returned to his house heard the voice of song, and he said, 'who makes this music?' A person answered him, 'your steward and your nurse as well as her youths, in accordance with the instructions of Brigid' The king having entered his house he entreated a blessing from Brigid. 'Do thou, in return, release unto me the man in chains' (said Brigid). Then the king gave the captive to her freely. The king's friends continued to be harpers till the day of their deaths; and their descendants for many ages were loyal to their kings."

The harp is mentioned in the poems ascribed to St. Columba; and Dallan Forgaill alludes to the harp in his poem on the death of that saint, which is quoted in the Annals of the Four Masters, as may be seen in the note on St. Columba in this volume. In the same Annals, at A.D. 1369, is recorded that "John Mac Egan, and Gilbert O'Barden, the two most famous harpers of Conmaicne (now the county Leitrim) died." In Dr. Petrie's account of Tara, in the description of *Teach Miodhchuarta*, a seat is assigned to the *Cruitiridh* or harpers in the great Hall; and who has not heard of—

> "The harp that once through Tara's halls,
> The soul of music shed."

It is believed that the harp was used as the Royal Arms of Ireland from a very early period, and that on the expiration of the monarchy it still continued as the national arms. Oisin, in one of his poems, gives a description of the standards of the Fians, which were sixteen in number, and the various devices which they bore. Among those were the mountain ash in full bloom; the evergreen yew tree was the device on Dermod's colours; a piper with his bagpipes on the colours of Goll the son of Morna; there were on the others, shields, spears, hounds, the deer, the furze shrub, &c. The harp, however, is not given, which shows it had been the device on the royal standard, and the poem is descriptive of the march of the Fenian forces against those of the monarch. This poem is contained in a manuscript of the fourteenth century. The Irish harp is used as the national arms on the Map of Ireland appended to the State Papers, vol. II., and executed in the year 1567. The harp also appeared on the coins of Henry VIII. more than thirty years previous to that time.

Giraldus Cambrensis, or Gerald Barry, a Welshman, who came to Ireland towards the close of the twelfth century, gives the following testimony on the Irish harp:—

It is in musical instruments alone that the industry of this nation has attained a laudable degree of refinement, surpassing immeasurably the skill of all other nations. Bold and rapid, yet sweet and agreeable, the notes of the Irish harp are quite unlike the slow and drawling melody of the British

instruments, to which we are accustomed. It is amazing how correct musical time can be observed in so bold and hurried sweeping of the fingers; and how, amid all those quavers and the mazy multitude of chords, the master-hand combines this sweet rapidity, this uneven smoothness, this discordant concord, into a flowing strain of harmonious melody, whether the chords sounding in unison be the diatesseron or the diapente, &c." Dr. Kelly, in his translation of Cambrensis Eversus, vol. I., p. 309, has added these remarks:—"This testimony is of some value, as Giraldus studied some years at Paris, and visited Rome three times, having taken his route once at least through the Low Countries and Germany. 'Scotland and Wales,' says Cambrensis, 'endeavoured to perfect themselves in the musical schools of Ireland; and some were beginning to think that Scotland had already surpassed her master.'"

Stanihurst mentions the presence of the Harp at festivals. "Inter cenandum adest citharista, occulis sæpe captus, musicis minime erudituo, qui chordarum pulsu (sunt autem ex ferreis aut æneis filis, non ex nervis ut alibi fit, contextæ) animos accumbentium relaxat. Non plectro aliquo, sed aduncis unguibus sonum elicit." De rebus in Hibernia gestis, Antwerp, 1584.

"A Harper attends at the feasts (of the Irish); he is often blind, and by no means skilled in music, who, by sounding the chords, (which, however, are made of steel or brass, and not of gut as elsewhere used) soothes the minds of the reclining company. It is by (his) crooked nails he sounds the chords, and not by any other plectrum."

The remainder of the article in Stanihurst about the Irish harpers is in his usual abusive style of every thing Irish, and we shall not, therefore, trouble the reader with it. But notwithstanding the unskilfulness in music which he ascribes to the blind harpers, it is a curious fact that those who assembled from various parts of Ireland at Belfast in the year 1792, all played the same airs similarly, without the slightest variation, just as if every one of them had learned to play the tunes from a printed edition of the entire music. They, however, had various names for many of the airs, according to the different songs composed to them, yet the music remained unaltered, being, as it were, daguerotyped on their minds.

Fuller, in his History of the Holy War, Book v. c. 23, says:—"Yea we may well think, that all the concert of Christendom in this war could have made no music if the Irish Harp had been wanting." It is stated in Hanmer's Chronicle, p. 197, that about A.D. 1098, Griffith ap Conan, Prince of Wales, who had resided a long time in Ireland, brought over with him to Wales "divers cunning musicians, who devised in manner all the instrumental music upon the Harp and Crowth that is there used, and made laws of minstrelsy to retain the musicians in due order." So, as Bunting states, "the Welsh, as is well known, had their musical canon regulated by Irish Harpers, about A.D. 1100."

Galilei, an Italian, writing about the middle of the sixteenth century, says

of the Irish Harp. "This most ancient instrument was brought to us from Ireland, as Dante (born A.D. 1265,) says, where they are excellently made and in great numbers, the inhabitants of that island having practised on it for many and many ages. The harps which this people use are considerably larger than ours, and have generally the strings of brass, and a few of steel for the highest notes, as in the *Clavichord*. I had, a few months since, by the civility of an Irish gentleman, an opportunity of seeing one of their harps, and, after having minutely examined the arrangement of its strings, I found it was the same which, with double the number, was introduced into Italy a few years ago." "The Italian harp (says Bunting) had 58 strings, being double the number of those of the Irish harp. Thirty is the number of holes for strings in the sound board of the so called Brian Boru's harp in Trinity College; and all the harps of the last century were strung with thirty strings, having a compass from C. to D. in alt, comprising the tunes included between the highest pitch of the female voice and the lowest of the male, being the natural limits within which to construct the scale of an instrument intended to accompany vocal performances."

"In the year 1792 (says Bunting) a number of gentlemen in Belfast issued an invitation to all the harpers of Ireland to assemble in that town to compete for prizes. Ten harpers attended on the occasion, among whom were Arthur O'Neill, Charles Fanning, and Denis Hempson. Hempson, who realised the antique picture drawn by Cambrensis and Galilei, for he played with long crooked nails, and, in his performance, *the tinkling of the small wires under the deep notes of the bass* was peculiarly thrilling, took the attention of the Editor with a degree which he never can forget. He was the only one who played the very old—the aboriginal—music of the country; and this he did in a style of such finished excellence as persuaded the Editor that the praises of the old Irish harp in Cambrensis, Fuller, and others, instead of being, as the detractors of the country are fond of asserting, ill-considered and indiscriminate, were in reality no more than a just tribute to that admirable instrument and its then professors."

THE TIOMPAN. Bunting gives an account of this instrument at p. 56 of his Dissertation as follows:—"The Bishop of St. David's states that the Irish took delight in two instruments, the harp and tympanum; while the Scotch used three, the harp, tympanum, and bagpipe. As to the tympanum, which has generally been supposed to be a drum, Dr. O'Connor (in his Cat. of Stowe MSS., vol. I., p. 147) adduces an Irish poem, 'certainly composed before the destruction of the Irish monarchy by the invasion of the Danes,' in which the harper is directed to mind his *Cruit* or harp, and the minstrel the strings of his *Tiompan*, or his Tiompan of strings: whence it seems evident, as the learned writer shows, that this instrument was a species of lute or gittern; for, in a passage of Suetonius, descriptive of a Gaul playing on it, it is further characterized as being round, and played on with the fingers; and it appears also

from Ovid, to have been covered with skin,—in a word, an instrument in all respects resembling a South Sea islander's guitar. It is not probable, however, that so trifling an instrument could have had much influence on the music of a people possessing the harp."

This musical instrument is also mentioned in the story of the sons of Usnach. Ro eiṅġe an aer ċuil, ollamḟoḋ, acar eladna, do ḟeiṅm a ccruitcoḋa ceolbṅne caeiṅċéḋaċa, acar a ttiompana taiṫneamaċa taiḋuirne. "Then arose their professors of music, and harmony, and poetry, to sound their melodious harps of sweet strings, and their bright, splendid tympans."—*Theophilus O'Flanagan*

As already stated, a family name originated with this profession. They have been designated by the tribe name Clann ṁic an Tiompanaiġ, or the Clan of the Timpanist. They are very numerous, and many of them highly respectable. We were intimately acquainted with Seaġan Dan Mac a Tiompanaiġ, who was well versed in the history of Ireland, and was one of the best Irish scholars of the province of Connaught. On one occasion that he visited Dublin he heard a musical instrument played in the street, when he exclaimed to his companion, who had travelled Ireland all over in search of Irish music, —ṡin é an Tiompan, *there is the Timpan;* its figure and music were familiar to both of them. This instrument is in the shape of a thick violin, played at one end by the fingers of the left hand, and at the thick end a rotatory handle is turned by the right. It is called the *Rote*, but is more generally known by the euphonious appellation of Hurdy Gurdy. Its music is rather noisy; and this fact would go to prove Marvan's statement, "that no saint ever performed on it." It was the instrument for playing jigs and lively tunes, and went out of use on the introduction of the violin. The *Cruit* or *Clarsach*, however, still continued to be the favorite instrument. Ladies, ecclesiastics, the nobility and gentry, played on it; and it has been stated that no gentleman, even so late as two hundred years ago, was considered to be sufficiently accomplished unless he could perform on the harp, which always had its place in every gentleman's house. We are informed that the small sized harp, such as that called Brian Boru's, was played by ladies and ecclesiastics. This they held on the knees, and with its music the latter accompanied their voices in their psalmody. Harps of the small size are represented on the knees of ecclesiastics on stone crosses of the eighth and ninth centuries. The large size was that used by the Bards and Minstrels; and such it appears were all those performed on by the harpers who assembled in Belfast in the year 1792. We have seen some of the harps that were made in the Belfast Harp Institution; we often heard Renney, Mac Loughlin, and Mac Monegal perform on their harps. These received their instruction in that Institution from Arthur O'Neill, and James Mac Monegal taught us to play several tunes on that "illustrious instrument."

Several eminent performers on the harp flourished in the last century, many of whom were composers of music. The melodies of Torlogh O'Carrolan are

well known and appreciated; but we have it from the best authorities that he largely copied from his predecessor Thomas O'Connellan, and that many of the airs which are ascribed to the former were actually composed by O'Connellan. Thomas O'Connellan was born at Cloonymahon in the county of Sligo, and died about the year 1700. It is said traditionally that he composed upwards of five hundred airs, but few of them are now known to the public. To the most of those melodies he composed songs, for he was also a good poet. He was the author of the following airs:—"The Jointure;" "Little Celia Connellan;" "Love in Secret;" Ta ba 'nam Dajbjr ann ra ḃ·aṫ ro, or "Planxty Davis," which is known in Scotland as "the battle of Killicranky;" "the breach of Aughrim," also known in that country as "Farewell to Lochaber;" "If to a foreign clime I go;" "Gentle mild maiden;" and that beautiful air, that spirit of Irish melody—Réalta na maidne, or "The Morning Star," otherwise called the "Dawning of the Day," and published in Bunting's Music.

If we are to judge by the following poem, O'Connellan's performance on the harp must have been of a superior order, and equal to the description given by Cambrensis of the Minstrels in his time. The original Irish poem, which is given in Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, was composed by a cotemporaneous bard, but the author's name has not been ascertained. The following is an English version of it which appears in the Dublin Penny Journal.

ODE TO THE MINSTREL BARD O'CONNELLAN.

Wherever harp-note ringeth
  Ierne's isle around,
Thy hand its sweetness flingeth,
  Surpassing mortal sound.
Thy spirit-music speaketh
  Above the minstrel throng,
And thy rival vainly seeketh
  The secret of thy song!

In the castle, in the shieling,
  In foreign kingly hall,
Thou art master of each feeling,
  And honoured first of all!
Thy wild and wizard finger
  Sweepeth chords unknown to art,
And melodies that linger
  In the memory of the heart!

Though fairy music slumbers
  By forest-glade, and hill,
In thy unearthly numbers
  Men say 'tis living still!

All its compass of wild sweetness
  Thy master hand obeys,
As its airy fitful fleetness
  O'er harp and heartstring plays!

By thee the thrill of anguish
  Is softly lulled to rest;
By thee the hopes that languish
  Rekindled in the breast.
Thy spirit chaseth sorrow
  Like morning mists away,
And gaily robes to-morrow
  In the gladness of thy lay!

The following legend on porcine cultus, by Mr. Hackett, was intended to form part of his Note on the *White Boar*, given at pp. 62–67, but the sheet containing that article was put to press before this came to hand.

"A chief named Gowan, sallying out from Glentees Castle, met his sister Finngal, who told him her gloomy forebodings respecting him: he informs her that he had learnt that a monstrous black pig having ravaged the counties of Limerick, Leitrim and Sligo, his wise men had announced that those counties through which the Pig had passed would be subsequently subjected to horrible cruelties, misery and massacres. The monster having entered Donegal was now ravaging the land from Ballyshannon to Glentees, and he was determined to save his country by slaying the Pig. The sister, now more alarmed than before, urged him to return home, but he resists, follows the Pig through the whole range of mountains from Glentees to Lough Muc, south of Lough Finn. Fingal follows the cry of the hounds till she reached Glen-Finn; on her right was Lough Finn. There she heard her brother's voice across the lake encouraging his dogs far away in the hills; turning her steed and crossing the lake she heard her brother's cries of distress, but, from the reverberations of the sounds, imagined that they proceeded from the spot she had left; she then determined to recross the lake, but on approaching the shore her horse stumbled, she fell on the rock and perished; her body was buried on the side of the lake, where a mound called Fingal's grave marks the spot. A stone called Fingal's stone indicates the place in which she died, and from her the lake is called Lough Finn.

"Gowan overtook the Pig at Lough Muc, stabbed the monster with his dirk, but was himself gored to death by the Pig, who rushing into the lake (the dirk in his side) was drowned. Over the grave of Gowan a heap of stones was

raised called Gowan's stones. All the townlands where each hound was killed bears its name.

"Here is one of our *Torc* legends. That some remarkable event actually did occur, which gave rise to this and all such legends, there cannot be the least doubt. What the event was, or when it came off, are left to conjecture, but it may be reasonably presumed that it had its origin in a heathen religious conflict. No minor incident could have stamped itself on what would appear to have been very ancient topography. No natural hound, however swift of foot, keen of scent, and clear of vision, could have been commemorated in the names of places, retained probably 3,000 years or more. I think the so called hounds were Pagan Priests. If Bryant or Davies had seen the legend they would have so pronounced it. Gowan and his sister Fingal were probably an eminent Priest and Priestess. It is singular how this name *Finn* enters into so many of these *Torc* as well as Dracontine legends. Fionn was asked in the *Agallamh* why he did not destroy the *Piast* at Glendaloch as he did all the other *Adharachts* of Ireland. We may remember also, that in the Imokilly legends it was from Bally-Finn he first set out on his expedition against the Boars of Imokilly, the time he slew the *Torc* who flourished at Glen Torcin (Toṙc Ḟiṅṅ), now Glenturkin, near which the grave is shown where Fionn buried the Boar at Fin-ure. It was after that he crossed Cork harbour and landed at Cuaneenrobert; he then sojourned at Rathfean, and thus far he had fought single handed, but at Faha-lay (Ḟaċa or Ḟoiċeaḋ na laoġ) all his warriors joined him. There is a Glen-a-muck-dee near Ringabella at Gurtagrenane. The ṅiġ beaṅ a ḃruiċ ḋṅiġ, the Queen with the red robe, flourishes in the story of Fahalay, but our information is defective respecting her.

"Tacitus tells us that the Æstii (Prussians) worshipped the mother of the Gods (Friga), and the symbol of the superstition is the figure of the Boar, 'insigne superstitionis formas aprorum gestant.'—De Mor. German., 45.

"Ængus Olmucadha, Eneas of the large swine, flourished as king of Ireland from A.M. 3773 to A.M. 3790, according to the Annals of the Four Masters. This would be a curious title for a sovereign if it had not a more exalted signification than that which immediately meets the eye."

No. IV.

NAAS.

Naṙ na ṅiġ, Naas of the kings, and Naṙ Laiġean, Naas of Leinster, are the terms by which this place is usually designated in our Irish writings. The word Naṙ, we are informed, signifies an assembly, a gathering of the people, a fair, and also games, or ceremonies annually performed in commemoration of the dead. There are three different derivations given for this name in the Book of *Dinseanchus*, or History of noted places in Ireland, which was

originally composed or written by Amergin Mac Amalgaidh, chief bard to Dermod Mac Ceirbeoil, monarch of Ireland in the sixth century. Copies of this Work are contained in the Books of Leacan and Ballymote, and in other ancient Irish manuscripts. It is a melange of prose and poetry; the history or derivation of the name of each place is first given in prose, which is followed by a poem of Amergin's, or of some other bard as an authority. It has been much enlarged by subsequent writers, and undergone such editorial transformations, that the poems of Amergin cannot be now distinguished from those of other poets unless otherwise known to Irish Scholars. The first derivation of *Nas* given in the Dinseanchus is, that Eochaidh Garbh (or *Eohee*, which means a horseman, and *Garv*, rough, i.e. the rough rider or horseman), the son of the king of Erin of the Firbolg race, collected the people of Ireland to clear a plain from wood; that a *Nas*, fair or assemblage, might be held there in honor of his wife Tailtean. The second derivation has it, that a man named Nas committed an assault on the servant of Tailtean, whom she ordered to be put to death. Her husband, however, dissuaded her, by saying that his living would be more profitable to them than his death by putting him to hard labor. "Be it so," said the queen, "and let him construct a *Rath* for me," which he accordingly did, and his name was given to the Rath, i.e. the Rath or Fort of Nas. The third derivation is that Nas, a daughter of Rory, king of Britain, was wife of Lughaidh, son of the Scal Balbh (ꝏ ꞃcꞇ bꞇb, Leacan), a Tuath De Danan chief. On her decease Nas was buried here; and her husband Lughaidh brought the people of Erin to this place to raise the *keena* or lamentations, on the first of August every year, in commemoration of her death. These ceremonies were called ꝏꞇꞇꞇ lo3ꞇ, the fairs of Luee, and hence *Lughnasa*, the name of the month of August to the present time. From the foregoing account we may at least infer that in the sixth century the name of Naas (with its *Rath* or fort) was considered to have been of great antiquity. We are informed by the Annals that Cearbhal, son of Muirigen, who was killed in A.D. 904, was the last king of Leinster who had his residence at Naas. The more ancient kings had their royal residence at *Dinrigh*, the fortress or mound of the kings, near Leighlin Bridge, in the county of Carlow. Slainge Mac Deala, one of the Firbolg kings, died there, and hence, it is said, it was called *Dumha Slainge*, or the assemblies in commemoration of Slainge. In after times the kings of Leinster had residences at Ferns and Old Ross, in the county of Wexford, and at Ballymoon in Carlow.

Seward in his Topographia Hibernica, published in the year 1795, gives a short account of this place from which the following is extracted:—

"Naas, a bar. in co. Kildare, prov. Leinster, having in it a borough and post-town of same name, sit. on a branch of the river Liffey, about 15 miles S.W. of Dublin. It sends two members to parliament, patron, the Earl of Mayo. Naas was a place of some note, as appears by several ruins yet remaining; near the town is a Danish (?) Mount or Rath."

No. V.

THE DUN OF THE KING OF LEINSTER.

Dun and *Dunadh*, according to O'Reilly's Dictionary, mean a fortified house or hill, a fortress, fastness, a city, a camp or dwelling. *Dun* also signifies to shut, close, or secure, and hence the term *Dunadh*, an inclosed place or a fortress.

"It is most worthy of remark," says Armstrong in his Gælic Dictionary, "that in all languages *Dun* (with, in some instances, the change or addition of a vowel, consonant, or syllable), signifies *height*, either literally, as in the Celtic, or figuratively, as may be seen from the following words:—Heb. and Chald. dan, *a chief magistrate.* Heb. din, *a height;* and adon, *a lord.* Arab. tun, *a height;* and doun, don, *high, noble.* Old Pers. doen, *a hill;* dun, *powerful;* and dan, *a chief magistrate.* Copt. ton, *mountain.* Syr. doino, *a man of authority.* Tonq. dung, *high;* and dinh, *a summit;* and dun, *the highest part of a building;* and din, *a palace.* Old Indian, duan, *a king.* Malay, duen, *lord;* and dini, *high.* Luzon, thin, *a mountain.* Gr. δίν, *a heap.* Phrygian, din, *summit.* Jap. ton, *highest in degree;* and tono, *a king.* Turk. dun, *high.* It. duna, *downs, pasturage on a hill.* Span. don, *lord.* It. donna, *a lady.* Bisc. dun, *an eminence.* also, *an elevated person.* Old Sax. dun, *a hill.* Low Sax. dun, *hill.* Fr. dunes, *heaps of sand on the shore.* Corn. and Arm. dun and tun. Germ. dun, *a city.* Eng. town. Wel. dun, *a mountain.*

"According to Bede *dun* means a height in the ancient British; and, according to Clitophon, it had the same meaning in the old Gaulish. They (the Gauls) call an elevated place *dun.* Hence comes the termination *dunum* in the names of many towns in Old Gaul; as, Ebrodunum, *Ambrun;* Vindunum, *Mans;* Noviodunum, *Noyan;* Augustodunum, *Autun;* Andomadunum, *Langres;* Melodunum, *Melun;* Caesarodunum, *Tours;* Lugdunum, *Lyons,* according to Plutarch, *Raven-hill;* Carrodunum, *Cracow;* all situated on rising grounds; hence, also, the British terminations of towns, *don* and *ton.*"

The Irish *Duns* were circular forts or fortresses. It appears the earliest were built of large undressed blocks of stone without cement, and were erected by the Firbolgs, Danans and Milesians, such as *Aileach*, supposed to have been built by the Danans or Fomorians in the county Donegal; *Dunseverick* built by the Milesians on the coast of Antrim; *Dun-Aengus* on the great island of Aran, built by Aengus, son of Umoir, a Firbolg chief about the beginning of the Christian era. Several of those forts or fortresses are mentioned in a poem composed by Cinnfaela the Learned, who died A.D. 678, as having been built by the Milesians after their landing in this country. This poem is published in Connellan's Dissertation on Irish Grammar. In later times many of these fortresses were constructed of earth or gravel, and sometimes faced with stone. They are variously called by the terms, Dun, Cathair, Cumhdach,

Caisioll, Lios, Rath, &c., and we hope that no person is so ignorant of Irish history as to name them all indiscriminately *Danish forts*. Within these circular enclosures strengthened by fosses and ramparts, were the mansion and dwellings of the chief and his people; built of stone or wood, but more probably of the latter material, and therefore these *Duns* may be considered to have been on a small scale walled towns in early ages.

Doctor O'Brien, in the Preface to his Irish Dictionary, p. xi. states—"that the name of the very Capital of Britain, as it was used in the time of the Romans, who added the termination *(um)* to it, was mere *Guidhelian* or *Irish*, in which language *Long* is still the only word in common use to signify a *ship*; as *din* or *dion* is, and always has been used to imply a place of safety or a strong town, being very nearly of the same signification with *Dun*, with this only difference, that in the Iberno-Celtic language *Dun* signifies a fortified place that is constantly shut up or barricaded, and *Din* or *Dion* literally means *a place of Safety*, a covered or walled town; so that *Long-din* or *Long-dion*, which the Romans changed into *Londinum*, literally signifies a *town of Ships*, or a place of safety for *Ships*."

We remember, that when transcribing the great Book of Ballymote, to have seen this name in some part of that work written Longdúin, the fort of ships, i.e. London.

No. VI.

ATH-CLIATH.

"The Irish name of Dublin is *Baile-atha-cliath Duibhlinne*, i.e. 'the town of the ford of hurdles on the Black-pool' It is stated in the *Irish Triads* (a work of great antiquity) that one of the three principal roads or great thoroughfares of Ireland was *Bealach-atha-cliath*, i.e. 'the great road of the ford of hurdles;' which shows that at a later period the word *Baile*, a town, was substituted for *Bealach*, a highway. It is sometimes called simply *Ath-cliath*, which Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, (one of the western islands of Scotland, where Columbkille retired after leaving Ireland) always latinizes *Vadum Cliad*, and the early English writers omit *Ath-cliath*, and write Devlin or Divlyn, which is the name of that part of the river Liffey whereon it stands, and signifies *black pool*; or, as it has been latinized by the author of the life of St. Kevin, '*nigra Therma*.' The River Liffey, according to the Book of Ballymote, derived its name from the circumstance of a battle having been fought near it by the Milesians against the Tuatha De Danans and Fomorians; and the horse of the Milesian monarch Heremon, which was named Gabhar Liffe, signifying the steed Liffe, having been killed there, the river was called Liffe or Liffey. In another account it is stated that it got its name from Life, the daughter of Iuchna of the Firbolg

or Belgic race, who was drowned in it. In Irish it was called Ambain Life, signifying the river Liffey, which was anglicised Avon Liffey, and changed in modern times, by a blunder, to Anna Liffey. The ground on which Dublin was first founded was known by the name of *Drom-coll-coille*, which in English means '*Mount-hazel-wood*.' In an Irish MS. 'Book of Derivations of remarkable places' in Ireland, is the following account of the origin of the name of *Ath-cliath*. This tract is said to have been originally compiled by a person of the name of Amergin, whose father, Amalgee, is recorded in the Book of Armagh, to have lived in the time of St. Patrick. There are several ancient copies of this compilation still extant; and the very obsolete language in which they are written—and which very few of the present day can decipher—is sufficient evidence to prove that the original was composed at a very early period:—

"'*Ath-Cliath*, why so called?—Not difficult to account for it (or, It is as follows). In the reign of Conor Mac Nessa, king of Ulster, (about the time of the Incarnation), there lived a celebrated Bard and historian, named *Athairne*, who then resided at Howth. His possessions extended to a considerable distance along the north banks of the Liffey, and were stocked with sheep; and his Lagenian herdsmen, finding there was a better pasturage on the south side of the river, constructed hurdles of small twigs, by which they formed a bridge over the river (at the ford) for the purpose of conveying the sheep across. At the same time a warrior, by name *Mesgera*, who was then acknowledged chief king of Leinster, resided at the south side of the Liffey. Being informed of Ahirne's encroachment on his dominion, he ordered the hurdles to be removed. He likewise sent a message to Ahirne, signifying that he should in future keep his sheep on his own side of the river, or else abide the consequences. Ahirne (as the chief bard of Ireland) was highly incensed at this insulting message, and immediately sent to his patron, king Conor, for assistance, to be revenged of *Mesgera*. Conor, upon receiving the intelligence, despatched a band of his men, commanded by one of his champions, whose name was *Mesdedad*, son of *Amaryin*. On their arrival at the Liffey they attempted to replace the hurdles, whereupon the Leinster champion, at the head of his forces, stood forth and said, that he would try the chance of victory by single combat. The challenge was accepted by *Mesdedad*, who, however, was slain by his antagonist; and hence the '*Ford of Hurdles*' derived its name.'"—*Connellan's Annals of Dublin.*

THE POEMS OF OSSIAN BY MACPHERSON.

INTRODUCTION.

It is now nearly a century since James Macpherson gave to the world his splendid fiction of the Poems of Ossian, so admired for its many beauties, so denounced for its false pretences, so unjust to Ireland, and so flattering to the vanity of his Scottish countrymen. Never did the work of any writer create a more intense sensation in the world of literature, on its first appearance, or evoke so long and so embittered a controversy as to its authenticity. Ireland, once indignant at the attempted denial of her claims to her great historical and traditional heroes, endeared to her for so many centuries, in association with all she had of romance and poetry, despite the vehemence of her justly aroused indignation, nevertheless owes a debt of gratitude to him who had sought her despoilment, and attempted to unrobe her of her long cherished historic glories. Her national pride had slumbered, or been trampled out for more than a century. Her literature had lain dormant and neglected, and her very language was dying out, when Macpherson came forth in the wake of Dempster, the "Saint Stealer," and of Innes the Impugner of her antiquity, to frame a new system of history which was to convert Scotia Minor into the Scotia Major, and deprive Ireland of the honor of her long conceded maternity,—whatever the worth of that may have been. Insulted and outraged she awoke to her vindication, and memories, all but forgotten, were stirred up. Armour, long laid aside, neglected and rusting, was once more taken down, and furbished for the conflict.

Old manuscripts were examined; an active search through tomes long mouldering, or covered with the dust of ages, was prosecuted by our aroused savants, and all hastened to the rescue with proof and authority to convince the world of the validity of their claim to their old hero Fionn, now put forward under the disguised semblance of Fingal, the Phantom King of the nubilous Scottish Morven.

In the struggle, or rather investigations which ensued, good service was rendered to the Archæology of both countries. The so called Earse literature of Scotland was shewn to be purely Irish. Its writings were proved the work of Irish authors and scribes, and all the traditions of its heroes ended in referring them to Ireland. The labours of Dr. Johnson, Laing, Pinkerton, Dr. Wilson, &c &c., have all tended to prove that the language, and great part of the traditions of the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, owe their derivation to, or are intimately connected with Ireland, thus justifying the pretensions of the latter country, and incontrovertibly disproving the dishonest mendacities of Macpherson and his legion of abettors.

A wholesome condition of opinion, on the subjects of the national controversy which engaged the attention of literary enquirers during the latter half of the last century, has now taken the place of the prejudice and heat which characterised the discussions of that period; but even then there were among the Scotch themselves many writers of distinction who saw and admitted the injustice and futility of the claims of those of their countrymen, who, in the language of Dr. Johnson, loved Scotland better than truth. They saw in the very name of the vernacular Celtic tongue the remarkable disproof of the novel theories. It is well known that the name common to this language, both in Ireland and Scotland, is *Gaelic*, but the Scotch also call it *Earse*, which is only a corruption of the word "Irish." Hume says, that

the name of Earse or Irish, given by the low country Scots to the language of the Scottish Highlanders, is a certain proof of the traditional opinion, delivered from father to son, that the latter people came originally from Ireland.

Doctor Shaw, a Highlander, and author of a Gaelic Grammar and Dictionary published in 1780, states, in his enquiry into the anthenticity of the Poems of Ossian, that "Ireland had all sorts of schools and colleges, and thither the youth of England and other countries went for education; and all the popular stories of the Highlands, at this day, agree that every chieftain went thither for education and the use of arms, from the fourth until the fifteenth century. I Columbkille, a monastery on the island of Iona, was first founded by the munificence of the Irish; and until its dissolution all the abbots and monks belonging to it, one abbot only excepted, were Irish. All the highland clergy not only studied but received ordination in Ireland. The clergy of the islands especially, and those of the western coast, were frequently natives of Ireland. Hence it happens, that all poetical compositions, stories, fables, &c. of any antiquity, which are repeated in the Highlands at this day, are confessedly in the Irish Gaelic, and every stanza that is remarkably fine, or obscure, is still called *Gaelic Dhomhain Eirionnach*, i.e. the deep Irish, or pure primitive language of Ireland. I am conscious (he adds) that without a knowledge of Irish learning, we know nothing of the Earse as a tongue, the Irish being a studied language, and the Earse only a distinct provincial dialect."

The Gaelic dictionaries of Scotland are certainly the most correct publications they have, because these have, in a great measure, been compiled from our Irish dictionaries, eminently defective though these be; but the mode of spelling words is too frequently rather phonetic, and in accordance with the vulgarisms of the colloquial dialect.

From this evidence as to language alone the inference, now almost universally arrived at, assumes that if such a poet as Macpherson's Ossian, a Gael (not a Pict, be it remembered), wrote his poems in North Britain in the third century, he must have been either an Irishman or the descendant of Irishmen who had recently come from ancient Scotia to settle in that country; and his language must have been the pure Irish undefiled of that period, and not the corrupt patois ascribed to him by Macpherson.

To many of the readers of the Scottish Ossian the details which characterized the controversy, and the point of view from which it was regarded in Ireland, must be comparatively but little known, and it may perhaps serve a purpose to summarily glance at these for their special information. In doing so I shall occasionally avail myself of a few extracts taken from an article on this subject published by me in the Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire (Vol. XI.)

The Irish Senachies from the outset denounced the whole series forming the Caledonian Epic as a fabrication in the gross, and as a piece of mosaic work formed of plagiarisms from every conceiveable source, all, nevertheless, based upon compositions of Irish Bards long known in the Highlands and the Isles by reason of the community of language and the continuous intercourse between Scotland and Ireland.

It is necessary to premise that Ireland alone was for many ages called *Scotia* or Scotland, its inhabitants *Scoti* or Scots, until the eleventh century, when, for the first time, Caledonia, or North Britain, received the name of the minor Scotia, by reason of the predominant influence obtained by the mother country through the numerous colonies which she had sent forth. At this period the language spoken in the Highlands of Scotland and that of Ireland were identically the same.

It is now an indisputable and well received fact that the Irish amongst themselves were generally known as *Scoti* or Scots at a very early period; the oldest Irish MSS. bear testimony to this fact, and Tigearnach, the annalist, who lived in the eleventh century, uses the term as a matter of course. "Omnia monumenta *Scotorum* usque Cimbaoth incerta erant." "All the records of the *Scots*, till the time of Cimbaoth, were uncertain." Cimbaeth, monarch of Ireland, lived about three hundred years before the Christian era.

So early as the third century foreign writers mention Ireland by the name of *Scotia* and the inhabitants as *Scoti*. Among those were Porphyr the Platonic philosopher; the Roman poet Claudian, who wrote in the fourth century, similarly uses it; Ethicus the Cosmographer, states that Hibernia was inhabited by the *Scoti;* St. Prosper, who died in A.D. 466; Orosius, the Spanish historian, in the beginning of the fifth century; Gildas Britanicus, in the sixth century; St. Isodore in the seventh; Bede, the Anglo-Saxon historian, who wrote in the seventh century; and St. Donatus, Bishop of Fiesuli, who died in A.D. 840, calls Ireland Scotia in a Latin poem often quoted, of which the following is a translation:—

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By nature bless'd, and Scotia is her name;
An island rich; exhaustless is her store
Of veiny silver, and of golden ore;
Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
With gems her water, and her air with health.
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
No savage bear with ruthless fury roves,
Nor ravening lion through her sacred groves;

No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps through the grass, nor frog annoys the lake;
An island worthy of its pious race,
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace."

Archbishop Usher is of opinion that North Britain or Caledonia did not get the name of Scotia until the eleventh century. "For neither Dalrieda (he says), which till the year 840 was the seat of British Scots, nor all Albany, did immediately upon the reduction of the Picts obtain the name of Scotia; but this event was brought about when the Picts and Scots grew together, gradually, into one nation, and by this coalition the memory of the Pictish people became quite obsolete, which did not come to pass until the eleventh century; so I am of opinion that no writer of the precedent periods can be produced, who ever spoke of Albany by the name of Scotia."

From a very early period of our history, we find that colonies from Ireland settled in Albain or Scotland. We are informed that Conaire II., monarch of Ireland, of the Heremonian line, reigned eight years, and died A.D. 220. One of his sons, named Cairbre Riada, settled in Ulster, and the country possessed by his people was called Dal Riada, in the county of Antrim. This Cairbre Riada led his forces into Caledonia, where, early in the third century, he settled a colony in the territory which now forms Argyleshire, and the adjoining districts. The country conquered by him in Alban was thenceforth denominated Dal Riada, or the country of Riada, and the colonists were called Dalriedians, like their original stock in Ireland.

In the fifth century, Erc the son of Eohee Munrevar, a descendant of Cairbre Riada, was prince of Dalrieda in Ulster; and his sons Fergus, Loarn, and Angus, led another colony from Ulster to Albion, and became masters of the

country which now comprises Argyleshire, Bute and the Hebrides. Fergus became the first king of the Albanian Scots of North Britain, and his death is recorded by Tigearnach at the year 502, when he states that Fergus the Great, son of Erc, accompanied by the race of Dalrieda, occupied a part of Britain, and afterwards died there. Fergus was succeeded in his newly founded sovereignty by a long line of kings whose succession is given by Innes, the Scotch writer, who published his work on the origin of the Scots in 1729. One of these princes, Kinneth the son of Alpin, or, as he is generally called, Kinneth Mac Alpin, the twenty-third ruler of the Albanian Dalrieda, and father-in-law of Aodh Finnliath monarch of Ireland, ascended the throne, A.D. 838. In the year 842 he conquered the kingdom of the Picts, and became monarch of the entire country between Edinburgh and Caithness. Sixty kings of the Dalriedian Scottish race reigned in Albion during a period of 784 years, from the time of king Fergus, A.D. 502, to the death of Alexander III., king of Scotland in the year 1286.

It is obvious that the colonies from Ireland used the language of their mother country, namely, the Hiberno-Celtic tongue; and we may infer that they spoke and wrote it in its purity from the third to the sixteenth century, in consequence of the continued intercourse between both nations during that time. Even the most ancient manuscript in Scotland, which they say is as old as the eighth century, is written in the Irish language and character, as has been shewn at page 132 of this volume.

THE POEMS OF OSSIAN BY MACPHERSON.

EVERY candid and impartial literary person, who has taken the trouble of investigating the subject of the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, as published by Macpherson, has been convinced that they were fabricated by him for the most part, and were founded on the fragments of the compositions of the Irish Bard, Oisin, which were conveyed to the Highlands of Scotland from time to time by the Irish *Shanachies*. They were there committed to memory by the story-tellers, and recited as they had been in Ireland.

Jerone Stone of Dunkeld made a collection of Highland Poems, and he published a translation of one entitled *Bás Fhraoich*, or the Death of Fraoch, in the Scots' Magazine, for January, 1756. In this poem there is no mention made of Fingal or of Ossian; and in his letter accompanying it, he states, that those who are acquainted with the Irish language, must know that there are a great number of poetical compositions in it, and that they are tender, simple, and sublime, which clearly proves he considered to be Irish, all those he could collect in the Highlands.

After him a Mr. Pope, of Caithness, collected some Highland poems, which he wrote down from oral dictation. They were said to be composed by Oisin, an Irish Bard. There were no manuscripts of these in the Highlands, in his time; and he states, that the poem on the death of Osgar was known by the Highlanders under the name of *Cath Gabhra*, or the Battle of Gaura, fought in the county Meath, A.D. 294.

In the year 1760 Mr. James Macpherson published at Edinburgh fifteen poems, entitled "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands, and translated from the Gaelic or Earse language." In this publication the name of Fionn Mac Cumhaill appeared for the first time to be changed to Fingal for euphony sake.

The people of Scotland, upon reading these poems, were so delighted with them, that a subscription was opened at Edinburgh to reward the translator's labours, and enable him to make a tour to the Highlands, to collect more of these poetical treasures.

Macpherson, accordingly, proceeded once more to the Highlands, and having added to his stores, he published a new and enlarged edition of his poems in London in 1761, which was highly praised by Dr. Blair and other Scotch writers, and obtained an extensive circulation.

It was even then considered by most learned men, that these poems were not translations of Gaelic poems, but were fabricated by himself from the stories he heard, for he did not produce the originals; and, although he received £1,000 at one time, and £200 at another, from the Highland Society of London, for the purpose of enabling him to print the originals, he never printed one of them, nor did he deposit them in any library.

It is now pretty certain he had no originals. Dr. Johnson was of this opinion; for he, in his account of the Western Isles, published in 1774, says, "I believe that the poems of Ossian never existed in any other form than that in which we have seen them. The editor or author never could shew the original, nor can it be seen by any other. If there are any manuscripts to be found, they are Irish; for Martin, who wrote an account of the Western Islands, published in London in 1716, mentions Irish, but never any Earse manuscripts to be found in the islands in his

time. There are not in the language five hundred lines that can be proved to be one hundred years old. To revenge rational incredulity by refusing evidence, is a degree of insolence with which the world is not yet acquainted, and stubborn audacity is the last refuge of guilt. It would be easy to show it if he had it; but whence could it be had? It is too long to be remembered, and the language formerly had nothing written. He has, doubtless, inserted names that circulate in popular stories, and may have translated some ballads, if any could be found; and the names and some of the images being recollected, make an inaccurate Caledonian auditor imagine he has formerly heard the whole."

This declaration of Johnson so irritated Macpherson, that he wrote him a threatening letter, the contents of which are not known, as it did not appear in print, which is much to be regretted; but the Doctor set him at defiance in his answer, which is as follows:—

"Mr. James Macpherson—I have received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence that shall be attempted upon me, I will do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me; for I will not be hindered from exposing what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian. What would you have me to retract? I thought your work an imposture; I think so still; and for my opinion I have given reasons which I here dare you to refute."

Macpherson not being able to convince Johnson, either by threats or production of the originals, was obliged to be silent, and thought it best to let the stern Doctor alone.

Hume, in his answer to Dr. Blair, who wrote to him for his opinion respecting the authenticity of Macpherson's poems, said, that he often heard the poems rejected with disdain as a palpable and most impudent forgery; that the

preservation of such long and such connected poems, by oral tradition alone, during a course of fourteen centuries, is so much out of the course of human affairs, that it requires the strongest reasons to make us believe it, and that it should be proved they were not forged within five years previously by Macpherson, and that therefore nothing would convince but the production of the originals of an anterior date to his time.

The same writer also, in a letter to Gibbon, expresses his wonder "that any man of common sense could have imagined it possible, that above twenty thousand verses, along with numberless historic facts, could have been preserved by oral tradition, during fifty generations."

Still Macpherson would not produce the originals, but scorned, as he pretended, to satisfy any body that doubted his veracity; on which account he was styled by Dr. Blair, and other supporters of his, a man of absurd pride and caprice, a heteroclite, and such other terms, meaning that he was above stooping to public opinion; but the truth is he never had them, and was therefore obliged to act after that manner.

He, however, when compelled by the universal public demand, at length ventured to publish twelve lines of his pretended original of Temora; but it had been better had he withheld them, for the construction of the language, in which they appear in print, is not much better than the primary effort of a student at a translation; and it is to be wondered at that any Gaelic scholar of Scotland could be imposed upon by such a corrupt specimen. Macpherson remarked about these lines, that "the words are not, after the Irish manner, bristled over with unnecessary quiescent consonants so disagreeable to the eye, and which rather embarrass than assist the reader."

The learned General Vallancey justly remarked on this

specimen, that "if his poem of Temora was ancient, it was a proof of the unlettered ignorance of the ancient Gaelic Scots."

Doctor Shaw, one of the best Gaelic scholars of Scotland, was convinced by Vallancey's statement, in the opinion he had previously formed of the specimen given by Macpherson, that it was his own translation from his own original English.

Doctor Shaw afterwards made a journey to the Highlands and islands to search for the originals of Macpherson's poems before adopting them as authorities for his intended works; he went into every house and cabin; entered into long discourses with the peasantry, but he could find them neither written nor in the mouths of the people. In 1781, Shaw published the results of his searches in a work entitled "An Enquiry into the anthenticity of the Poems ascribed to Ossian." In this work he has declared that Macpherson had no original MSS. in the Gaelic of the poems of Ossian, but that he might have some in Irish; for it is well known, he says, that the Earse dialect of the Gaelic was never written nor printed until Mr. Mac Farlane, minister of Killinvir, in Argyleshire, published in 1754 a translation of "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." In this search he could find no MSS. except one on parchment, written in the Irish language and character, and containing some Irish pedigrees. "I found myself," he says, "not a little mortified, when all they could repeat was nothing but a few fabulous and marvellous verses or stories concerning Fionn Mac Cumhaill and his Fiana or followers. Fionn," he says, "is not known in the Highlands by the name of Fingal. He is universally supposed to be an Irishman. When I asked of the Highlanders who Fionn was, they answered, an Irishman, if a man, for they sometimes thought him a giant; and that he lived in Ireland, and sometimes

came over to hunt in the Highlands. This is the universal voice of all the Highlanders, excepting those who are possessed of abilities and knowledge to peruse the work of Macpherson, and are taught by nationality to support an idle controversy."

"Having made this fruitless enquiry after the genuine Ossian's poetry, from which I learned there never had been any, I passed over to Ireland, there also to pursue Ossian. I rummaged, with the consent of Dr. Leland, Trinity College Library, examined MSS., had different persons who understood the character and language, in pay, conversed with all who might know any thing of the matter; and, after all, could discover no such poetry as Macpherson's; but that the Irish had been more careful than the Highlanders, and had committed to writing those *compositions of the* 15*th century*."

In this last passage Dr. Shaw alludes to the modern copies on paper of the poems of Oisin which he saw in the College, but those on vellum, in the Library, were, no doubt, unintelligible to the persons he had in pay, and consequently they escaped his notice.

"I would not wish," says Dr. Shaw, "to appear to derogate from the real honour and antiquity of Scotland; that can never be affected by the loss of these poems; but when I am conscious that without a knowledge of Irish learning, we can know nothing of the Earse as a tongue, (the Irish being the studied language, and the Earse only a distinct provincial dialect,) I cannot but express my astonishment at the arrogance of any man, who, to make way for the production of 1762, would destroy all the archives, which the Irish, *acknowledged by all the world to have been in the eighth century the most learned nation of Europe*, have been for ages labouring to produce. When the Highlander knows nothing of Irish learning, he knows nothing of him-

self; and when Irish history is lost, Highland genealogy becomes very vague."

For this acknowledgement of the honourable Scot, and for this candid disclosure of Macpherson's fabrications, he was attacked by a few of his countrymen. In his reply to these attacks he writes as follows.

"If I have the approbation of the sensible, liberal, and discerning part of my countrymen, I shall feel little anxiety from the apprehension of the malignant virulence and personalities that may issue from the illiberal few. I never yet could dissemble, nor personate a hypocrite; *truth* has always been *dearer to me* than my country; nor shall I ever support an ideal national honour, founded on imposture, though it were to my hindrance. I should be as happy as any of my countrymen can be, to have it in my power to produce the original, and to satisfy the world; but, as not one line of it has hitherto been seen, but what Mr. Macpherson has favoured us with, imposed as a specimen, though *actually translated from the original English;* I am so far a friend to truth, that I cannot permit an imposition to descend to posterity undetected. Had I been ignorant of the Gaelic, less credit might be expected to my narration of facts; but having written a grammatical Analysis and Dictionary of it, it may be readily believed I should rejoice to have it in my power to produce the originals of these poems to the public, as the Dictionary and Grammar might, perhaps, be sought after, to help the curious in forming some opinion of the original. Thus, it would be my interest to support the authenticity, did I think it honest."

In an appendix to the second edition of his Enquiry, published in 1782, Dr. Shaw states that he "rests the strength of his arguments on the mysterious conduct of Macpherson, in withholding from the public the Gaelic originals; that

if Fingal exists in Gaelic let it be shewn; and if ever the originals can be shewn, opposition may be silenced."

Such is a veritable statement of facts, made by an unprejudiced and impartial Scotchman; and no man can doubt for a moment but he wrote it from deliberate conviction; although it might have been to his hindrance, which may be supposed as hinted at by Armstrong, author of a Gaelic Dictionary published in 1825, who uses these words at the beginning of his Prosody, in the Grammar prefixed to this work. "Mr. Shaw," he says, "to whose *ill-requited* labour the Gaelic owes a great deal. But Armstrong took care to give no such offence as Shaw did, for he praises the Poems of Ossian, and uses the corrupted modern translations of Macpherson as the most select examples in his Prosody, but admits the fact that *they set every law of scanning at defiance.*

In the Preface to his Dictionary Armstrong states, "I do not propose to meddle, in this place, with the keenly contested point, whether the Gaelic of the Highlands be the parent of the speech of Ireland. However, I may be permitted to observe, that the Scotch Gaelic bears a closer resemblance to the parent Celtic, and has fewer inflections than the Welsh, Manx, or Irish dialects. It has this circumstance too, in common with the Hebrew, and other oriental languages, that it wants the simple present tense; a peculiarity which strongly supports the opinion, that the Gaelic of Scotand is the more ancient dialect." This opinion respecting the want, or rather the omission, of the simple present tense he has taken from Dr. Stewart, and who, he says, settled the orthography of their language, or, in other words, formed a new ortography for their corrupted dialect, rather than be governed by their ancient MSS., such has been their mania for modern corruption. Now this point that he lays so strong an emphasis upon, in support of his argument, is not the fact, for we find the

simple present tense used in a printed Gaelic work, namely, Bishop Carsuel's book published in 1567, as in the following passage.—"Gur ab mó is mian leó agas gur ab mó *ghnathuidheas siad* eachtradha dimhaoineacha luaidheartha, breagacha saoghalta do chumadh ar Thuathaibh Dedanand agas ar Mhacaibh Mileadh, agas ar na curadhaibh agas Fhind Mac Cumhaill go na Fhianaibh," &c., that is, "They (the Scotch) desire and accustom themselves more, to compose, maintain, and cultivate idle, turbulent, lying, worldly stories concerning the Tuath Dedanans, the sons of Milesius, the heroes, and concerning Finn Mac Cumhall and his Fenians." In this passage the word *gnáthuidheas* is in the simple present tense, written by a Highland bishop in the 16th century, when the Gaelic was spoken purely in the Highlands; and this passage gives the lie direct to the assertions of Stewart and Armstrong, who, it would appear, loved their country better than truth, for they must, as authors, have seen this book. We also find in this passage the name of *Finn Mac Cumhall*, not Fingal as Macpherson has it, for there is no *gal* in the original, unless he should have converted into one the names of two of the Fenian warriors, namely, *Finn* the son of Cumhall, and *Gall* or *Goll* the son of Morna, which in that case would make *Fingal.*

In the year 1780, Thomas Hill, an Englishman, made a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, during which he collected several Gaelic songs and poems which he published in 1783. These were chiefly Irish compositions, and were of that class which Macpherson and his supporters would have suppressed as they told against their fabrications. Mr. Hill has stated that all the Gaelic poems preserved in the Highlands, relative to Finn Mac Cumhaill and his Fians, are Irish. They are wholly confined (he says) to the western coast of the Highlands opposite Ireland,

and the very traditions of the country themselves acknowledge the Fiana to be originally Irish.

Pinkerton, a learned Scotch writer, who wrote an Essay on the origin of Scotch poetry, has condemned the fabrications of Macpherson, as opposed to the testimonies of established historians of veracity. He says that all the traditional poems and tales in the Highlands always represent Finn as contemporary with St. Patrick, who flourished about A.D. 430, and that Oisin is said to have had frequent conversations with the Saint. "Macpherson's learning (he adds) is very ill digested, as Mr. Whitaker has shewn the public; yet, with all his ignorance of the ancient state of his own country, he has misled many."

The Rev. Edward Davies, a Welchman and Fellow of the Royal Society of London, wrote an Essay on the Poems of Ossian, which was published in London in 1825. He dedicated this work to Dr. Burgess, bishop of St. David's, and there were only 200 copies of it printed for the public. He had this Essay written 18 or 20 years previous to its publication, "since which," he says, "the ardour of public debate upon the poems of Ossian has, indeed, considerably subsided, but still Ossian is confidently quoted by many as historical authority."

It would appear that Macpherson's attack on the Welch language, and on the antiquity of Welch MSS., was the principal cause which induced Mr. Davies to write on this subject, and he therefore exposes Macpherson's ignorance of history. "The first objection," he says, "that forcibly presents itself upon the face of the work, is the glaring appearance of anacronisms; or the incongruity of the events related with the age in which they are placed, or with any one historical age whatsoever." He also shows that the armour, towers, halls, wine, and the manners and customs described in Ossian, impress these poems with the glaring stamp of modern fiction.

In the year 1804 Mr. Laing, a Scotch gentleman and a M.P., published a History of Scotland, in which he has given a Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian. He has clearly shewn, from Macpherson's own admissions, that he had no originals, except the corrupted fragments which were collected by others as well as by himself, and exposes the numberless errors he committed. Being a learned historian he detected his imitations of Homer and Virgil, of the Sacred Scriptures, and of many of the English and Scotch poets, and has pointed out some passages that Macpherson copied almost verbatim from these works, in the manufacture of his poems of Ossian.

While this controversy was carried on among the Scotch, we find that some of our Irish writers also wielded their pens in support of their ancient history, and to expose the fabrications of Macpherson. Among the foremost of these was the venerable Charles O'Conor of Belanagare, who wrote several learned works on the History and Language of his country.

In his Preface to Ogygia Vindicated, published in the year 1775, he says :—" Mr. Macpherson has on his appearance distinguished himself by translations of some Highland poems, the originals of which, he would have us believe, were the compositions of an *illiterate Highland Bard* of the third century. But he forgot to prove how those poems could, through a series of more than a thousand years, be preserved among an illiterate people; or how mere *oral* tradition, which taints every other human composition, and corrupts its stream as it flows, should prove a salt for keeping the works of *Ossian* sweet in their primitive purity. He forgot also to assign a reason how that illiterate Bard should be so descriptive of arts and customs unknown in his own age, and so silent of the rites and customs which prevailed in it. He may, perhaps, find it easy to give such

problems a solution, by referring us to the inspiration of the ancient poets, who could foretell the future, and explain to their hearers what otherwise they could not understand. But we conceive that every critical reader will give a quite different solution, and not spare a moment for hesitation, in pronouncing these poems, mere modern compositions, collected by the *industry*, and shaped into form by the *interpolations* of the ingenious Editor." And again in a note he says :—" Some observations of Dr. Johnson, in his Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland, shed day-light on the birth and parentage of the poems ascribed to Ossian : he has discovered there, that the Earse, till very lately, was never a written language, and that there is not in the world an Earse MS. a hundred years old. He concludes that the poems of Ossian never existed in any other form, than that in which Mr. Macpherson has given them, from the scraps of oral tradition of Fionn Mac Cumhall and his heroes, which are repeated every day among the people, in Ireland and in Scotland. Nothing, therefore, can be more ridiculous than the poor attempts now made to impress the public with an idea, that these modern poems were compositions of the third century. In an advertisement published in the London Chronicle of January 21st, 1775, the advertiser declares he had the originals of *Fingal* and other poems of Ossian in his possession many months of the year 1762. [The advertiser was Macpherson's Publisher, at whose request he made this statement]. But what originals (says O'Conor),—were they those of the Bard who died twelve hundred years ago, or Mr. Macpherson's own? To give the semblance of genuineness to such poems, as works of great authority, he must show that they are not given in the modern vulgar Earse, but in a dialect nearly the same with the Gaelic found in books from the sixth to the sixteenth century."

Charles O'Conor was the best Gaelic scholar, in his time, either of Ireland or Scotland. He had some of the most ancient MSS. of Ireland then in his possession, among others the Books of Ballymote, Glendalough, the Annals of the Four Masters, and some as old as the 10th century; and in these he had specimens of the language spoken and written in Ireland, in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries. Some of these early compositions he translated into English, which may be seen in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy; and the originals of them are so antiquated that the generality of our Gaelic scholars cannot easily comprehend them. It would, therefore, require more than a thousand affidavits taken before the Committee of the Highland Society, to convince Charles O'Conor that the Gaelic poems given by Macpherson were the genuine compositions of the Caledonian Bard of the third century. He could not believe such an absurdity. The poems contained internal evidence to him that the Gaelic version was a modern vulgar fabrication; and it is notorious that the poems of Ossian are not mentioned in any Scotch history a hundred years old.

In the year 1784 Doctor Young, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert, who was an excellent Irish scholar, made a tour to the Highlands of Scotland, with the express view of collecting ancient Gaelic poems, and ascertaining, as far as possible, from what materials Macpherson had fabricated his Ossian. This work was printed, and may be seen in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. He states that he fortunately met with several of the Irish poems, which he copied letter for letter from the copies then current in the Highlands, and on which Macpherson founded some of his. "I acknowledge," he says, "that he has taken very great liberties with them; retrenching, adding, and altering as he judged proper, and until the actual originals are

produced, no man can tell what is Oisin's and what is Macpherson's. Until the very poems themselves in their primitive form, or such translations as have adhered faithfully to them, be published, it will certainly be impossible to distinguish the ancient from the modern, the real from the fictitious; and therefore, however we may admire them as beautiful compositions, we can never rely on their authenticity, in any question of history, antiquity or criticism. Macpherson altered the date of his originals, as well as their matter and form, having given them a much higher antiquity than they are really entitled to. On this ground he suppresses all mention of St. Patrick, whose name frequently occurs in the originals from which he manufactured his own, but occasionally alludes to him under the character of a Culdee; for any mention of St. Patrick would have induced us to suspect, that these were not the compositions of Ossian, but of those *Filleas* (poets) who in later times committed to verse the traditional relations of his exploits. When Macpherson professed to be merely a translator he was not justified to omit what appeared to him to be modern fabrications, and in their stead add passages of his own, as acknowledged by his own advocates: he should have neither added nor mutilated his originals, but ought to have permitted the world to judge in these cases for themselves."

It may be here remarked that Macpherson neglected to learn something of the history of the Culdees, as they were never known nor heard of in this part of Europe until the beginning of the 9th century; so that his introduction of a Culdee in place of St. Patrick was making bad worse. The term he makes use of is *Culdich*, which he states signifies a sequestered person, but had he consulted the histories of his own country he could have discovered that they have it *Celedeus* and *Culedeus*. In the original Irish it is written *Céile Dé*, which means the companion or disciple of

God, or a person totally renouncing the service of this world.

Dr. Young states that the Earse was not a written language till within a few years of the time he was there, and therefore there were no means of forming any standard for the writer, and the orthography depended on his own fancy; and, as may be seen by the publications at Perth, the beauty of Earse orthography was rightly thought to consist in its conformity with Irish. He says that Dr. Blair's criticisms are fitted to Macpherson's English, and not to the originals collected by himself and those published at Perth by Gillie, with which Dr. Blair had no acquaintance.

Dr. Young points out the poems in his collection from which Macpherson took some of his materials; and in comparing the Irish copies in the Library of Trinity College with the Scotch fragments and the poems published at Perth in 1786, he found that the most perverse industry had been employed to corrupt and falsify the genuine Irish text, to make it accord with Macpherson's fabrications. Every thing was done which it was possible to effect by suppression, addition and falsification, to give plausibility and currency to the grand imposition.

One of the professors of the University of Glasgow, having entertained some doubts of the authenticity of the translation by Macpherson, wrote to Mr. Mac Arthur, Minister of Mull, requesting that he would send him some of the originals from which the translation had been made. Mac Arthur sent him four fragments as extracts from the genuine poems, as he called them, but in these extracts he altered some passages, and wherever he found any word that would show they related to Ireland, he omitted them and substituted others. The actual original poems from which these fragments were copied were discovered by Dr. Young, and he exposed the fraud which Mac Arthur imposed on the Professor.

Dr. Young, in reviewing these Irish poems, wandering through the Highlands, and comparing the portions of them which bore a similarity to the passages in Macpherson's, gives it as his opinion that the foundation of his poems is much narrower than might otherwise be suspected. Two of the extracts sent by Mac Arthur were copied from the poem current in Ireland as *Laoi Mhanuis Mhoir*, or the Lay of Magnus the Great, of which, he says, there is a beautiful copy in Trinity College Library, and a mutilated copy in the Perth edition. The third extract was taken from *Marbh Rann Osgair*, or the Dying Speech of Osgar, son of Oisin, on the battle field of Gaura fought in Meath, and of which there is a fine copy in Trinity College Library. Dr. Young also points out the names occurring in these poems that were altered by Macpherson and his supporters; as for instance *Dearg* to Dergo, *Conn* to Cuthon, and so on. The fact is, Macpherson retained so much of the ideas, images, expressions, and several of the names, with slight alterations, which occur in the Irish poems, that an Irishman who heard these recited by the Shanachies, might imagine that some of Macpherson's poems were actual translations of what he had heard in the Irish. This has been clearly shewn by Dr. Young; and a strong illustration of it has been lately communicated to me by my friend Lord George Hill, who states that the late Colonel Shaw, Secretary to the Marquess Wellesley, told him that when a boy he had gone to London, and while staying with a friend, an old lady read to him some of Macpherson's Ossian, which was then much in vogue; and he astonished her much by saying—"I have heard all those stories before from my nurse in Ireland, who related them in the original Irish."

Theophilus O'Flanagan, a Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, and eminent for his superior knowledge of the

language and history of Ireland, also wrote some strictures on Macpherson's poems. O'Flanagan translated and edited some of our ancient works, which appeared in the Transactions of the Dublin Gaelic Society, published in 1808. Among these are Mac Brodin's poem containing his Advice to a Prince, and also the Tale of Deirdre, on which latter Macpherson founded his poem of Darthula. In this work he observes on the poems of Oisin.—"We have, he says, a wonderful instance of the preservation of some fragments of our ancient poetry, without the assistance of letters, in the traditional memory of the Albanian Scots, the descendants of a colony sent from Ireland in the sixth century, with whom our language has long ceased to be written till lately, and even now but corruptly. I mean the fragments of Oisin, the feigned translation of which gave celebrity to Mr. Macpherson, whose visionary history built upon them, I consider now as utterly exploded. We have many written and some traditional remains of poems attributed to Oisin, and the preservation of any fragments of them, in the traditional memory of the Albanian Scots still inhabiting the Highlands, is an obvious proof, surpassing volumes of conjecture, of their very great antiquity. But this makes not by any means for Macpherson's airy system, as the original migration from Ireland, and the introduction of some of its old poetry into modern Scotland or Albany is (and always has been by the general mass) universally acknowledged by the well informed of his countrymen, to the utter rejection of his fabricated story. For the credit of his talents, however perverse their application, we should not omit observing, that, from scanty and disfigured original materials, he has compiled and left to posterity a lasting monument of his genius. Let not this tribute of praise, however, encourage the prejudiced of that nation, to palm on an enlightened age, the detected

forgeries of a modern corrupt dialect, as the admirable effusions of ancient genius. No longer let the erudition and respectable talents of a Stuart (Author of a Gaelic Grammar) be exerted to give stability to barbarism ; while the fair field of investigating the lucid beauties, the sublime force, and the accurate and improved elegance of the venerable mother tongue, court the acquaintance of his critical contemplations. Away with the imposture that deluded the genius of Blair, that led astray the researches of Whitaker (Author of the History of Manchester), and has long imposed on the learned world as 'Tales of other Times,'—the modern fictions of Albano-Scotic fabrication. I have been lately informed (he adds) that some private correspondence of Macpherson himself, has been communicated to the Gaelic Society of the Highlands, acknowledging the imposition of this English publication, with the attempt of translating it into modern Earse."

It is stated that, in a letter to a private friend, Macpherson made this acknowledgment, and it was inferred he would rather be considered an author than a mere translator of Gaelic poems, but he well knew that such a disclosure at the time, would ruin his character and interest with the public.

In his Proem on the Tale of Deirdre, O'Flanagan remarks that,—"The story of Deirdre, denominated by the Irish writers 'The tragical Fate of the sons of Usnagh', is the foundation of Macpherson's *Darthula*, which, however, he manufactured by omissions and interpolations to suit his own views. The Committee of the Highland Society gave extracts from his tale in their report in 1805, but it appears from their *fac simile* plate that their extracts were given from an ancient Irish MS., which they had then in their possession. Macpherson has committed several anachronisms in his fabricated version of this story. For instance,

he has made Conor Mac Nasa, king of Ulster, and his celebrated knights, Cuchullin and Conall Cearnach, who flourished in the first century, cotemporaneous with Finn the son of Cumhall, who lived in the third age."

In a note on the battle of Moylena, O'Flanagan says,—"The story is finely told in Irish, and has not escaped the notice of Macpherson. Here indeed, he is not guilty of anachronism, but of historic falsehood." And again, in treating of the origin of the Scots of Albany, he has this passage. "All this, (he says) is incontestible historic truth, notwithstanding the fictitious reveries of Buchanan, Fordun, M'Kenzie, Macpherson, and others, to discredit our history, which is not to be refuted by such groundless and airy presumption. Away then with those fabrications framed for silly motives, or for interested and unworthy purposes. Let us both, modern Scotch and Irish, pursue the more honourable end of preserving the valuable remains of our ancient literature, which was of yore, and may again be, our common property."

Doctor O'Conor, one of the most learned men of Europe, translated into Latin several of our Annals and other ancient Irish compositions, which appear in his great literary work, entitled "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres," published at Buckingham, in four large quarto volumes, between the years 1814 and 1826. In the first volume he has severely criticised Macpherson's poems of Ossian, but the arguments used by him have been, for the most part, adopted by other writers. He states that the Scotch compositions are in style more corrupt than the common vernacular language of the Irish, and are both in sound and appearance equally offensive to the ears and the eyes of the learned. The Doctor alluded to the poems in possession of the Highland Society, containing more than 11,000 verses of those fabrications. In these poems the

orthography is adapted to the vulgar pronunciation, and the letters K, W, X, Y, Z, which are never used in genuine Irish compositions, every where meet the eye. Several words are used in Macpherson's Gaelic translations, which are neither Irish nor Earse, but corruptions of Latin and *English* terms.

Although the Irish writers were not so well supported by the wealth and influence of their countrymen, as those of Scotland were, still, whenever an opportunity offered, they did not neglect to record their verdict against Macpherson's impositions. Accordingly, we find Edward O'Reilly, author of an Irish Dictionary and Grammar, give his testimony on this subject. He wrote a chronological account of nearly four hundred Irish writers, commencing with the earliest account of Irish history, and carried down to the year 1750. This work was printed in the Transactions of the Iberno-Celtic Society for 1820, and in it he has given specimens of the earliest compositions in the language, copied from ancient Irish MSS. still extant. At A.M. 3950, or about 50 years before the Christian era, he has given an account of Neide and Ferceirtne, who, on the death of Forchern, chief Professor of Emania, contended for the chair in a literary disputation, which they carried on in a work entitled *Agallamh an da Shuadh*, or the Dialogue of the two Sages, and in this work they respectively set forth the qualifications necessary for an *Ollamh* or chief Professor. "Two very ancient copies of this tract (says O'Reilly) are in the Library of Trinity College. The language is the *Béarla Féni* or Phenician dialect of the Irish, and appears to be of the period to which it is ascribed; and the publication of it would, probably, prove a fact, more to the literary credit of ancient Albion, than all that the Highland Society have been able to produce on the subject of the poems of Ossian."

At A.D. 250 he has given an account of Cormac son of Art, monarch of Ireland at that period. Cormac caused the Psalter of Tara to be complied, as the depository of the Records of the nation, which work, Dr. O'Conor affirms, was in the possession of Cormac Mac Cullenan, Archbishop of Cashel and King of Munster in the tenth century, as he frequently referred to it in his Psalter of Cashel. A copy of Cormac's Psalter, made in the fifteenth century from the original then extant, is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Cormac Mac Art (or Son of Art) wrote some Laws of which there are copies in Trinity College, Dublin, which are now being translated by order of Government. He also wrote Instructions for his Son Cairbre Lifeachair or Carbery of the Liffey, who succeeded him on the throne of Ireland. These instructions are called *Teagasg rioghdha* or Royal Precepts, of which a copy is preserved in the Book of Leacan, and another in an ancient and very valuable vellum MS., heretofore the property of the late Sir William Betham. "This tract (says O'Reilly) occupying six folio pages, closely written, is carried on by way of dialogue between Carbry and Cormac, in which the former asks the opinion of the latter upon different subjects, relative to government and general conduct, and Cormac, in his replies, gives precepts that would do honor to a Christian Divine."

O'Reilly adds,—"It may not, perhaps, be improper to observe that Cormac was the father-in-law of the famous Finn Mac Cumhall, General of the *Fiana Eirionn* or the Fenians of Erin, and father of Oisin the Poet; and consequently, if the genuine poems of Oisin were extant, their language would be the same as that of Cormac's works, which are nearly unintelligible to the generality of Irish readers, and completely so to the vulgar. The language of

those poems which the Highland Society have given to the world as the originals of Oisin, is the living language of Highlanders of the present day, and if properly spelled and read by an Irish scholar, would be intelligible to the most illiterate peasant in Ireland. A comparison of the language of Cormac and of the Scotch Oisin, might probably go far towards ascertaining the period in which the Highland Bard was born."

In the year 1827, the Royal Irish Academy offered a prize for the best Essay on the poems of Ossian. The subject proposed by the Academy was as follows—" To investigate the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, both as given in Macpherson's translation, and as published in Gaelic, London 1807, under the sanction of the Highland Society of London; and on the supposition of such poems not being of recent origin, to assign the probable era and country of the original poet or poets."

The prize was awarded, in the year 1829, to an Essay written by Dr. Drummond, Librarian of the Royal Irish Academy, which appears in the 16th volume of their transactions. The Doctor, after quoting a number of authorities in opposition to Macpherson's poems, concludes on this head, with these remarks, that—"it might be supposed that such able exposures would have brought the question to a conclusion, and afford truth a triumph in the complete extinction of all further belief in the authenticity of the Scotch Ossian. But some were still found, and the race is not yet extinct, who remained obstinately attached to their first opinion, so hard is it to eradicate established error, or expel a favourite prepossession."

" Had the poems of Macpherson been left to rest on their own intrinsic merit (as original compositions of his own) they would long since have sunk into oblivion. They derived whatever interest they possessed from their supposed antiquity. But since it failed Macpherson's supporters to

prove the authenticity of the Gaelic original, they have been gradully declining in public estimation, and are regarded now only as a curious composition, deriving an adventitious interest from the literary controversies to which they have given birth."

In this Essay Dr. Drummond criticises in a learned manner the arguments put forward by Dr. Blair, Sir John Sinclair, Dr. Graham, and other supporters of Macpherson, and most lucidly demonstrates that their hypothesises and futile conjectures are altogether untenable in the judgment of any literary man of discernment. He has shewn that Macpherson's translations into Gaelic, from his own original English, were in many instances improved by himself; and others, of his supporters, made corrected versions of the same, and then referred to these versions as the originals; and compared *one fabrication* with the *other fabrication* as authorities.

A gentleman of the name of Ross made another translation of Macpherson's pseudo original, in which he has pointed out the imperfections of Macpherson's translation, although that the real original was Macpherson's own composition in the English, from which the translation was made into modern corrupt Gaelic.

Doctor Drummond has displayed his varied learning, and extensive reading, in pointing out the very passages which Macpherson copied from other works; such as Homer, Virgil, Juvenal, Ovid and Tibullus, whose lines (says Laing) were literally transcribed by Macpherson. He also shows that he drew largely on Milton, Gray and other poets, and his quotations from the Sacred Scriptures are innumerable, upon which the Doctor remarks—" a multitude of similar passages might be quoted, in which we at once perceive not only the ideas, but the very words of Scripture; and yet shall we be told they are not

imitations? Plagiarisms, indeed, would be a more fitting appellation."

Upon the repetition of words and phrases adapted to the wild scenery of the Highlands he remarks—"Considering the paucity of Macpherson's ideas and original images, it is truly astonishing how his poems ever acquired any degree of popularity. He repeats the same image a thousand times, and presents it in every variety of attitude, and in every hue of the prism. The sun, the moon, the stars, meteors, clouds, vapours and mists, wind, light and darkness, grey stones and mossy towers, spears, helmets, and shields, are all confounded together in every page. The mind is at first dazzled and amused with this new species of poetical mosaic, but soon becomes satiated with its constant sameness and inutility. We read whole pages, nay whole poems, and when we have done cannot tell what we have been reading about. We seem to be wrapt in that eternal mist, which must have been the source of Macpherson's inspiration, the element in which he breathed, and of which his poetical world is composed." Dr. Drummond then gives a list of these oft repeated terms, of which it would seem Macpherson had a vocabulary of his own; and under the head of half-doing things, such as he half-unsheathed his sword, half-formed, half-enlightened, half-finished, &c., one might infer that in the days of Ossian all things were only half done.

"There does not exist (says the Doctor) in the whole Highlands one who can repeat one poem of Macpherson's Ossian, for the reason that they are not in proper rhyme, and are a heterogeneous and chaotic mass of bombastic epithets and poetic scraps."

Macpherson not being a Gaelic poet was unable to give that rhythmical cadence, in his versified translation from his original English, which is observable in all the com-

positions of the ancient Bards, that it would be almost an impossibility for any one to retain them in memory, as was the case with the old inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland, who in consequence of the smooth measure in which the poems of Oisin were composed, could repeat them in succession, as if they were so many songs adapted to music.

Doctor Drummond remarks on the era of Ossian, that Macpherson's statements regarding it are loose and intangible. Some of his names of persons (he says) are found in our Fenian Tales; but the great source from which he drew, is Toland's History of the Druids. From this history, Laing observes,—"his names and explanations are transcribed verbation."

"Macpherson (he says) conscious of his own literary crimes, takes every opportunity of vilifying our Irish historians, that by destroying their credibility, he may establish his own; and at the very time he is pilfering names and incidents from their writings, to work into his own heterogeneous tissue of falsehoods, he turns upon them with matchless ingratitude, and accuses them of the very enormities which he is himself committing. Of all literary impostors, Macpherson has a just claim to precedence."

Edward O'Reilly, author of the best Dictionary published of the Irish language, and whom I have already quoted, also wrote an Essay on the same subject proposed by the Royal Irish Academy, which is printed in continuation of Dr. Drummond's, in the Academy's Transactions. O'Reilly and some other Irish Scholars, were of opinion that his Essay was more entitled to the prize, as having so thoroughly established, by internal evidences, the modern fabrication of Macpherson's Gaelic poems of Ossian; but the classic Members of the Academy recognized the superior learning of a profound scholar, displayed in every page of Dr. Drummond's Essay, and they accordingly adjudged it the

prize, as a mark of their appreciation of the learned critic's pre-eminence.

The following few extracts from O'Reilly's Essay may throw some additional light on Macpherson's forgeries.

"No writer (he says) of Scottish history, before the days of Macpherson, ever mentioned such persons as Trenmor, Trathal, Comhall, or Fingal, as kings of Scotland; and as they are mentioned in the poems of Ossian it is an internal proof of their being fabricated."

"Macpherson has made different facts in the history of Ireland, and in popular tales of the Irish, subservient to his own purposes, transferring the persons of one period to another, sometimes giving the real name, sometimes with a slight change, and sometimes inventing new names and persons, which were never before heard of either in Irish or Scottish history."

"The Committee of the Highland Society applied to the executors of Macpherson to know if he had left behind him any of those MSS. from which he had made his translations. The reply of Mac Kenzie, who had been the trustee, was clear and decisive, that *there were no such ancient books to be found;* none but what were in the hand-writing of Macpherson himself or of others whom he had employed, and it appears that even those were copies of the poems of the Irish Oisin."

"The total neglect of all the rules of Gaelic prosody, in every page of the Gaelic poems of Ossian, should, alone, be sufficient to prove beyond dispute, that those so-called *originals* are modern forgeries, manufactured within the last thirty years by James Macpherson, or procured to be manufactured by that person, or his executors, to save him or them from the legal proceedings instituted by the Highland Society of London, for the recovery of one thousand pounds, received from that body by Macpherson,

on the false pretence of publishing the originals of his Ossian."

"If Macpherson's Gaelic poems were old they would be correct in their versification, but in which they are entirely defective. Had they been composed near the time assigned to them they would be now unintelligible to the generality of Gaelic scholars; certainly so to those who had not made ancient Irish MSS. their particular study."

"The Gaelic poems of Macpherson contain in them the substance stolen from the Irish poems, but those who stole the ideas were afraid to use the language of the originals. That would, they thought, at once discover the theft, and, to prevent that, they were obliged to have recourse to a modern orthography, a base dialect, and to renounce all claims to any thing resembling Gaelic verse."

In conclusion, he says—"We can scarcely believe that these facts will ever be controverted; but if they should be opposed by plausible argument, contrived by the ingenuity of the advocates for the authenticity and antiquity of Macpherson's Ossian, we would beg to remind those ingenious gentlemen, that nothing less than positive proofs of both will answer their purpose. Ingenious and artful arguments may amuse, but it is proof, positive proof only, that can convince."

The poems of Oisin, the celebrated Irish Bard of the third century, will form the subject of my next and concluding paper.

But see "The Dean of Lismore's "Book" edited by Sheriff Stone of Glasgow — it contains some genuine Irish Poems from which Mac Pherson may have taken part of his "Ossian" and they certainly come from Scottish Authority — but they are very few —

ON THE FIANS OF ERIN AND THE POEMS OF OISIN, THE CELEBRATED BARD.

"THE era," says Dr. Drummond, "of Finn and the Fenians is as distinctly marked in Irish history as any other event which it records." I hope I shall be able to prove the correctness of this statement.

We are informed, in the Annals of the Four Masters, that Finn O'Baoisgne was killed at a place called Ath-Brea, on the banks of the Boyne, A.D. 283, by a chief of the Lugnians of Tara, a tribe from whom the barony of Lune took its name; and his grandson, Osgar, the son of Oisin, was slain by Carbre Lifeachar (of the Liffey), monarch of Ireland, in the battle of Gaura, A.D. 284.

The pedigrees of Finn, Oisin, Goll, and all the Fenian chiefs, are recorded in the Books of Ballymote, Leacan, and that of Duald Mac Firbis, with as much apparent accuracy as those of the O'Briens, O'Neills, or any other Irish family. It is stated in these MSS. that Finn, the son of Cumhall, was descended from Baisgne, from whom the Fenians of Leinster took the name of the Clan of Baisgne, was descended from Nuada Nacht, monarch of Ireland about a century before the Christian era. The name of Finn's mother was Murn Muncaem, daughter of Teige, of a princely family of Bregia, in Meath, and it is said that in her right he inherited the principality of Almain, now Allen, in the County of Kildare, where he had his chief residence.

Mac Firbis, who was the best antiquary of Ireland in his time, from whom O'Flaherty, author of the Ogygia, received instruction, and who also assisted Sir James Ware in his antiquarian researches, states, in his great book of Pedigrees,

on the authority of an ancient record called the Book of Airis, that Finn fell A.D.283, being the year previous to that in which the death of Carbre occurred. The second wife of Finn was Ailbe (or, according to others, Aille), daughter of the monarch Cormac, son of Art, son of Con of the hundred battles, who mounted the throne of Ireland A.D. 227. Oisin was the son of Finn ; and another son of his, as stated by O'Flanagan, was Fergus, who was always styled by Irish writers the Bard of the Fenians, and there are many ancient copies of his poems to be seen in the libraries of the Royal Irish Academy and Trinity College, Dublin.

Mac Firbis informs us that there were several chiefs of the name of Finn prior to Finn, the son of Cumhall, and that some of them were of the Firbolg or Belgic race of Tara and Offaley, whom he calls Athach Tuath (anglicised Attacots by some writers), and that this was one of the three tribes from which the chiefs of the Fenians were elected ; for he states that the chief commander was chosen for his excellence in activity and feats of arms.

This military force was instituted before the Christian era, and had attained its greatest perfection in power and influence in the reign of King Cormac, in the third century. It was then considered as the national militia of Ireland, and none were admitted into the body but select men of the greatest activity, strength, stature, perfect form, and valour ; and, when the force was complete, it consisted of seven *Catha*—that is, battalions or legions,—each battalion containing three thousand men : making 21,000 for each of the five provinces, or about one hundred thousand well disciplined men in time of war for the entire kingdom. Each of the provincial forces had its own chief commander, or general. Finn, the son of Cumhall, as King of the Fenians, was commander-in-chief of the entire army, in the reign of Cormac ; and, although the monarch of Ireland

for the time being was to have control over all their movements, yet they often resisted his authority. A commander was also appointed over every thousand of these troops, and each *Cath*, or battalion, had its bands of musicians and bards to animate the men in battle and celebrate their feats of arms.

The military weapons used by the Fenians were swords, spears, darts, javelins, the battle-axe, slings, bows, and arrows, many specimens of which—dug out of the earth in various parts of Ireland—may be seen in the Dublin museums.

The standards and banners of the Fenians were made of *Sról*, which term O'Reilly explains, in his Dictionary, by the words silk or satin; but it is believed by others to signify fine linen. These standards are described in one of the poems ascribed to Oisin, entitled "The Lay of the Sixteen Chiefs; or, the Cattle Prey of Tara," which I have translated. They were of various colours—blue, green, red, and white, and bore representations of various trees, animals, military weapons, and musical instruments, such as the yew tree, the mountain ash, the Irish wolf-dog, the deer, spears, pipes, &c. These standards also bore significant names, and that of Finn was called *Gal-Greine*, signifying Beam of the sun, or sun-burst, and on it was represented the sun and its rays.

The military dress of the Fenian Militia was of various colours. The Books of Leacan and Ballymote, compiled in the fourteenth century from ancient manuscripts—such as the Psalter of Cashel, the Book of Glendalough, and several others—inform us that in the reign of Tigearnmas, monarch of Ireland, cloths were first dyed purple, blue, and green; and that he established the custom of using one colour in a slave's garment; two in that of a soldier; three in the apparel of military officers and young noble-

men; four in that of a *Biatach*, or one who had lands from the crown for the maintenance of a table for strangers and travellers; five in that of lords of districts; and six in the dress of an *ollav*, or chief Professor; and in that of the King and Queen seven. He also introduced the wearing of gold and silver ornaments, and many specimens of such —and of very great value—may be seen in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

"This law of the number of colours in the *ollav's* garments," says Charles O'Conor, in his Dissertations on the History of Ireland, "did more towards gaining esteem and respect than all the golden trappings of the East; and yet cost nothing. It produced a noble emulation among men of letters, who, on approving themselves skilled in the Fileacht—that is, in the arts and sciences of the land—received the vesture of six colours.

"The fashion of this vesture was so admirably adapted to the manners of a martial nation, that it received very little change through all ages. It helped to display action, and exhibited the actor in the most advantageous manner. One piece covered the legs and thighs of the wearer closely. The *Braccon* (striped or parti-coloured), or piece annexed, was so conveniently contrived as to cover the breast better than modern dress, while the close sleeves gave the soldier all the advantages he could require in the use of his arms. The covering of the head, or *Bared*, was made of the same stuff and rose conically, like the cap of a modern grenadier, (or, rather, in the style of the old Phrygian bonnet.) I have seen a representation of these dresses in the carvings on the tomb of Fedlim O'Connor, King of Connaught, at Roscommon (he died A.D, 1265), and the remains of this species of apparel are still preserved in the Highlands of Scotland."

It may be doubted by some that the Irish were ac-

quainted with the manufacture of cloth at an early period. The Earl of Charlemont, in a paper written in 1786, which appears in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, proved from a passage of an ancient Florentine poet, and other authorities, that this country exported her woollen fabrics to Italy in the fourteenth century, when such manufacture was unknown in England. The Italian poem, from which Lord Charlemont quotes, was composed before the year 1364, and is entitled Dittamondi or Data Mundi. The passage which relates to the woollen manufacture of Ireland is to the following effect:—"In like manner we pass into Ireland, which among us is worthy of renown for the excellent *serges* that she sends us." After quoting several other authors in corroboration of this passage, Lord Charlemont says:—"From all these several facts, and particularly from the passage of our author, we may fairly conclude that Ireland was possessed of an extensive trade in woollens at a very early period, and long before that commodity was an article of English export. Manufactures are slow in being brought to that degree of perfection which may render them an object coveted by distant countries, especially where the people of those countries have arrived at a high degree of polish; and if, in the middle of the fourteenth century, the serges of Ireland were eagerly sought after, and worn with a preference, by the polished Italians, there can be no doubt that the fabric had been established for a very long time before that period." Evidently those serges must have been of mixed or various colours, and were, probably, similar to the *plaids* and *tartans* of the present time.

The Book of Howth, a MS. of the fifteenth century, and now in Lambeth Library, London, gives some interesting account of the Fenians. "In Ireland," it states, "there were soldiers called Fiana Eirionn, appointed to keep the

sea coast, fearing foreign invasion or foreign princes to enter the realm. The names of the commanders of these soldiers were Fionn, son of Cumhall, Coloilion, Caoilte, Osgar son of Oisin, Dermod O'Duibhne, Goll Mac Morna and divers others."

Pinkerton, in his "Inquiry into the History of Scotland," says of Finn and his forces, that "he seems to have been a man of great talents for the age, and of celebrity in arms. His formation of a regular standing army, trained to war, in which all the Irish accounts agree, seems to have been a rude imitation of the Roman legions in Britain. The idea, though simple enough, shows prudence, for such a force alone could have coped with the Romans had they invaded Ireland."

The Book of Ballymote gives an account of a battle fought A. D. 190, between Con of the hundred battles, monarch of Ireland, and Eogan More, otherwise called Mogh Nuad, King of Munster. The cause of this battle was as follows:—The monarch having appointed Crimthan, son of Niacorb, as King of Leinster, Crimthan endeavoured to exclude from power the posterity of Cahir More, who were till then in the sovereignty of Leinster. At this time Cumhall, the father of Finn, was commander of the Clan of Baisgne, or the Leinster warriors, and having formed the project of dethroning the monarch Con, and restoring the race of Cahir More, he communicated his intention to Eogan More, who promised him his assistance. Whereupon Cumhall collected his forces, and being joined by the Heberians of Munster, headed by their King, both armies marched to oppose Con. The monarch, having collected all his forces, both armies fought a memorable battle at a place called Cnucha, in Moy Liffey, now supposed to be Castleknock, in the vicinity of Dublin, in which many thousands were slain on both sides; but the victory was at

length won by the army of the monarch Con, chiefly through the valour of the celebrated warrior Goll, the son of Morna, who commanded the Clan of Morna, or Connaught forces, and slew the heroic Cumhall in single combat. A full account of this battle is recorded in a Fenian work entitled *Cath-Cnucha*, or the battle of Cnuca, of which there are copies in several public libraries, and in the hands of many Irish scholars.

The death of Cumhall by the hand of Goll in this battle, was the cause of frequent contentions between the Clan of Baisgne and the Clan of Morna, which are often alluded to in the poems of Oisin, and ultimately proved the destruction of those military forces. The following is from an old MS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy relative to Finn and his strife with the Clan of Morna, which has been quoted by Dr. Drummond in his Essay on the Poems of Ossian.

"Carbre Lifeachar, the son of King Cormac, obtained the crown, and was called Lifeachar because he was fostered near the river Liffey in Leinster. This monarch was killed in the battle of Gaura which was fought upon this occasion."

"There were two principal septs of the Fiana of Ireland —the Clan of Morna and the Clan of Baisgne. This Baisgne was the ancestor of Cumhall, who was Finn's father, commonly called Finn the son of Cumhall Finn had a son and daughter. The daughter was called Samhair, and was married to Cormac Cas, King of Munster, the ancestor of the O'Briens of Thomond. By her Cormac Cas had three sons, Tine, Conla, and Mogha Corb, a name which signifies the chief of the chariot. This Mogha Corb was King of Munster in the reign of the monarch Carbre. Finn's son was Oisin, and was head of the clan of Baisgne, who, falling at difference with the Clan of Morna, was pro-

tected and assisted by Mogha Corb, his sister's husband. The Clan of Morna, who were then the monarch's mercenary soldiers, were headed by Aedh Caemh, or Hugh the Mild, son of Garaigh Glundubh (or, of the Black Knee), son of Morna, assisted and backed by the monarch Carbre; so that this civil war continued between the Fiana for seven years; and at length the Clan of Morna provoked the monarch and the other princes of Ireland to war upon Mogha Corb, King of Munster, because he protected the Clan of Baisgne, hoping by that means that they should be deserted by the King of Munster, and so be utterly expelled the kingdom, which the monarch did, although that Oisin was his sister's son. But the King of Munster adhered faithfully to the Clan of Baisgne, and consequently followed the Battle of Gaura, wherein the monarch Carbre was slain, after he had reigned twenty-seven years."

The following account of the battle of Gaura has been collected from various Irish MSS.:—

After the death of Finn, whose remains it is stated were buried on the top of Slieve Cuailgne, now Slieve-Gullion, in the county Armagh, the Fenians were commanded by his son Oisin; and at the time of the Battle of Gaura, Osgar, the son of Oisin, commanded the Fenian forces. The army of Munster, commanded by Mogha Corb, and by his son Fear Corb, or the hero of the chariot, was composed of the Clan Deagha of Desmond and the Dal-Cas of Thomond, joined by the Fenians of Leinster. The army of the monarch Carbre was composed of the Royal forces of Meath and the men of Ulster, together with the Clan of Morna, or the Connaught warriors, commanded by Hugh, King of Connaught, son of Garaidh, and grandson of Morna of the Fir-Bolg or Belgic colony. The Munster forces and the Fenians of Leinster marched to Meath, and (says the Book of Howth), came to Garristown, and they, perceiving

their enemies so nigh, embattled themselves there; and after having kissed the ground and given a great cry, as their manner was, of which cry that name was given Baile-Gaura, or Garristown—the word *Gara* in Irish signifying cries or shouts,—one of the most furious battles recorded in Irish history ensued, which continued throughout the whole length of a summer's day. The greatest valour was displayed by the warriors on each side, and it is difficult to say which army were victorious or vanquished.

The brave Osgar was slain by the monarch Carbre, but Carbre himself soon afterwards fell by the hand of a champion named Simeon, the son of Corb, of the tribe of the Fotharts, who gave name to the barony of Forth in the county Wexford. Both armies amounted to about fifty thousand men, the greater part of whom were slain. Of the Fenian forces, who consisted of twenty thousand men, it is stated that eighteen thousand fell; and, on both sides, thirty thousand warriors were slain. The sanguinary battle of Gaura is considered to have led to the subsequent fall of the Irish monarchy, for, after the destruction of the Fenian forces, the Irish kings never were able to muster a national army equal in valour and discipline to those heroes, either to cope with foreign foes or to reduce to subjection the rebellious provincial kings and princes; hence the monarchy became weak and disorganized, and the ruling powers were unable to maintain their authority, or make a sufficient stand against the Danish and Anglo-Norman invaders of after times. This battle was fought at a place called Garristown, a village and parish in the barony of Balrothery, county of Dublin, four miles north-west from Ashbourne. The battle is well described in a modern version of one of the poems attributed to Oisin, entitled the Battle of Gaura, from which are the following passages:—

We then raised our standards
To commence the battle of Gaura,
We ourselves, and the Fenians of Leinster,
Against Carbre and the Clan of Morna.

Then Fergus, the poet, prepared,
The chief bard of the Fenians,
To encourage us on to the fight
In advancing to the battle of Gaura.

March onward, O valiant Osgar!
Thou cleaver of the heads of heroes,
And by thy prosperous standard
Obtain renown and victory.

Acquire fresh conquering courage
Against Aedh, the son of Garai,
And against the opposing kings,
And completely subdue them by slaughter,

We marched closely to the conflict,
And advanced against the king and his forces;
And such a sight as then appeared
Will never again be recorded.

My son then rushed onward
On the battalions of Tara
Like a hawk amongst small birds,
Or like a dashing wave of the ocean.

We made a fierce charging onset
Against the forces of the men of Erin,
When three hundred chieftains fell
By Osgar's sword of the powerful strokes.

From the overwhelming blows of Osgar,
And of the clan of Morna of combats,
You might behold, over the glens,
A flashing fire from the clash of their arms.

On the fall of Osgar in the battle, he says :—

Lastly we raised the heroic Osgar
Exalted on the shafts of our spears ;
We conveyed him to a rising ground
To warn the Fenians of our sorrowful loss.*

The Fenians were so weakened at this battle that they never were able to recover their former consequence, and we are informed that Oisin and Cailte, two of the principal surviving warriors of the Clan of Baisgne, devoted the remainder of their lives to the composition of poetry and history, like many of our retired military officers of the present time.

In a work usually entitled "The Dialogue of the Sages," namely Oisin and Cailte, they are represented as relating the achievements and military exploits of the Fenians, in the presence of the then reigning monarch at Tara. There is a copy of this tract in the Book of M'Carthy Riabhach, sometimes called the Book of Lismore, a MS. on parchment compiled in the fourteenth century, although the language is apparently of a much earlier date. The MS. is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and is at present in the library of the Castle of Lismore. There is another copy of the Dialogue of the Sages, contained in a vellum MS. of the thirteenth century, the Book of O'Maelconry, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which I have seen.

In this work, which is carried on by way of dialogue between Cailte and Oisin, they give the situation and history of the names of several hills, mountains, rivers, lakes, rocks, and caverns in Ireland which derived their names from, or had any connexion with, the actions or military achieve-

* This poem is given in full in the first volume of the works of the Ossianic Society, the Editor of which had the use of these papers while preparing it for press, but that volume is long out of print.

ments of Finn and his Fenian warriors. The history of these places is first given in prose, and the poems of Finn, Cailte, Oisin, and other Fenian poets, are quoted as the authorities. The poems are 44 in number, containing altogether 1,542 verses or lines. Among these is a poem of 190 lines, which gives an account of the Fenian chiefs, or kings as they are styled, from the time of Fiacha Finn (the fair) in the year 15 of the Christian era, till the time of Oisin, the last chief of that military order. The two first stanzas of this poem are addressed by Oisin to Cailte, requesting to be informed who was the first that obtained a division of Ireland for the kings of the Fenians, and put that army under pay. Cailte, in reply, states that he is well acquainted with the history of these affairs, and proceeds to relate to him that Feradach became king of Ireland, and that Fiacha Finn, instead of contending for the monarchy, contented himself by becoming king of the Fenians, on the terms of having his portion of the kingdom and certain stipulated privileges, for the maintenance of his own rank and also for the support of his forces. This division of the land, as stated by Duald Mac Firbis, in his MS. Book of Pedigrees, now in the possession of the Earl of Roden, was seven townlands out of every *Triocha-Cead*, or barony throughout Ireland. Feredach reigned 22 years, and on his death Fiacha Finn resigned the office of king of the Fenians and became monarch of Ireland. Fiacha appointed Morna his successor as king of the Fenians; and Cailte enumerates seventeen chiefs who succeeded to this high office in Munster, Leinster, Ulster, and Connaught, and the number of years they commanded these forces respectively, from the time of Fiacha Finn to that of Oisin, who was their acknowledged chief for ten years. Then follows an account of the five principal persons in each profession and order of society, such as the five chief Druids, Physicians, Bards, or Poets,

heroes, generals or commanders of armies, the most hospitable; and of the five greatest statesmen in Ireland, he says:—

> Cuiceir ir gaiṫe um ceill n-gríonn
> Ro boi in aentaig an Éirinn,
> Fiṫel agus Flaiṫri a ṁac,
> Aillṁe ir Cairbre ir Cormac.

> Five the most eminent for profound wisdom
> That lived in one mansion in Erin,
> Were Fithel and Flaithre his son,
> Aillve, Carbre, and Cormac.

Fithel and Flaithre were chief Brehons or judges to Cormac and Carbre, the monarchs of Ireland, and they wrote a code of laws, in the execution of which they were aided by Cormac and Finn, the son of Cumhall. There are very ancient copies of these laws in Trinity College Library, Dublin, which are now being prepared for publication.

Here I may briefly state that in Irish poetry there are three kinds of verse, and it is said that all the ancient poems of Oisin are composed in the first of these, called *Dán Direach*, or accurate metre. "This," says O'Molloy in his Irish Grammar, "is the most abstruse and difficult kind of composition under the canopy of heaven. In it there are seven requisites, namely, a certain number of quatrains in each stanza or verse; a certain number of syllables in each quatrain or line; concord, correspondence, termination, union or alliteration, and chief or head. The four first of these are indispensably necessary for each kind of the *Dán Direach*, but the three last are not."

In this poem, which is ascribed to Oisin, there are four quatrains in each stanza; there are eight syllables in every verse or line; there is also concord, or two words in each line beginning with the same class of consonants or vowels;

correspondence or rhyme, which signifies an agreement in the quantity of vowels or consonants of the same class. Termination requires that if the last words in the second and fourth lines exceed one or two syllables, those of the first and third must be one syllable less, as for instance *Eirind* and *Cormac*, the two last words in the second and fourth lines in this stanza, are words of two syllables, while those of the first and third are *grind* and *mac*, or monosyllables; and the entire stanza forms in itself a sentence, making perfect sense independent of any other. So that this test of prosody stamps this poem with genuineness and antiquity. Not so with Macpherson's Ossian, for he gives nine syllables in one line, whilst in a corresponding line there may be found only six or seven, as shown by O'Reilly, the author of the Irish Dictionary and Grammar. The fact is, he did not speak the Gaelic and knew but very little of the written language; and in his translation from his original English he threw words into it without regard to union, correspondence, or any other rule of prosody, the pure consequence of his helpless ignorance. But Armstrong and Stuart are more to blame, as authors in the Gaelic language, in quoting this *patois* as an authority in their Grammars and Dictionary, thus compelling their readers to unlearn what was right and adopt what is erroneous and corrupt.

This poem is printed in the first volume of Dr. O'Conor's Rerum Hib. Scriptores, from an old MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, but he has given no translation of it; and this is the poem that was shown by the Librarian at Oxford to Mr. Macpherson, when that gentleman had the honesty to confess that he could not read or translate one line of it. Then, in the name of common sense, how could he translate the language of the third century when this was beyond his comprehension? The supposition, therefore, that he trans-

lated the poems of the Caledonian Bard of the third age is too absurd to be entertained for one moment. I may add that the work entitled the "Dialogue of the Sages," which contains this poem, is intended to form one of the volumes of the Ossianic Society, and will be edited by my learned friend John Windele, of Blair's Castle, Cork.

There is an Irish MS., written on old vellum, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, which contains two poems by Oisin and one ascribed to Finn, the son of Cumhall. This MS., from which I have taken some extracts, was compiled in the twelfth century, and from the antiquated language and other internal evidences of these poems, it must be admitted that they were copied from some ancient record or records that existed anterior to the tenth century. We have no just reason to doubt their genuineness as being originally the compositions of Oisin, when we remember the many liberties of modernizing the language usually taken by the scribes, through whom they have been handed down to us. One of these poems by Oisin relates to the battle of Gaura, and has appeared in one of the volumes of the Ossianic Society. In the other Oisin informs us that, by order of the monarch of Ireland, a fair and races were held at the Currach of the Liffey, now the Curragh of Kildare, on which day he composed this poem. He then relates an anecdote about Finn, who went one time into Munster to attend the fair and races of Clogher, in the present county of Limerick, which were ordered by Fiacha Muilleathan, King of Munster. It happened that a black race horse, which was the property of Dil the Druid, and grandfather to the King, won all the races, after which the Druid bestowed it on the King, who immediately presented it to Finn, the son of Cumhall. Finn prized this steed very much, and afterwards won many races by him. At the termination of the

races Finn, Oisin, and Cailte made a tour of the kingdom of Kerry, which is fully described.

In the Library of the Royal Irish Academy is an Irish MS. of the twelfth century entilled *Leabar-na-h-Uidhri*, or the Book of the Brown Cow, so named, it is said, from the original having been written on the hide of that animal. A partial account of its history has been recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, and, from its present appearance, we may infer that only one-third or one-fourth of its original matter now remains, and the larger portion is, therefore, perhaps lost for ever. We are informed by one of the writers of the Annals of the Four Masters, as also by the Book of Lismore, that the MS. which originally bore this title was compiled at Clonmacnois in the time of St. Kiaran, in the sixth century. It appears, therefore that this book contained a copy of the original with large additions from other MSS., such as the Book of Drumsnaght, the Book of Slane, and several others, of which we know nothing, except their titles, quoted in this book.

In the remaining fragment of this MS. are accounts of the derivations of the names of some remarkable places in Ireland, copied, no doubt, directly from the original Book of Dinseanchus of the sixth century; also poems by Dallan Forgal, the chief Bard of Ireland in the sixth century ; and by St. Columba, the Irish Missionary to the Picts and Gaels of North Britain. Dr. O'Conor has stated, in his Catalogue of the Stowe Library, that there was an old MS. there which contained a copy of Dallan Forgal's poems, and in the margin of the MS. his grandfather, Charles O'Conor, had written "that he did not understand this old poem," although he was the best Irish scholar in Ireland in his time. By this test of the ancient language Dr. O'Conor severely criticises the modern corrupt dialect of Macpherson's poems of Ossian.

Colgan, in the seventeenth century, speaking of the poems of Dallanus, says, they are written in the ancient style, and that, consequently, they were, in a great degree, unintelligible in after times, even to many who were skilled in the old idiom of their country. According to Colgan there were poems by Oisin and Cailte on vellum, in the Irish Library at Lovain. This probably was a copy of the Dialogue of the Sages.

The Book of the Brown Cow gives the history of Conor Mac Neasa, King of Ulster at the beginning of the Christian era; of the Red Branch Knights or Fenians of Ulster, and of the seven years' war carried on between them and the men of Connaught. The title of this tract is *Tain-bo-Cuailgne*, or the Cattle Raid of Cooley, a district in the County Louth. There is another copy of this work in the Book of Leinster of the twelfth century, which I have partly collated with a modernized copy, as it is intended to be published by the Ossianic Society. The modernized copies of this work and of the Tale of Deirdre supplied Macpherson with materials for his Darthula. The language and style of the copies in the Books of the Brown Cow and of Leinster are very antiquated. It also contains a history of Cormac, monarch of Ireland in the third century, in whose reign the Fenians were raised to their highest perfection and efficiency as a military force. It also gives an account of the Battle of Cnuca, in which it states that Cumhall, the father of Finn, was slain by Goll, the son of Morna, thus corroborating the historical facts recorded of those persons in the Books of Leacan and Ballymote and other MSS.*

* The following translation of a passage from the Book of the Brown Cow, relative to Cailthe and Finn is taken from Dr. Petrie's work on the Round Towers of Ireland:—" We were with thee, O'Finn, said the youth (i e. Cailthe). Hush! said Mongan (another name of Finn) that is not good (fair). We

The Book of Dinshancus, another of our ancient records, was originally composed by Amergin, son of Amalgai, Chief Bard to Dermod, who reigned monarch of Ireland from A.D. 544 to A.D. 565. This work gives an account of noted places, as fortresses, raths, cities, hills, mountains, plains, lakes, rivers, &c., and of the origin of their names. There are copies of this work in the Books of Leacan and Ballymote, and also in a vellum MS. at Oxford, which was compiled directly from the Psalter of Cashel of the 10th century and from other more ancient MSS., as described by Dr. O'Donovan in his Introduction to the Book of Rights, published by the Celtic Society of Dublin (see p. 31.) In this work the account of each place is first given in prose ; and poems, or extracts from poems, of the earliest writers are quoted as authorities, and some of these are by Finn, the son of Cumhall, and by Fergus, the Bard of the Fenians. The language of these poems is so obsolete as to almost deter some of the best Irish scholars of the present time from attempting a translation of them. One of these poems by Finn is given as an authority for Fornocht, a place now called Farnagh, near the town of Moat in the barony

were with thee, Finn, once, said he ; we went from Almain (Allen, in County Kildare). We fought against Fothad Airgthech with thee at Ollarba (now Olderfleet, at six mile water, in the County Antrim). We fought a battle here (recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters at A.D. 285) ; I made a shot at him, and I drove my spear through him . . . . . This is the handle that was in that spear. The round stone from which I made that shot will be found, and east of it will be found the iron head of the spear buried in the earth ; and the Carn of Fothad will be found a short distance to the east of it. There is a chest of stone about him in the earth. There are his two rings of silver, and his two bracelets, and his torque of silver, on his chest ; and there is a pillar stone at his Carn ; and an Ogam (inscribed) on the end of the pillar stone which is in the earth. And what is in it is, EOCHAID AIRGTHEACH (buried) HERE. It was Cailte that was here along with Finn. All these things were searched for by the youth who had arrived, and they were found."—p. 108. If Ogham was a Christian invention how comes it here at this pagan grave ?

of Clonlonan, county Westmeath. Finn had one of his fortresses here, which was destroyed, and Oisin and Cailte are represented as encountering the people who committed the destruction. As this work was composed about the middle of the sixth century we are enabled, by its means, to trace Oisin so far back as to approach within two or three centuries of the very era in which he flourished. This work is also intended for one of the publications of the Ossianic Society.

There is another class of Ossianic poems which is very numerous, and copies of them are still to be found in the hands of many Irish scholars throughout Ireland. Hundreds of these are to be seen in the Libraries of Trinity College, Dublin; the Royal Irish Academy; Oxford, British Museum, and in different places on the Continent. The language of these poems, for the most part, is comparatively modern, and if ever they were composed by Oisin they must have been greatly changed and manufactured, with additions and interpolations, so as to make the poet and St. Patrick cotemporaries. These are now in course of being published by the Ossianic Society. Of these modern poems I have myself translated thirty-three, amounting to nearly 8,000 verses or lines.

It does not follow that although we have not the original of these modern poems of Oisin that they never existed in any other form. On the contrary we have very strong reasons to believe that they did, for the language of the copies of them, written in the 15th century, has all the appearance of genuine antiquity. The language is correct, and the versification is strictly according to the rules of Irish prosody. In a work composed in the seventh century called The Primmer of the Bards—*i.e.*, a Prosody—there are compositions quoted in the examples given of which no trace now remains. The numerous MSS. that contained those poems are at present unknown.

Theophilus O'Flanagan has given in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dublin, two correct specimens of these poems, with poetical translations. They are entitled "The Blackbird of Derrycarn," and "The Lay of Talc, son of Treun." Here (he says) the alliterations, unions, correspondences, auricular harmonies, and other particulars requisite to the accuracy and elegance of Irish poetry, are most scrupulously and chastely retained. Vast numbers of these poems are still preserved in Ireland, written and by rote. They are even still the great source of long night's entertainment in the Irish speaking parts of Ireland, together with the old romances, or Fenian stories, all upon the exploits of the Fenian Heroes, or ancient Irish militia."

About a hundred years ago the Irish shanachies sang portions of these poems to Irish tunes, which are now lost; and it appears that this was also the practice amongst the sgeulais in the Highlands of Scotland, for we are informed by Dr. Young, in a note on one of those poems he collected there, entitled *Laoi-an Deirg*, or the Lay of Dergo, that "the music to which it was anciently sung is still preserved in the Highlands of Scotland, and has been lately published in Mac Donald's collection of Highland airs."

In the year 1789 appeared Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry, of which a second edition was published by Christie, of Dublin, in 1817. In this work Miss Brooke has given seven of our Ossianic poems, in the original Irish, with translations in English verse. The titles of these are as follow:—The Lay of Conlaoch, the Lamentation of Cuchullin; the Lay of Magnus the Great; the Chase of Slieve Gullion; the Lay of Moira Borb (or, the Fierce); the War Ode of Osgar, son of Oisin, and the War Ode of Goll, the son of Morna. I am informed by the President of the Society that, in his collection of Scotch Gaelic poems,

there are two that were taken down from recitation by the Highland Bards in the last century, which agree nearly stanza for stanza with the corresponding poems published by Miss Brooke, and with those circulating in manuscript among the peasantry of the South of Ireland.

O'Reilly has pointed out, in his Essay, the Irish poems from which Macpherson stole his materials for Ossian. He shows that the poem of Carthon is founded on the Lay of Conlaoch; his Fingal is partly taken from the Lay of Magnus the Great; his episode of Barbar and Fainasollis, in the third book of his Fingal, is taken from Moira Borb; the fourth Book of Fingal is founded on the War Ode of Goll. The combat between Osgar and Iollan seems to be a bad imitation of Moira Borb. The death of the children of Usnagh is the poem on which he framed his Darthula. The original of the Battle of Lara is not given by the Gaelic Society in their printed Gaelic originals, but a poem in Gillie's collection of Gaelic poems, printed at Perth in 1786, called Earragon, is the poem on which the battle of Lara is founded. In Dr. Young's collection this poem is given, from which, he says, it is evident that the Highlanders believed Finn, Oisin, Goll, Osgar, &c., were Irishmen. There are good copies of this poem to be had in Ireland. Dr. Young says of the poem entitled Oisin's Dialogue that the Highland *sgeulais* have been very busy in corrupting it, partly of necessity, from their want of a written standard, and from their vain desire of attributing Finn and his heroes to Scotland since Macpherson's publication; they seem to have *intentionally* corrupted in some passages, as may be seen by comparing the Earse copies with each other. We must look, he says, to the Irish copies for the remedy of the corruptions in the Highland poems of Oisin. In Mr. Hill's copy of this several passages have been corrupted in order to make

Finn a Scotchman, and in one place *Eirin*, Ireland, is commuted to *Albin*, Scotland.

"The death of Osgar, in the first Book of Temora, is grounded on the battle of Gaura; and many passages of it are, indeed, literally translated. But great liberties, as usual, have been taken with the original, and he refers to p. 313 of the Perth edition. Macpherson (Dr. Young says) makes Carbre call Osgar *son of the woody Morven*, without any authority from the Highland original, in order to support his indefensible fiction that Oisin was a Scotchman. Of the poem entitled the Lay of Con, the son of Dergo, he says:—This entire story has been so altered by Mr. Smith that nothing remains in common with the original but the names. Wherever *Fiana Eirionn*, or the Fenians of Ireland, or any such terms in favour of Ireland, occur in this or the other poems they are omitted in the Perth edition and other words substituted in their place."

"Ireland (says Dr. Drummond) possessed an undisputed claim to the poems of Oisin for fifteen hundred years. The historians handed down in written records, never to be effaced, the genealogy of Finn, the son of Cumhall, and chronicled the age in which he lived, the battles he fought, the monarch he served, and the mode in which he died. Macpherson metamorphosed the Irish general into a Caledonian King, and placed him on the throne of a kingdom which was never noticed by any historian."

I may here state that Dr. Drummond has rendered several of the poems of Oisin into English verse, which have been published.

From all those concurring testimonies which I have quoted, it is clearly evident that the Clanna Milidh, usually called Milesians, were originally known as the *Scoti*, and that their country was called *Scotia*, or the land of the Scots, many centuries before that name was given to modern

Scotland. It has also been shown on unquestionable authorities, that the Gael of Caledonia were colonies from Ireland, and spoke and wrote in the language of their mother country. From the continued intercourse carried on between the two nations from the third to the sixteenth century, it is evident that the same manners and customs, the same traditions, legends, historical compositions, poems, songs and music, were common to both.

I have shown that many of the poems of Oisin, the Irish bard, and other Fenian poets, are still preserved in our Irish MSS., and I have named the libraries in which they are to be found. Some of these MSS. are as old as the 11th and 12th centuries, and these are merely copies from more ancient records, which are now supposed to be lost or mouldering in some of the Libraries on the Continent. These poems made their way into Scotland at an early period, and there cannot be a stronger proof of their great antiquity than their preservation in that country for so many centuries by oral tradition, although with dialectic changes.

Any statements, therefore, at variance with these long established historical truths, be they ever so plausible, when unsupported by authorities of equal antiquity and respectability, must be looked upon, by all men of candour and discernment, as fictions invented for selfish or lucrative purposes. Macpherson never did or could produce any authorities to give stability to his compositions; his chief arguments were to vilify our historians, and abuse the language of one of the most learned nations in Europe in the eighth century. His supporters, with all their ingenious arguments, have failed to prove the authenticity of his poems, because nothing but the production of the originals, nothing but proofs, positive proofs, will convince the learned of the present day.

PREFACE TO THE POEMS.

THE general reader, who knows nothing of the ancient poetry of Ireland, save by reputation, and the limited number of pieces which have hitherto appeared in print, in the volumes of Miss Brooke and Hardiman, will naturally expect that in a work like the present, devoted to the illustration of a phase of Bardism in this country, some specimens of their compositions should accompany the notices of an institution, which once occupied so remarkable a place in our social polity.

The following poems are therefore offered to the reader, it is to be hoped, as an instalment, to be followed hereafter by other contributions from the rich to everflowing poetic stores which we possess, and which we trust yet to see submitted to the literary public in all their varied extent and fullness. They were translated by the Editor many years ago, when he had the honor of being employed by their Majesties George IV. and William IV. to transcribe and make translations into English of ancient Irish MSS. for the Royal Library. The poems ascribed to Amergin, Lugad, Royné, Dallan and others, are said to be written in the *Bearla Feine,* which probably was the old Celtic tongue of Gaul and Spain as it was of Ireland in early times.

Some of these poems have been glossed by writers or commentators of the middle ages, without which it would be almost impossible now for any Irish scholar to interpret them; and it is proper to remark that the translation accompanying them is more in accordance with this gloss than with the original Text. The poems of Amergin and Lugad do not possess much interest beyond that of repre-

senting the oldest compositions in the Irish language. The originals are contained in O'Clery's Book of Invasions, and in the Books of Leacan and Ballymote. For an account of their various authors we are in the present instance indebted to O'Reilly's Irish Writers. This writer gives the following description of Amergin and his compositions under A.M. 2935.

"Amergin, son of Golamh, surnamed *Mile Spainneach*, (the Spanish hero,) was brother to Heber, Heremon, and Ir, from whom the Milesian families of Ireland are descended. He accompanied his brothers, and the other Gathelian chiefs, in their emigration from Spain to Ireland, and was the poet of the colony. In the *Leabhar Gabhaltus*, or Book of Conquests, compiled in the fourteenth century, from much more ancient books, and in the book of the same name, composed by the O'Clerys, who were employed in the compilation of THE ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, are preserved three poems, said to be written by Amergin; the first of these, consisting of only two *ranns*, or eight verses, begins 'Fir tonacta tuinde,' and contains the decision of Amergin upon the proposal of the *Tuath-de-Danan*, that the *Milesians* should retire from the shores of Ireland; the second consists of twenty verses, beginning 'Aliu iad n-Eireann.' This is a particular kind of Irish versification, called CONACLON, in which the last word of every verse is the same as the first word in every succeeding verse. The third poem consists of six *ranns*, or twenty-four verses, beginning 'Am goet i muir,' said to have been composed by Amergin, upon his landing at Inver Colpa, near Drogheda."

"Amongst the Seabright collection of Irish MSS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, class H. 54, folio 53, is preserved a small tract on the qualifications of a Bard, beginning 'Aocoire coir goirriath gor roinn dia dam a

builib beimib.' In the third line the author informs his readers, that he is 'Amergin Glungel, of hoary head and gray beard.' 'Or me Amargen Glungel, gair glar, gnelad.'

"These compositions are written in the Bearla Feini, and are accompanied with an interlined gloss, which itself requires much study to understand it perfectly, as its language too has become obsolete, and must in many places be read from bottom to top.

"That these poems were really the productions of Amergin, may be very reasonably doubted. Tara, the chief residence of our ancient monarchs, is particularly mentioned in the second poem; and therefore unless we suppose this author to have possessed the spirit of prophecy, as well as the inspirations of poetry, it could not have been written by him; as our ancient historians agree that the palace of Tara was not erected, nor the name imposed on the hill on which it was built, until after the establishment of the Milesian dynasty. [This may be wrong.] They are, however, of the highest antiquity, and their language and peculiar versification, independent of any other merits they may possess, claim for them the attention of the antiquary, and entitle them to preservation."

The following is a translation of the Introduction to the first poem of Amergin in the Books of Leacan and Ballymote:—"After that the sons of Milidh and of Breogan marched onwards till they arrived at Drumcain, which at this day is called Tara, where the three Kings of Erin were, (at their palace no doubt) namely Mac Cuill, Mac Cecht and Mac Grene, who demanded of the sons of Milidh to leave the island for three days, in order that they might decide whether they themselves would evacuate the kingdom, submit to the Milesian yoke, or muster an army to give them battle. It was their opinion that they (the

Milesians) could not effect a landing a second time, for they hoped that their Druids would be able to oppose them with such druidical enchantment as to prevent them from landing again. 'We,' said Mac Cuill, the son of Cearmad, 'will abide by the decision of Amergin your own Brehon, and should he pronounce a false (or unjust) judgment, it is certain that he will be killed by us.' 'Pronounce the judgment, Amergin,' said Eber Donn. 'I will,' said Amergin. 'Let them have the island.' 'What direction shall we take?' asked Eber. 'We are to set out over nine waves to sea,' replied Amergin; and that was the first judgment pronounced by the Milesians in Erin."

AMERGIN'S FIRST POEM.

Fir tonacta (tarracta) tuinde (tuind) tar naoib tonda (tondaib) mara munglara mbrogad manab (muna) dib (teib) cumachtac (cumactaib) clandtar cirb airlicir (oirligthir) cath conceartaim (conceartheir) tuind (tuind) tire tonacda (mon tir torrtheach) ma ro charaid (mo chanaid) damait ceart (cath) mana (muna) charaid (chanaid) ni damaid ni me arbeir (adbeara) frib.

TRANSLATION.

"The men whom we found dwelling in the land to them is possession due by right.
It is therefore your duty to set out to sea over nine green [waves;
And if you shall be able to effect a landing again in spite of them,
You are to engage them in battle, and I adjudge to you the land in which you found them living.
I adjudge to you the land wherein you found them dwelling, by the right of battle.
But although you may desire the land which these people possess, yet yours is the duty to shew them justice.
I forbid you from injustice to those you have found in the land, however you may desire to obtain it."

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND POEM OF AMERGIN.

"If my advice would be taken," said Donn the son of Milidh, "the matter should be decided by battle; for if it be in the power of the Druids of the Tuath-De-Danan we never shall be able to regain Erin."

"The Milesians then departed from Tara southward, and arrived at Invear-Fele (the mouth of the river Feal, or Cashin, on the Shannon in the county of Kerry), and Invear-Scene (the bay of Kenmare), where their ships were at anchor, and they set out over nine waves to sea. The Druids and Fileadhs of Erin chaunted incantations, by which they raised such a storm as caused everything that was at the bottom of the sea to be raised to its surface; and by the violence of the storm the fleet was driven from the coast far westward to sea, and was separated. 'This is a Druidic wind,' said Donn the son of Milidh. 'It is,' responded Amergin, 'if it does not blow above the mast head.' Whereupon Aranan, the youngest of the sons of Milidh, went up the mast to ascertain the fact, but was thrown therefrom, and while in the act of falling he said that the wind did not prevail beyond the mast head. He (Aranan) was the pilot of Donn's ship, and was the pupil of Amergin. 'It was deceitful in our soothsayers (said Donn) not to have prevented this magic wind.' 'There was no deception,' replied Amergin, and standing up he said as follows:"—

AMERGIN'S SECOND POEM.

Aillim iath nêreann,
Crimać (earnach) muir mothach,
Mothach sliab sreathać,
Sreatać coill clothach,
Cloćach ab earcach (aibearcach)
Carcach loć lionmar (lindmar),
Lindmar tor tlorra (ṫir thibra),

Tibra tuath aenach,
Aenaċ rig teamra,
Teamair tor tuathach,
Tuaṫa mac mileaḋ,
Ailte long libearn,
Libearn and Ere (Erinn),
Ere and diclarr,
Eber dond digbar,
Dicheadal ro gaeṫ,
Rogaeth ban breirr,
Breirr ban buaiċli,
Rig adbal Eremon,
Eremon or tur,
Hir Eber airfear (airear),
Airim iath nerend. A. J. L. J. A.

TRANSLATION.

"I implore that we may regain the land of Erin,
We who have come over the lofty waves.
This land whose mountains are great and extensive,
Whose streams are clear and numerous,
Whose woods abound with various fruits,
Its rivers and waterfalls are large and beautiful,
Its lakes are broad and widely spread,
It abounds in fountains on elevated grounds.
May we gain power and dominion over its tribes,
May we have Kings of our own ruling at Tara, [kings,
May Tara be the regal residence of our many succeeding
May the Milesians be the conquerors of its people,
May their ships anchor in its harbours,
May they trade along the coast of Erin,
May Heremon be its first ruling monarch,
May the descendants of Ir and Heber be mighty kings,
I implore that we may regain the land of Erin."

I. I. M. P. L. O. R. E.

THE THIRD POEM OF AMERGIN.

"It was on the occasion of Amergin of the fair knee first placing his right foot on Erin's soil that he composed the following." The copies of this poem contained in the Books of Leacan and Ballymote and of the O'Clerys are accompanied by a gloss, the translation of which is given at foot. That of the former is distinguished by the letter B; the latter by the letters O'C.

AMERGIN'S THIRD POEM.

Am ꝫaeth i(a) muiṁ,
Am tonn tṡeathain,
Am ṡuaim mara,
Am dam ṡeiṁ,
(Am dam .uil. ndṡeam)
Am ṡeꝫ ṡor aill,
Am der ngṡeine,
Am cain luba,
Am tonc arꝫail,
Am eo i lindib,
Am loch i maiꝫh,
Am brꝫh dana,
Am ꝫai la ṡodb ṡearar ṡeachto,
Am dae delbur do chind cotnu,
Coiche not ꝫlean clochar ṡlebe,
Cia duiluidh ṡuineaḋ ꝫṡeinnu,
Cia ṡeacht ṡiecht ṡiḋ ꝫan eccla,
Cir non do ꝫar earra uirceᵢ,
Cia ber a buar o tiꝫ teatṡa,
Cia buar teaṫṡach tibde chadam,
Cia de delbur ṡaobṡa a ndiond,
Airer cainte dichan toclacht,

Dalef feada fodhail coblach (foblaib comblicc),
Cachain aille ailirde fear,
Coimeas cainte am cainte gaeth. Am.

TRANSLATION.

"I am a wind at sea,[1]
I am a wave of the sea,[2]
I am the roaring of the sea,[3]
I am seven battalions,[4]
I am an ox in strength,
I am a bird of prey on a cliff,[5]
I am a ray of the sun,[6]
I am an intelligent navigator,
I am a boar of fierceness,[7]
I am a salmon in a river (or pool),[8]
I am a lake on a plain,[9]
I am an effective artist,[10]
I am a giant with a sharp sword hewing down an army,[11]
I am gods in the power of transformation.[12]

[1] i.e. in profoundness. B.—i.e. I am a sea wind in strength; or I am equal to a wind at sea in power, activity, and ingenuity. O'C.

[2] i.e. in might. B.—I am a stormy wave to overcome every obstacle. O'C.

[3] i.e. in terror. B.—I advance equal to the bellowing, roaring, or crashing sound of the sea. O'C.

[4] i.e. in strength or power. B.

[5] i.e. in cunning. B.

[6] i.e. in pureness. B.—I am as pure as a ray of the sun in brightness and clearness. O'C.

[7] i.e. I am as a wild boar in prowess, or I am a chief in valour. O'C.

[8] i.e. in swiftness. B.—I am a salmon in swiftness, in well known pools. O'C.

[9] i.e. in extent. B.—i.e. I am a lake on a plain in extent, or great is my magic. O'C.

[10] i.e. in power. B.—i.e. I am powerful and true in art and mechanism; or I am intrepid and powerful on hills. O'C.

[11] i.e. in taking vengeance. B.

[12] i.e. I am a god, a druid, and a man that creates fire from magical smoke for the destruction of all, and who creates magic on the tops of hills. O'C.

In what direction shall we proceed? [council?
Whether in the valley or mountain top shall we hold our
Where shall we fix our dwelling? [setting sun?
To what land is greater praise due than to the island of the
Where shall we have our walks to and fro', in fertile land with peace and safety?
Who can direct you to where the water runs clearest, in the rippling rill or at the water fall?
Or who can tell you of the age of the moon, but I?
Who can bring the fish from its recesses in the sea, as I can do?
Who can cause the fish to approach to the shore, as I can?
Who can change the hills, mountains or promontories as I can?
I am a Filea (Bard) who invokes to prophecy at the entreaty of seafaring men.
Javelins shall be wielded to revenge the loss of our ships,
I sing forth praises and prophecy victory,
In ending my poem I desire other preferments which I shall obtain."

I. A. M.

THE FOURTH POEM OF AMERGIN.

"Amergin also composed the following supplication as prophesying the increase of fish in the rivers and bays of Erin, for the use of the Milesians."

Jarcach muir mothach,
Tir co maidm neirc,
Jarcc fo thuinn,
Rethaib en fairrcci,
Cruaidh carrair fionn,
Cedaib iach leathan,
Ail port aclaid,
To maidm neirc.

J. A. S. C. A. C. H.

TRANSLATION.

"May the fishes of the sea crowd in shoals to the land for our use,
May the waves of the sea drive forth to the shore abundance [of fish,
May the salmon swim abundantly into our nets,
May all kinds of fishes come plentifully to us from the sea,
May its flat fishes also come in abundance,
This poem I compose at the sea shore that fishes may swim in shoals to our coast."

M. A. Y.

LUGHAIDH, SON OF ITH.

"Cotemporary with Amergin, was Lughaidh, son of Ith, and nephew of Golamh, or Milesius."

"In the books of Conquests or Invasions, already mentioned, is preserved a poem, said to be composed extempore by Lughaidh, upon the death of his wife *Fail*, the daughter of Milesius. The language of this poem does not appear to be so old as those attributed to Amergin, but it is undoubtedly of very great antiquity. It is valuable, as it shows in a strong light an amiable picture of female modesty, and proves how highly that virtue was estimated by the ancient Irish."—O'Reilly's Irish Writers.

"The wife of Lughaidh, son of Ith, died of shame on account of seeing her husband naked while bathing in the bay, and hence it has been called the bay of Fail. It was on the occasion of the death of Fail that her husband composed an Elegy for her, which was the first Elegy ever composed in Erin. It is as follows."—From the Books of Leacan and Ballymote.

LUGHAIDH MAC ITH CCT.

Suidean fund uar an (forfan) tuacht
Ainbtheach fuacht;
Crid for mo ded, adbal ect,
Ec dom fuacht;
Airneidim duib atbat bean,
Brogair blad;
Fial a hainm; fir nad neam,
Or grian glan;

Abbal éz, acc bom ruaċt,
Cruaiḋ rom claiḋ;
Noċt a ḟir; air no ḟil;
Sin no raiḋ.

S. U. J. D. E. A. H.

TRANSLATION.

Here we sat, on the beach,
In stormy cold;
My teeth did shiver, great was the catastrophe,
A death occasioned by my advancing;
I relate to you that a woman died,
Of exceeding beauty;
Fail was her name; through seeing a naked man,
In the bright sunny day;
Awful was the death, a death occasioned by my advancing,
It sorely grieves my heart; [person;
It was her naked husband; she thought it was some other
She died in consequence thereof.

H. E. R. E. W. E. S. A. T.

ROIGNE ROSGADHACH.

A.M. 3619. "Roigne Rosgadhach (Royné the Poetic) son of Ugoine Mór, flourished in the time that his brother MAL was monarch of Ireland. In the Book of Invasions we find a poem ascribed to this author, giving an account of the peregrinations of the Gathelians, and the names of their chiefs, from their departure from Egypt, until their arrival in Spain, and afterwards in Ireland; with an account of the partition of that country amongst the sons of Milesius. The poem contains an answer to some enquiries made by his brother *Mal*, upon the origin of the Irish people."

"If every other proof of the antiquity of this piece were wanting, the language alone would be sufficient to evince its early composition. In fact, it would be nearly unintelligible to Irish readers of the present day, if it were not for the interlined *gloss* that accompanies the text, and even the gloss is so obsolete, that none but those who have made Irish MSS. a particular study, are able to interpret it."—O'Reilly's Irish Writers.

The admixture of Scriptural with early Irish History interwoven throughout the piece gives it indisputably the impress of a post-christian composition.

ROIGNE ROSGADHACH CCC.

A meic ain ugaine,
Cia raich do nur nerind,
In gabail adam nuaidh,
Re neandaton rechta,
Saichret (rcuiéread) fluag renain,
Siechtaton (niaćtadun) egipt.

Indiobad cingcrir,
Conort ollarba,
Bebair muir riburir,
Rerrad re ruidleas,
La ṡaro (forann) feachtadar,
Foyair ynl rcota,
Comperit ar yaithre,
Ainm zabrat zaeidil,
Rethir Scot comainm,
Cain iuzan forainn,
Rertadar mbruizhe,
Maidir co Scithia,
Cinnreat cian coccadh,
Clanna Niuil ir Noenbail,
Bator oz zolam,
Zonair mac Nemain,
Elair co hezipt,
Am baoi nechtenibur,
Ba forann fairid,
Fri zolamh zabair,
Cleamnar nectenebur,
Bai Scota rcoth cenel,
Caomclair ainm uaidib,
Brozrat (raefead) reach Afriaic,
Fo fear fon ciochlattur (or zeinread)
Feinur fez farraidh,
Fo don (conda) rearr rior ainm,
Siechtator Erpain,
A ccoimperr ilith (co bearta illeith)
Donn, arreach, aimerzin,
Eber, ir, aen cholpa,
Eneamon, arannán,
Ocht maca zolaim,
Zabair miad (maith) milidh,

Maic Mileaḋ maiṁiccḣ (maic bile maiṅiḡ),
A caemṅa cinṡeat,
Fo ḋailṡiuṫ ṡcaṙṙu (ṡtapa)
Fiṙ a ṙel (ṙiṙ co ṙil) ṙillṡeaṫṫ,
Fo ḋailṡiuṫ Ḃṙiṅṅ aṅ,
Da ṡe (coṅḋa ṡe) ṡelḃ ṡaeḡhlaṅṅ,
Saṡae ṙiṙ ṙeṅeachaiṡ,
Fṙiṡṅeḋ ṙeḡ ṙochmaṙc,
Mêṡa maeiṅ a maic.

A. M. E. J. C.

TRANSLATION.

Oh praise-worthy son of Ugony,
Dost thou know how Erin was invaded by the Gael,
Whose peregrinations from time to time were remarkable.
They dwelt in Scythia for a long period,
From whence they departed to the land of Shinar,
From thence they fled to the land of Egypt,
At the very time that Pharoe Cincheris was drowned,
Along with his hosts in a most wonderful manner,
They all perished in the waters of the Red Sea.
The Gael were prosperous during their sojourn with Pharoe,
Niul obtained Scota, Pharoe's daughter, in marriage ;
She begat our great ancestor Gael,
From whom the Gael derive that name.
They acquired this cognomen of Scots (or Scoti),
From Scota, Pharoe's lovely daughter.
They journeyed from the land of Egypt,
And returned back to Scythia.
A war was carried on for a considerable time,
Between the descendants of Niul and Nenual;[1]

[1] Sons of Fenius Farsay.

That war lasted to the time of Gollamh,
By whom Ręfloir, son of Neman, was slain (King of Scythia).
Then Gollamh fled to Egypt,
Where Pharoe Nectenibus then reigned.
Gollav obtained in marriage
The daughter of Pharoe Nectenibus,
Who was descended of Scota, daughter of Pharoe Cincheris,
From whom the Gael took the name of Scoti.
They journeyed through Africa;
Eminent was the man from whom they descended.
He was the learned Fenius Farsaidh,
From him they derived the name of Fenians.
They arrived in the land of Espain (Spain) [dren);
Where Ilith begat children (or where they had many chil-
Those were Donn, Aireach, Amergin,
Eber, Ir and Colpa,
Eremon and Erannon,
Who were the eight sons of Gollamh.
He got the noble name of MILIDH.
From him his descendants were named MIC MILIDH
Oh learned men, I relate to you that they begat families,
After their sailing hither in their ships,
They divided the land of Erin,
And distributed it among their twelve chiefs.
The truth of this is established by our historical accounts,
Which you are to certify to all enquiring persons.
Noble son of Ugony receive this information as a subject of great importance.

O. H.

A POEM BY FINTAN.

The following marvellous specimen of historic poetry is ascribed to a Bard named Fintan, who is said to have lived in the time of St. Patrick, and to have related to the saint many wonderful stories on the early portion of the history of Ireland. The Bard represents himself as having been living before Noah's Flood and continuing to exist till St. Patrick's time. The fable of Fintan has been regarded, and not improbably, as a pagan myth in keeping with the doctrine of Transmigration, as held by the Druids in Ireland in common with the Brahmins in India, and by the ancient Egyptians. On the other hand it may be considered figuratively, as shewing that he was as well acquainted with the subject of his poem as if he had actually lived at the different periods he treats of, which, however, we must confess seems to offer a rather wide range of poetical licence.

The poem in some degree serves as a memorial version of the succession of the various colonies that landed in this country in remote times; but perhaps its greatest value (if the reader will admit of any) is the endeavour to account

FINTAN'S POEM.

Eirru ce (cia) ḟiarfaidear dim,
Ica lim co grind,
Cach gabail nur gab,
O thur beatha bind.

Do luid anoir cearair,
Ingean beaċa in bean,
Cona caeicid ingean,
Cona triar fear.

for the origin of the names of the places mentioned in it at a period so far back as the fifth century.

At folio 12 of the Book of Ballymote we are thus instructed :—" We shall now drop for a time the history of the Gael, in order to treat of the seven colonies that came to Erin before them. It so happened that Ceasair, the daughter of Beatha, son of Noah, landed in Erin forty days before the Flood. Partholan, son of Seara, took possession of it three hundred years after the Deluge. Nemead, son of Agnomean, of the Scythian Greeks, arrived in Erin thirty years after Partholan's time. In succession to him the Firbolg came hither; then the Fir-Domnann, and at the same time the Gaileoin. After those the Tuatha-De Danann arrived, who were succeeded by the sons of Milidh, as the learned historian has related, namely Fintan."

" Let the reader observe (says Keating) that I do not set down this invasion by Cesar as true history, nor any of the other invasions already spoken of, but merely because I have found them mentioned in ancient manuscripts; neither can I conceive how our antiquaries obtained these accounts of those who arrived in Ireland before the flood; for it is not to be supposed, that the Fintan who existed before the flood, was the same person that lived after it."

TRANSLATION.

Should any one enquire of me about Erin,
I can inform him most accurately
Concerning every Invasion that took place,
From the beginning of all pleasing life.

Ceasair came here from the East,
The woman who was daughter of Beatha,
Accompanied by fifty young maidens,
And also by three men.

Tainnaid dilu bith,
Ina fleb ceay nun,
Ladra ingnd ladrand,
Is ceafain ina cuil,

Bliadain dam fo dilind,
A tul tuindi theann,
Nir codlad ni coiteltain,
Ey chodlad bad ḟeann.

Airi i nEirind fund,
Fa fuṡain mo fed,
Conur tonacht Painthalon,
Anoir a tir Gneag.

Airi i nEirind for,
Siri Eri ac far,
Co tonacht mac Agnomain,
Neimead nianda a ḡnar.

Fir bolc (bolg B.) is fir Gailian,
Taincadun fa cian,
Taincadan fir domnand,
Gabrad hirnur tian.

[1] The Annals of the Four Masters give the account of those persons thus :—"The Age of the world to this year of the Deluge, 2242. Forty years befo the Deluge Ceasair came to Ireland with fifty girls and three men ; Bith, Ladhra and Fintain, their names. Ladhra died at Ard-Ladhra, and from him it is named. He was the first that died in Ireland. Bith died at Slieve Beatha, and was interred in Slieve Beatha, and from him the mountain is named. Ceasair died at Cuil-Ceasra, in Connaught, and was interred in Carn-Ceasra. From Fintan is named Feart-Fintan, over Lough Dergderc."

Dr. O'Donovan, in his notes to the foregoing paragraph in the Annals, points out all those places mentioned in it with great accuracy, on the authorities of several Irish MSS. He thinks that Ard-Ladhran or Ladra's Hill or Height is Ardamine, in the east of the county Wexford, where there

The Deluge came on;
Bith lived at his mountain assuredly,
Ladra resided at Ard-Ladhran,
And Ceasair at her Cuil (Cuil Ceasra).

I remained a year under the Flood
At Tul-Tuinne of strength;
There has not been slept nor will there be slept,
A sleep better than that which I had.

I was still alive in Erin,
Pleasant was my condition
When Partholan had arrived
From the Grecian country in the East.

I was likewise in Erin
While Eri was a wilderness (uninhabited),
Until the son of Agnoman arrived,
Namely Nemed[1] of pleasing manners.

The Firbolg and Fir-Gaillian (Gallians of Leinster)
Arrived a long period afterwards;
The Firdomnan then came hither,
And landed in Ioras westward (Erris Co. Mayo).

is a curious moat near the sea coast. Slieve Beatha, now Slieve Beagh, is a mountain on the confines of the counties of Fermanagh and Monaghan, on a part of which in the parish of Clones is the *Carn* under which Beatha was interred. Carn-Ceasair, according to the Book of Invasions by the O'Clerys, is situate on the bank of the river Boyle, and that Cuil-Ceasair is in the same neighbourhood. Feart-Fintan or Fintan's Grave, otherwise called Tultuine, as in the poem, was situate over Lough Derg on the Shannon, in the territory of Arra, county Tipperary. He is believed by tradition to have been a Saint.

Partholan's people perished by a plague.—See a full account of him in Keating's History of Ireland.

Nemed or Nemetius was buried on Ard Nemed, the great island of Barrymore in which Queenstown now stands; the ancient name of this island is Oilen-Arda-Neimhedh, as written in our MSS.

Jar rin tancadar tuath de,
Na caebaib ciach cian,
Coma (zomba B.) tormailt damra riu,
Cear bom faezal cian.

Jar rin tancadar meic Mileo,
A hEarrain aneas,
Coma tormailt damra riu,
Cear bo trean a trear.

Do riacht faezal rir,
Damra nocho chel,
Co tarriaib creideam,
O rig nimi nell.

Jr me Fintan Find,
Mac Bochra ni chel,
Deir na dilind rund,
Am rruisch uasal eir.

E. J. R. J. U.

In succession the Tuath-De-Danan arrived
Concealed in their dark clouds ;
I did eat my food with them
Though at such a remote period.

Then came the sons of Milidh
From Spain which is southward ;
I lived and ate my food with them,
Though fearful were their battles.

A continuity of existence
Still remained in me, which I do not deny,
Until Christianity was established
By the King of Heaven and of the elements.

I am Fintan the Fair,
The son of Bochra, I confess ;
Now after the Deluge
I am a great noble poet.

S. H. O. U. L. D.

A POEM BY ST. COLUMB KILLE.

Three copies of this poem are contained in the Books of Leacan and Ballymote. Leacan is the more accurate manuscript. The subject is the division of Ireland into five provinces among the five kings of the Firbolgs, the expulsion of the Firbolgs (or Belgic colony) by the Tuath-De-Danan, or Dannonian Tribes; their subsequent reinstatement by the Milesians, and the death of Eohee, the son of Erc, the last king of the Firbolgs, who after the Dannonian invasion was slain by the three sons of Neime, at the battle of Magh-Tuire, now Moytuirry, the name of

COLUMBKILLE'S POEM.

Deṅa mo ḟhṡeṡṡṅeṡ a meic,
Fiaṡḟaig ṡcela dam co leic,
Cian o ṡa leathad cach ṅolc,
Do gaed ċuṡṡ Eochaiḋ ṁic Eṡṡc.

Eochaid mac Eṡṡc ba dia bṡig,
Feaṡṡ ṅa cach ṡig aċt Cṡiorḋ caid,
Jṡe ṡin ceat ṡig do ṡinḋ,
Do gaed a ṅinṡṡ ḟinḋ ḟail.

Wanbṡad tṡi mic ṅeimid ṅeid,
Do cloinḋ ṅeimid ṡloinḋit oig
Clanḋṡat cleatha dogṡa tṡit,
Coṅ tanṡṡad fa dogṡa briog

[1] The Book of Leacan contains the following brief account of this monarch:— "Eohee, son of Erc, feeling himself thirsty in the battle of Moy Tuire, withdrew fron his army to seek for water, but was unable to meet with any until he came to the strand of Eothuile the artificer. The three sons of Neime having espied him, they followed and slew him. A monumental Carn was erected to his memory on the spot, and is still seen in the middle of the strand."

two townlands in the parish of Killmactranny, in the barony of Tirerrill, county of Sligo.

The Book of Ballymote states as an Introduction to this poem that "it was concerning that conquest of the Firbolg, and of their history from first to last, as also of the exploits, and virtues of Eohee the son of Erc, in the praise of his government and justice, and of the accurate proofs of all those statements that Columb Kille, the chief prophet of the Gael, composed the following poem."

The poetized version is by the celebrated Clarence Mangan from an English translation by the Editor.

TRANSLATION.

"Enquirest thou, my son, what tale, what tidings,
What melancholy news I come to tell thee,
And whence have sprung our multiplied misfortunes,
Since Eohee, son of Erc, received his death wounds.[1]

Eohee, the son of Erc, the high, the glorious,
Mightiest of kings except the immaculate Jesus,
The first great king that in the lovely island
Of Erin ever perished by a spear wound.

He perished of his wounds. The sons of Neime,[2]
Three sons of Neime were his slayers;
They pierced him through with dreadful wounds and deadly,
And under earth he lies entombed for ever.

We have seen the Carn on the strand still called Carn Eohuile, which is regarded to be one of the wonders of Ireland, as stated in the Book of Ballymote. A peculiarity attached to it is that although it appears very low when the water *ebbs*, it seems to *rise* with the *return of the tide;* and it is said that its top is never covered. In reference to this phenomenon, O'Flaherty, in his Ogygia, vol II. p. 176, Hely's Edition, has given the following lines:—

"On Eohill's shore, in Sligo's wide domain,
Along the beach a heap of rocks is seen,
Whose top has scarce the ebbing tide o'erstood,
And yet its summit stems the refluent flood."

This Neime was the son of Badraidi, a Dannonian chieftain.

Inti ni bai fich na fainn,
Ara nail fa bairi broin
Oc Eochaid fa fidach fainn,
Co haimfir mic mileo moir.

Mor a murear im thrath tearc,
Dich mic eirc fa hamra mairc,
Fir a mbolcaib baig com bearc,
Randrad inir ard glain airc.

Eirinn maz re flaye flir,
O nith neimindach bu dear,
Cur in comar curce car,
Na tri nuirce na tri near.

Le gand cen chendach cen chear,
Fa leir co belać conglair,
Seangan o bealach in chon,
Do riacht mod co luimneć lair.

Naircir geanand cuimnech ruin
O da luimnech co hear ruaid,
Urrand ruc rudraidi rain,
O rin co traig mbaile mbuain.

Ir cruaid in crobainz rur craid
T. D. D. (tuatha .d.d) do chein,
Gabrad fa garb aicme gluair,
For fiab ċruaid ċonmaicne rein.

[1] The Firbolg, after their defeat in the battle of Moy Tuerry, embarked from the coast of Eohuille, near Silgo, and sailed to the islands of Arran, Rachlin, Isla, Mann, the Hebrides, &c. which they inhabited until expelled by the Picts of Alba. At this period the Milesians were masters of Erin; and the Firbolgs, on returning thither, obtained certain tributary grants of land from them as may be seen hereafter.

[2] Probably Art Aenfir or Art the Solitary, son of Con of the Hundred Battles, and from whom the island was thus nominated. He was monarch of Ireland for thirty years, and was slain A.D. 195.

[3] From the Great Island, Cork, to the Junction of Nore, Suir, and Barrow, below Waterford.

Now from the time of Eohy's reign of glory
Until the invasion of great Milea's offspring,
Pleasure and peace were exiles from the people,
Who mourned his loss with never ceasing sorrow.

Along the sea and round the coast they wandered,[1]
Mourning the melancholy death of Eohee;
The men who came of old in stately vessels,
And shared the island plain of Art among them.[2]

To comely Slany fell the plain of Erin,
Extending southwards from the grave of Neva[3]
To where the whirling confluence of waters
Unites three cataracts in one vast bason.

To Gann, unbartered for by gold or tribute,
Was given the country to the pass of Conglass (near Cork),
And thence to Limerick, a fertile district,
Became the allotted property of Shangan.

Gannan obtained that memorable portion,
From Limerick to the dark-red fall of waters,[4]
From whence to fair Travally's ancient confines,[5]
The royal Rory ruled in princely splendour.

The fair and fierce Dannonians, born for conquest,
Wrought many cruelties and dire oppressions,
They bent their steps together to that mountain
Conmaicne Rein, a mount of pain and sorrow.[6]

[4] In Irish *Eas Ruadh*, or rather *Eas-Aodha-Ruaidh*, the waterfall of Hugh the Red, a King of Ireland, who was drowned there; it is a well known cataract on the river Erne near Ballyshannon, called the Salmon's-leap.

[5] Travally, in Irish Cṫaṁṡ baile ṁic buaiṅ, the strand townland of the son of Buan, was the ancient name of Dundalk in the county Louth.

[6] The mountain referred to is Sliab an iarainn, the Iron Mountain, in Conmaicne Rein, a territory coextensive with the see of Ardagh, and contained in the principality of West Brefney, or Brefney O'Rourke, now the county of Leitrim.

Aṁlabraḋ fiṅu buaṅa bolg,
Ba de baḋuṅ uaḋa aṅḋ,
Aṅḋ riṅ fa forḃairṅt maṅ feaṅg,
La ṅuaḋa ṅaṅgeḋ lam ṅaṅḋ.

Ro ṅairc mac eċleṅṅ coṅag,
Luglaṅ fa feaṅ feam reaṅg fial,
Do bo ṅaṫ da ulaċ aeb,
Jcaṫ muigi tuṅeaḋ tiaṅ.

Co heirṅiṅṅ ṅaṅgaḋaṅ ṅoir,
Taṅgaḋaṅ meic mileaḋ mair,
Aṅ tir ṅo bo choganṅ tair,
Ac ceaf a tuṅ bṅeogaiṅḋ bṅair.

Ceit feaṅ do ṙil bṅeogaiṅ biṅḋ,
Atbaṫ dib a ṅeirṅiṅṅ uill,
Doṅṅ mac mileaḋ ir foṅ leaṫ,
Diaṅaḋ aiṅm teaċ daṁaċ ṅduiṅṅ.

Ceit feaṅ daḋṅaċt do ṅiṅḋ glair,
A ṅeirṅiṅḋ fa biṅḋ a gṅeaf,
Laḋṅa ṅo bo gaṅb a ġuṙ,
Dia ta aṅḋ laḋṅaṅṅ a ṅeaṙṙ.

Ceit ḟeaṅ baite meaḋ caṅ doċt,
Do ḟil mac mileaḋ ṅa mbaṅc,
Jtḣ mac Bṅeogaiṅ ba moṅ gloṅṅ,
Do ṅoṅaċt toṅṅ foṅ riṅ tṅaċt.

[1] Nuada was King of the Dannonians on their arrival in this country. He lost one of his hands in the battle of Moy Tuire, and on his recovery from this accident, in seven years afterwards, an ingenious artist constructed a silver hand for him, and hence his cognomen.

[2] Thirty years after the first battle of Moy Tuire, Breas, the son of Eithlean, the chief of the Firbolgs, implored the aid of Leighlin, King of the Fomorians, a colony from Africa, against the Dannonians, and Leighlin having consented to assist him, a battle was fought at the other Moy Tuire, in which Nuada of the silver hand was slain. The Firbolgs and Fomorians were, nevertheless,

They slew the prosperous reigning Firbolg,
Whose death exalted and enriched their slayers
And blood-red Nuada, the silver handed,[1]
Found in his wounds fresh cause for fiercer anger.

From Leighlin then, the generous, wise and worthy,
The gallant son of Eithlean sought assistance;
But fatally the bloody struggle ended
In the great battle of the west Moy Ture.[2]

Again the wanderers returned to Erin
During the dynasty of Mileadh's offspring,
Those voyagers who sailed from Brogan's tower,
In Spain's meridian, warm and fruitful.

The first of noble Brogan's race heroic,
Who died by drowning in the isle of Erin,
Was Donn; he was the noble son of Mileadh,
Far on the western coast his mansion rises[3]

The first Milesian who deceased in Erin,
Unwounded by a green spear's arrowy point,
Was Lara, shrewd in council, stern in bearing,
From whom Ard-Ladhrann[4] gained its appellation.

The first of Mileadh's mariners unnumbered,
Who died at sea was Ith,[5] the son of Brogan,
His death diffused deep grief; he wrote that poem
Commencing thus :—" A coast of swelling breakers."

defeated with horrible slaughter, and the few who survived the contest escaped to the islands already mentioned.

[3] Teach Duinn in the county Kerry.

[4] *Ard Ladhrann.* It will be seen in the preceding poem by Fintan that Ladhra has been made as one of the three men who accompanied Ceasair in her voyage to Ireland; but Columb Kille, not choosing to introduce such an imaginary character in his poem, has represented him as a Milesian, which he really appears to have been.

[5] Ith was a navigator, who, with a crew of 150 men, was sent to explore

Ceiṫ leanaṅd (beṅ) do luiḋ a ṅuiṙ
Doṅchuaiṅ eatuṙ bṙeoḋaiṅ baiṅ.
Teaġa (tea) bṙeaḋa beaṅ iṅ ṙiġ,
Diaṅaḋ aiṅm teamaiṙ fiṙ faiḷ.

Iṅġean maġmoiṙ ṅi daiḷ doiṙb,
Beaṅ eachaiḋ ġaiṙb mac duaċ daiḷḷ,
Taiḷḷte bṙuiṅde aeṅaiċ aiṅ,
Buime loġa mac ṙġaiḷ baiḷb.

Do ġniṫheaṙ a mbṙeiffṙe mbuaiṅ,
Ġniṁ fo duṙa imat mbṙoiṅ,
Tṙuaġ a ṅdeiṙṙiṫhiṙ fa ḋeiḋ,
Iṅa aiḷiṫhṙi oṙoiṁ (diġ iṅ aiḷiġṙe oṙoiṅ).

Neaṙtaċ mac Domṅaiḷḷ do ṅi diṫ,
I coṅmiṅd ṅa ciṫ cle,
Nocho bia a ṅeiṙṙiṅṅ ceṅaiḷ,
Teaċ ṅa tṙeab ṅa tiṅ ṅa de,

Ir me colam dṙoma beaṅ,
Ni fada ṙom leaṅ iṅ ṙġel,
Mac Eiṙṙc do maṙbaḋ coṅ muiṙ,
Ir damṅa (? damṙa) ġuiḷ aġuṙ deṙ.

D. E. N. A.

Ireland prior to the Milesian Invasion. While returning from Aileach (the royal palace of the Tuath De Dannans in Donegal), to his vessel, which lay in port in the north of Ulster, he was pursued, and so severely wounded, that he died before he arrival of the ship on the shore of Spain.

The lovely Tea, consort of the monarch,[1]
Who first conferred a name on royal Tara,
Was the first woman from the tower of Brogan
Who found a grave of clay in Erin's island.

The wife of Eohy, son of sightless Duach,
And daughter of the unforgotten Mamore,
Was Tailte, foundress of the fair of Telton,
Who fostered Ludhaidh, son of Scall the Speechless.

On Brefney's ancient plains are perpetrated
Disastrous deeds, the springs of woe and wailing;
And woeful, wailful is the doom that sends me
To wander hence a pilgrim and an exile.

A mighty chieftain is the son of Donall;
He darkly broodeth evil in his bosom,
Hence desolation soon shall fall on Erin,
And ruin on her mansions, tribes, and altars!

I am Columba, dweller in Drom Tena,
My narrative has not been over prolix,
The son of Erc was slain upon the sea strand,
And I am doomed to tears and lamentation;"[2]

[1] Heremon the son of Milidh, or Milesius.

[2] It may be remarked that Mangan's version is not strictly literal, but in this it is closer to the original than in most of those translations that he has versified.

DALLAN'S POEM ON THE SHIELD OF HUGH.

We here present our readers with the original poem of Dallan Forgaill, in praise of the shield of Hugh, the King of Oirgiall. It has been copied from an old vellum MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, Class H. 3. 18. part 2. It is written in the *Bearla Feine*, which O'Reilly, in his Irish Dictionary, explains as "the dialect in which the laws of the ancient Irish, and several other valuable tracts are written." The poem is accompanied by a partial gloss, interlined, which, however, is but of little use to a translator. This seems to be the poem alluded to by Dr. O'Conor in the Stowe Catalogue, of which he states that his grandfather Charles O'Conor wrote in the margin of a MS. containing this poem, *that he did not understand it*, as already stated. The literal meaning of most of the words is quite apparent, but they are figuratively applied, and this forms one of its principal difficulties. We had intended a translation of this curious poem, but on consideration found the task one requiring more labour and time than could be now afforded, especially as we have not the aid of our own MS. Dictionary. We therefore must content ourselves by merely giving the original, so as to preserve it as a fair specimen of the Hiberno-Celtic language of the seventh century.

AILL IN DUAINSE AR IN SCIATH.

.i. Ainm in rceiṫ no bai ic Aoḋ mac Duaċ duib ri Airgiall
agur if aine do rad Dallan Forgaill.

Dub gilla dub ainm naire.

.i. Don Eo Rora do rigneḋ.

Eo Rora raon rleg rnaire.

Adeandiur daib diupla gainde.

bAodh do cinn lainne (or laime) glaire.

Comairli de coy diur.
.i. in trath nac be no corp combe manam.
In trath nach be coy niur.
.i. ic diabal.
Cigim da bruit mac ginoil.
.i. ni digiur.
Deirid na dail ni digiur.

Ailim ail ir ni duaban.
.i. Eiriu .i. man ndail
Forinnaig air ndail a faobair.
.i. rciaḋ.
Briat nach frienzaid innoidin.
Forbaid ain fir a oenar.

.i. in tan no bid ina cnonn amoig .i. ba hedaḋ neḋa
.i. in neḋe tocèla ica rcoltaḋ
Eḋaḋ ginaḋaḋ cuirp neḋi.
.i. noca do rnaiḋe i.
Nad neit rnaḋad na rnaiḋe.
.i. amail dall .i. ag in nig
Sutrall mar ic mac brete.
.i. ac drioḋ duine.
Briat na dailter ic faiḋe.

.i. buiad in cnoinn da ndearnad in rciaḋ
Fezid fann feda foor.
.i. in rceiḋ for a raba daḋ in feada in uèt in cnoinn
Roor ndeda coy diur.
.i. in cnoinn for a rabatar na caora
Cid conicha caora inchuir.
Coema in nuir coy niur.

.i. eo nora
Rigda nuaḋ in nirn noire.
.i. daḋ in uaine or a gualainn
Inna uaine or innairre.
Forid fein in fer fnore.
Ed aoire bem bore.

.i. in chor cruain
Ro brir garman ga fige.
.i. a dig talman do rigneab
A taig talman ga tuige.
Tiug thom martha miad nerre.
Fairche corpda cairp duine.

.i. dub
Dać diad dar lim re loirre.
Ro cinn glare for gile.
And in teo iać or allaib.
.i. ba dub liać in rciać
Liać ic reinnaib garige.

.i. in rciać
Retid dubgilla delbda.
.i. cruaid
Dinn mo medra minn caidli.
Ir brat congebeann bearna.
Gin co trebra eir comhdhe.

.i. ic Aod
Caor caom daća ic mac Duać.
.i. Cochaid brai do rideine in rciać
Comda briuag fo a cride.
And in teo erre aoda.
Ci heli caomdha imhe.

Ni dub ni finn ni lachtna.
Ni dearg ni gorm ni conchra.
Ni bneacan rinntac riao.
Ni ——— Sriaṅać Soltao.

Snaidid raigir rinć eda.
Ergid ela do linde.
Taidlid conc uaine allaid.
Buaile maga abuil glinne.

Gongeb forad fin frea.
Congeb cortad clann ngua.
Gin co tarla mong rea.
Meanad a lom re nua.

.i. nin figed ag garmain na ac laidmib
Ni call garman ga fige.
Ni clod bi croinn congile.
Ni lamaċ da gneama (or gnima) druine.
Ni dearg airnge ga riġe.

Ricid roir ri hair nuabair.
Luam do boir beim faobair.
Co donn aodega indainfir.
Fairiġ feada fel raoġail.

Sorad raiṫe reach lige.
Forad fri gaiṫe gubi.
Cumdaċ barruinne barir febe.
Fed oiḋċi doilli duibe.

.i. racant crotinn gneine
Tolnge a Teamra na trebi.
Se ro dearbaig fo druine.
Grian ġel ba caomh an cumal.
Cian bur cumain gan duibhei.

Re finntan feir gaċ fleide.
Bainntan ar gaċ nuide.
A criċ gailian an tora.
Ro ċuir dora gan duibe.

.i. an Dallan .i. a eg fein de
Bid barr duar do mac duaċ.
.i. cin cidnacal in rceiṫ
Bid garr guaċ fo cridi.
.i. ri .h. mbriuin ire ro riari an Dallan in duairri
Ni bia firnna co fallain.
.i. do denamh do rceiṫ Aoiḋ mic duaċ duib dia haṫcuinchas
Rot fia Dallan gan duine.

.i. if eigcoill in gliam digind do denam
Jr eigcoill aoiad ele.
.i. ba fneic (no fneic) fein do ciaccain de
Ni hedail baogal bruiinne.
.i. gan fir
Inn tan fnofer gac feda.
.i. dac in fceic
Finntain deiga gan dubi.

.i. in fciac .i. in tEo nora dic gac daini
Dub Gilla diublad daine.
.i. in fean fonta mbi
Eri ic uraude.
.i. in tan no dic ina cnann
Comdae caom mo guc cuach.
.i. cormuil fri dac in beice fon bruac aba.
Bethe bruac dac duibi.

A POEM BY SEANCHAN, IN THE BOOK OF LEACAN, FOL. 17.

O'Reilly states in his Irish Writers, under the year 647, that "this poem of twenty-eight verses is historical, and gives an account of the battles of Fergus, son of Rossa, and grandson of Roderick, monarch of Ireland, from A.M. 3845, until A.M. 3862, according to O'Flaherty's computation. A copy of this poem is preserved in the Book of Leacan, fol. 17, col. 2nd. Its language and measure are strong proofs of its antiquity." It is preceded by the following introduction :—

Rudraige tra mac richrige ire no boi feacc n-deic bliadna irisi nEirreann agur ire rin fenathain conail cearnaig agur fearguira mac norra agur conchubain mac

Fachtna agus is iad sin na fir ulaidh oma. Ro chosnaid dan Feargus Cearnt rudhraighe an ecin agus no fuisum a claidh for cach noin no neitigh rudhraigi .i. corcomodhruadh agus corco auluim agus corco alann agus ciarraidhe luachra agus ciarraidhe chuirche agus ciarraidhe ae agus ciarraidhe airne agus ciarraidhe airtigh agus conmaicne rein agus conmaicne criche mac nearcca agus conmaicne cula tolaigh agus conmaicne mara. Is iad sin sil Feargusa ut seanchan dicit :—

"Rudhraighe (Roderick), son of Sithrighe, was seven times ten years in the sovereignty of Ireland. He was the grandfather of Conall Cearnach, of Fergus son of Rossa, and of Conchubhar son of Fachtna; and those were the true (or renowned) Ulidian heroes. Fergus maintained the rights of Roderick by force (of arms), and he settled his sons on all the territories which Roderick had gained. Those (territories) were Corcomodhruadh (Corcomroe in co. Clare); Corco Auluim (see Ogygia, c. 46); Corco Alann; Ciaraidhe Luachra (Northern Kerry); Ciaraidhe Chuirche (Kerricurrihy, in co. Cork); Ciaraidhe Ae and Ciaraidhe Airtigh (in co. Roscommon); Ciaraidhe Airne (in co. Mayo); Conmaicne Rein (in co. Leitrim); Conmaicne-Chriche-Mac-nEarcca; Conmaicne Cula Tolaith (Kilmain in co. Mayo); and Conmaicne Mara (Connamara in co. Galway). Those (namely the ruling chiefs of those territories, i.e. the O'Connor's of Kerry, O'Connors of Clare, MacRannalls and O'Ferralls of Leitrim and Longford, &c), were the descendants of Fergus, "*ut Seanchan dicit.*" See Annals of the Four Masters at A.M. 4981.

SEANCHAN'S POEM.

Ro ſich ſeanġur ſichit catha,
Co ġurm naide,
Dan ſianna ſort co nuġid ceart,
Fon nudraiġe,
Rudraiġe ri ro ġab heirind,
Jan taebeanaib,
Seact ndeich mbliadan ro boi ic riaġlad,
Fon ġaedelaib,
Cac ri rearaid co cruad cathad,
Cen cride amnar,
Firġur hua in riġ ir re rur lui,
Cia finechur,
Fich cath cuirce cath luaćra laećda,
Gallabair,
Seacht catha hi cliu in tocćmud friu,
I ngleannamain,
Cath ſlebe mirr cath boirne buaine,
Comromaib,
O cloich comuir la teora broe,
Brogmuraib,
Ro ſich cath rein i ſeartair midaiġ,
Miliġe,
Cath ai nair la cath cruaid,
Cuile ſilinde,
Da chath ſortrairc hi ſairceri ġo,
Co ro baine,
Cluich ro clorra ġorra mic roiġ,
Ro dana.

R.O. F.J.C.H.

TRANSLATION.

Fergus fought twenty battles
With noble fame,
Against powerful forces until he gained justice
For Roderick.
Roderick had gained (the sovereignty of) Erin,
After conflicts (or troubles),
Seven times ten years he was ruling,
Over the Gael,
Every King he subdued by hard fighting
Without a vengeful heart.
Fergus the grandson of the King, it was he went forward
Who was the inheritor,
He fought the battle of Cuirche, the heroic battle of Luachair,
Of vast numbers (or forces),
Seven battles in Cliu, the eighth against them,
In Glennaman (Glanworth,)
The battle of Sleive Mis, the long contested battle of Burren,
Of equal forces,
From Cloch-comuir (the stone of meeting) by the three mounds,
Of walled fortresses.
He fought the battle of Ren, in Feartais Midaigh,
Of warriors (or of Meelick),
The victorious battle of Ai, together with the hard contested battle
Of Cuile-Silinne,
The two battles of Fortrosc, in Faiscri-go (or with force of spears)
With great slaughter,
Battles that were famed, the exploits of Mac Roy,
The mighty brave.

F. E. R. G. U. S.

CINNFAELA'S POEM.

The following Irish Historical Poem, taken from the Book of Ballymote, folio 11, has been already printed in a small work entitled "A Dissertation on Irish Grammar," which we published in the year 1834. That work is now become very scarce, or rather "out of print," and we therefore republish the poem to preserve it.

It was composed by *Cinnfaela*, surnamed the Learned, son of Oilill, who, according to the Annals of Ulster, died A.D. 678, but according to Tigearnach the annalist, A.D. 679. Cinnfaela was author of several poems, some of which are quoted by the Four Masters under the years 499 and 507. He also revised and corrected the *Uriceapt*, or Grammar of the Irish language, in the time of King Donald, son of Ainmireach, who commenced his reign A.D. 624. This latter work was originally written by Fircheirtne the Poet, about the time of the Incarnation. This Fircheirtne was one of the three Lawgivers who composed our code of Irish Laws at Emania, the royal palace of Ulster, under the superintendance of Conor Mac Neasa, King of that province.

The poem is probably, as good an authority as can be advanced relative to the early portion of the History of Ireland; and affords internal evidence, that the composer must have been in possession of the most ancient documents in the language at his time.

It is descriptive of the travels and adventures of our ancestor Milidh from the period of his departure from Scythia until his arrival in Spain; and records the subsequent emigration of his descendants into Ireland. The forts

erected by the Milesian chieftains on their arrival in this kingdom are very fully detailed, and that those *Raths* and *Duns* were constructed before the arrival of the Danes in Ireland is sufficiently established by it, as the Danes did not land in this country until the eighth century.

For the benefit of the Irish student we give the critical notes to this poem printed in the Dissertation. On the cover of this small work was an advertisement which reminds us of the great assistance we then had to enable us to translate this and many other similar poems at that time, without whose aid it would have been almost impossible to translate those antiquated poems. This advertisement was to the following purpose :—

"Preparing for the Press, a copious Dictionary of the Irish Language, already containing upwards of 12,000 words collected from the most ancient Irish MSS. not used in any Dictionary hitherto published. With an Appendix (or Historical Dictionary on the plan of Lempriere's) containing all the proper names of persons and places occurring in the most popular Irish works, both in print and MS."

We may remark that the words in the Dictionary are accompanied by copious quotations from the manuscripts as authorities, on the plan of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; and we may add that the whole work is "a monument of persevering industry," as our friend and fellow labourer, John O'Donovan, once wrote of it. It is however to be regretted that circumstances prevented its being since published, and it is now deposited in the Library of the British Museum, where there is as free access to it as during the period in which the writer had it in his possession. We are most happy to find that other scholars have since then followed our example, and we sincerely hope their labours will be more successful than our humble endeavours have been to promote the cause of Irish literature.

CINFAELA CC.

Doluid[1] milid iriu fceiṫla,
Sceil fona fazbait bailid blaf,
Jar nguin nefloir[2] mic nemain
A faza[3] nir gle ban af.

Ceitri barca lin a teaglaiġ,[4]
Lodar tair muir co mbeid clann;
Cúig lanamna dec ir amuf,[5]
In gaċ barc do ṫagaf and.[6]

Anfad[7] tri mifa fan indri,
Ag tibriad faine na port,
Tri mif ele, ead congairbi,[8]
Lodur for fairge na folt.[9]

[1] Doluid, *departed*, or *set out*, is compounded of do, sign of past tense, and luid, *depart*. This verb denotes motion to or from a place.

[2] Refloir, the son of Neman, was king of Scythia. He gave his daughter *Seang* in marriage to *Milidh*, who bore him two sons called *Donn* and *Aireach Feabhruadh*. *Milidh* was so esteemed by the Scythians, that king Refloir, dreading he might deprive him of the sovereignty of Scythia, formed a resolution to kill him, which information having reached the ears of Milidh, he encountered king Refloir in single combat, and wounded him severely in the thigh, of which he died.—*Book of Ballymote.*

[3] Faza is not now understood, but it is thus explained in Cormac's Glossary: "faġa, i.e. fiza, i.e. bnoch gai," a deadly dart. Fi, he explains "olc *quasi* ui, i.e. *virus*, i.e. neim," *poison*. We then find that this word is compounded of fi, *poison*, and gai, *a dart*, which in modern Irish, would be neiṁġa, or ga neiṁe, *a poisoned dart*. The version given of this line in the copy of this poem, preserved in the Book of Invasions by the O'Clerys, is gona fogha gle ban glar; gona fogha is by a wound occasioned by a thrust; and gle ban glar he explains by gleo uair, *a difficult or severe contest*.

[4] Ceitri barca lin a teaglaiġ *four barks the number of his household*. The version given in O'Clery's copy is ceitri longa lin a longair, *four ships was the number of his fleet*.

[5] The word amur is explained in the Dictionary, *a soldier*. It also signifies *an attendant*, as here stated. I also find it to signify *presence*, or *towards*, and is equivalent to a b-fiadnuire, and d'ionnruiġe, as Ro naigfead a muindtean

CINFAELA SANG.

MILIDH departed from Scythia,
A theme in which the Bards delight,
After having slain *Refloir* son of *Neman*
By a deadly thrust in a violent contest.

Four ships (crews) were the number of his household;
They sailed over the ocean with all their families;
Fifteen married couples with an attendant
In each bark that sailed along.

They remained three months in the island
Of *Tiprafaine* of Ports;
Three months more, a stormy period,
They sailed on the boisterous sea.

ꝼꝼꞇꞅ ꝺel ꞇꝰ ꝰac ꝼꞇꝰ ꝺo ꝼꝼeꞇc ꝺꝰ ꝼꝼeꞇc ꝺꝰ ꝼꝼꞇꞅ ꝺꝰ ꝼꝼꞇꞅ ꝺꝰ ꝼꝼꞇꞅ

Jar rin nangadar tir neigipt
Co hoireacht forainn na fiann;[1]
Atadgor rcota do milid[2]
Do ċornam in tiri riar.

Gabrat da ḟear deag da foglaim,[3]
In gach ceird ruċain ba ruairc;
Sezda, robairce, agur ruirge,
Re rairre, gan duilge nduairc.[4]

Dnaideacht la manntan rla caiṫean,
La fulman la rin ngeal ngairt,[5]
Rigdacht fa duthaid do ḋond;
Sliġt oll agur brieiṫeamnacht.

[1] Co hoireacht Fornaind na fiann, to the council of Pharaoh of nobles. Fornaind is the word generally used in the ancient MSS. for Pharaoh. The word fiann is here used to signify a nobleman or hero, and was the term by which the soldiers of Fionn mac Cumhaill were designated, as recorded in the poems of Oisin.

[2] Atadgor Scota do Milid, Scota is given (in marriage) to Milidh. The word or phrase, atadgor, is now obsolete. In O'Clery's copy it is written at nagar, which may be derived from the same root with a similar word given by Michael O'Clery, chief of the Four Masters, in his Dictionary of obsolete words, viz. naidm, which he explains by connad, *a contract*. In my opinion it is an obsolete form of tabair, *give*, which makes a tugear, *is given*, in the present tense indicative passive, the form here used. The two last lines of this verse are thus written in O'Clery's copy,—Ac nagar Scota don Milid, Galamh ar nar naimid riam, Scota is given in marriage to the *soldier*, *Galamh*, who was never subdued. The word naimid, as here written, is not in the Dictionary, but is the same as naoimhead, a word which frequently occurs in the Annals of the Four Masters, to signify *was defeated*; Ex. naoimhead an cath forra, *the battle was poured forth against them*, i.e. they were routed or defeated.

[3] The two first lines in this stanza are given by O'Clery, thus: gabrat mionna don mheim rin dana dfogloim fon a gcuairt. The word mionna is explained by uimir, *a number*. The word ruċain, *learned*, is now obsolete.

[4] This line literally translated, would be "with art without melancholy sorrow." Saor is the generic term for *mechanic*; and the respective trades are designated by postfixed words or phrases expressive of the peculiar depart-

They afterwards arrived in the land of Egypt,
And appeared at the court of Pharaoh of heroes;
Scota was given to *Milidh* in marriage,
In order to protect the country to the west.

Twelve of them went to learn
All the learned sciences that were agreeable;
Segda, Sobairce, and *Suirge*
In mechanics took delight.

Magic was the study of *Mantan* and *Caithear,*
And of *Fulman* of great ingenuity;
Royal precepts was the department of *Dond,*
Genealogy and Law was the study of the rest.

ments in mechanics, as for example, ꝼaoṅ cṙaiṅṅ, *a carpenter*, or more literally *Faber lignarius*; ꝼaoṅ cloiċe, *a stone mason*; ꝼaoṅ ḋeṅṁa caṙṙaṫ, *a chariot* or *coach maker*; ꝼaoṅ loṅṅge, *a shipwright*; ꝼaoṅ ṁuillinṅ, *a millwright*; ꝼaoṅ uṁa, *a brasier*, &c.

[5] Lariṅ ṅgeal ṅgaṙṫ, *of great ingenuity*. La is the form generally used in ancient MSS. for le, *with*, preposition. Lariṅ is the same as leir an, *with the*. This line in O'Clery's copy is written thus, la ꝼulman ṅinṅcleaċṫ ṅoll, *by Fulman of great ingenuity*. The phrase lariṅ ṅgeal ṅgaṙṫ is applied to Amirgin, who was surnamed *of the fair knee*. The word ġeal signifies *fair*. This opinion is supported by the next line in O'Clery's copy, which he writes thus, bṙeiċeaṁṅar le ꝼan ṅgein ṅgluiṅ ġeal, *judicature* (i.e. *law*) *by the offspring of the fair knee*. Gaṙṫ is the same as oll, noble or renowned.

In the fifth stanza, he mentions twelve chieftains, but gives only the names of ten. I find, however, in another passage of the Book of Ballymote, the following sentence respecting them:—Agur no ꝼoglaiṁṙeaḃ ḃa ꝼear ḃec ḋia ṅuiṅḋcen ꝼriṁḋaṅa in ꝼeġḃa in ꝼobairce agur in ꝼuirġe ꝼriṙa ꝼaṙṙri; maṅ-ṫan agur caiċeaṙ agur ꝼulman ꝼri ḃṙaiḃeaċṫ; badar bualaiṅḋ agur badar ꝼirḃṙeaṫaiġ in cṙiaṙ oile .i. Goirdean agur Amairġein agur Donḋ; badar ṙcaċ buaġaiġ in cṙiaṙ oile .i. Miliḋ agur Oige agur Uige. And twelve of his people studied the arts and sciences, namely, *Segda*, *Sobairce*, and *Suirge*, Mechanics (or science); *Mantan*, *Caithear*, and *Fulman*, Druidism; three others studied Law and Jurisprudence, namely, *Goisdean*, *Amirgin*, and *Donn*; and the other three Military Tactics, namely, *Milidh*, *Oige*, and *Uige*.

Tainneann na laochroidhe luaidhim,
Roleathan gnai fuinn tar fal
Fria foglaim gairciodh, fria gníomhradh;
Milidh, oice, uige an.

Dolodhar ar ciond oct mbliadhan,
Ar do chuala ba hi in choir;
Anfad mir ag tibhra faine;
Gideadh on nir bainne bhron.

Reithid[1] feach rinn fiebe rifi,
Do neathfat o éir ar tuinn,
Bliadhain doibhrion laim le thaigha,
Imrid[2] ifa naicha ndhuinn.

Anfad mir anaicha ndathaich,
Lodhar ifin ngoithiam ngluair,
In bealdhuinn, in bhreagdhuinn mbhruinnigh,
Ir in earpain ndhuilig ndhuair.

Ceithri catha deag if da fichead,
Ro ḟeanfad im leacon lor[3]
Im ceart earpaine, bainnib,
Da cornam do milig mor.

[1] The word reithid, *go*, *reach*, or *arrive at*, is now obsolete: reithid feach signifies *to go*, or *pass round a place*; rinn or rinn is the word generally used for a *head-land* or promontory. The word neathfat, which occurs in the next line, is the third person plural past tense, indicative mood active of the foregoing verb reithid, which is in the present tense third person plural of the same mood and voice.

[2] Imrid, *they remove* or *emigrate*. This word is explained in another passage of the Book of Ballymote, by the phrase congabhfat, *until they took possession of* (a place).

[3] Ro ḟeanfad im leacon lor: no ḟeanfad, *they fought*. The root of this verb is fean, *give*, or *pour forth*, as, feanaidh faithe noime, (literally) *a well-*

The victory of these heroes I am speaking of,
Whose fame extended across the seas,
Applied to study tactics and feats of arms,
They were *Milidh, Oice,* and famous *Uige.*

At the expiration of eight years from thence they sailed,
Warned by fate to be their rightful destiny ;
At *Tiprafaine* they remained a month,
In which they experienced neither woe nor sorrow.

They doubled the headland of the Rhiphean mountains,
They moved from the land upon the wave ;
Adjacent to Thrace they remained a year,
And from thence to Asia's ports they steered.

They remained a month in prosperous Asia,
They went from thence to beauteous Gothiam,
Thence to *Bealdund* and populous *Breagdunn,*
Situated in Spain's ungovernable land.

Fourteen battles and two score
Were fought on many a hill side,
In the right of Spain with earnestness
By great *Milidh* its Protector.

come was poured forth before him (or for him) i.e. he was welcomed. Ro ꝼeaṙ-aḋ ꝼleaċaḋ ꝼola, *wet* (i.e. rain) *of blood was poured down,* and hence the word ꝼeaṙċaiṅ, *rain.* The word, therefore, used in this passage for fighting (a battle) literally means to put or pour forth exertion, efforts or blows. The word used in another copy is ṁeabadaṙ, the literal meaning of which is *to make a breach* or *pour forth,* as ṙo ṁeaḃ an loċ, *the lake burst* or *sprang forth:* ṁaiḋṁ is now always used instead of ṁeaḃaḋ, as ṁaiḋṁ-ṙléibe, *a mountain torrent.* The meaning of these two verbs as here used is *to defeat,* or *put to flight.* ḟṁ leacoṅ loṙ. The particle ḟṁ signifies *on, along with,* or *about:* leacoṅ is generally applied to *the side of a hill,* and also means *the cheek;* loṙ, as here used, signifies *extensive* (ꝛo leóṙ, plenty) and the entire sentence may be thus translated, *on many a hill side.*

De ꝼꝛa mílíġ eaꝼꝛaíde aiṁꝼíḋ,[1]
Do na caṫaíḃ ꝼíḋ ꝼo bꝼíꝼ ;[2]
Ġolaṁ a aíḋṁ ḋíaꝛa ḋíleaꝼ,[3]
Mo ꝼoba ġaḋ ḋíṁeaꝼ ꝼíꝼ.

Doꝼ ꝼaíḋíġ taṁ ína ṫeaġlaċ,[4]
Da lanamaíḋ deaġ adbaṫ[5]
Ím na tꝼí ꝼíġaíḃ, ꝼo ꝼaíḋeaḋ,[6]
Uaiꝼ[7] ḋí ꝼo caíḋeaḋ ꝼcaṫ.

Tanġadaꝼ meíc mílíḋ, molaím,
A ḋéꝼaíḋḋ a heꝼꝛaíḋ[8] uíll,
A loṅġaíḃ ġo laꝼ íllacha,[9]
Ína coṅġaíḃ[10] ċaṫha ċꝼuíḋ.

Coíc lanaṁḋa a ceaṫaíꝼ deċ,
Tuġꝼad leo doḋ muíṅḋtíꝼ moíꝼ,
Ceaṫꝼaꝼ amuꝼ maꝼ damaíḋíṫ ;
Ro ꝼcaíltíṫ a heaꝼꝛaíḋ oíġ.

[1] Aiṁꝼíḋ is written aiṁꝼíoṁ *(on him)*, in O'Clery's copy ; ꝼíoṁ is the obsolete form of ꝼé, *he*, pronoun third person singular, but when used in the synthetic form of the verb it answers to the first person plural likewise, as ġo ꝼoꝼíuṁ eíꝼíḋ, *until we reach Ireland.* ꝼꝛa is the same as ata, *is.*

[2] The word bꝼíꝼ is here used for *defeating* or *putting to flight.* It signifies literally *to break.* The substantive is bꝼíꝼeaḋ, *a breach*, ex. bꝼíꝼeaḋ Ċaċḋꝼoma, *the breach of Aughrim.*

[3] The phrase ḋíaꝛa would be expressed in modern language by ḋa bꝼuíl or ḋe a bꝼuíl, *of which is.*

[4] Doꝼ ꝼaíḋíġ taṁ ína ṫeaġlaċ, *a plague happened in his family:* doꝼ is an obsolete form of do sign of past tense : ꝼaíḋíġ is the obsolete form of ṫaṅaíġ, *came :* taṁ is the word generally used in old MSS. for *a plague*, hence taṁlaċt or taṁleaċt, *Tallaght* (near Dublin), i. e. a monument raised over the dead who died of the plague. The word ceallaċ, *a family*, is derived from ceall, *earth*, i.e. the land or territory on which a tribe or family reside, hence ceallaċ eaċdaċ, the tribe name of the Mac Gaurans, which gave name to the barony of Tullughaw, in the county of Cavan ; ceallaċ ḃuṅċaḋa, the inheritance or descendants of Donagh, which was the tribe name of Mac Ternans or Kernans, a term still perpetuated in the name of the barony of Tullyhunco or Tullaghonohoe, in the county of Cavan.

He got the name of Spanish *Milidh*
From those battles which he gained;
Golamh was the genuine original name
Of my ancestor of high esteem (or without disrespect).

A plague broke out among his people,
By which twelve married couples died;
Among whom were numbered the three kings we mentioned,
Who were never disgraced (or dispraised) in battle.

Milidh's sons arrived, I praise them,
In Erin from the far-famed Spain,
In their ships well trimmed for fighting,
By which they fought victorious battles.

Five married couples and fourteen
They brought with them of their chosen people;
Four soldiers attended each, as is universally admitted,
When they set sail from fertile Spain.

[5] Adbaċ, *died.* This word is compounded of ad, which is put for do, sign of past tense, and baċ, *died.* The first person singular, present tense, indicative mood, of this verb, is baċaim, but now always signifies *to drown.* From this verb is derived baċar, contractedly bar, *death.* The word adbaċ, also, signifies *to fall* or be *slain* in battle or elsewhere, as adbaċ manandan Acaċ cuillinn, Manannan (Mac Lir) *fell* or *was slain* in the battle of (Magh) Cuillinn (Moycullen, or the plain of the Holly in the county of Galway). *Book of Ballymote.*

[6] no naisḋeaḋ, *were mentioned.* This form of the verb abair, *say thou,* is still used in Munster.

[7] The word uair, is often written in old MSS. for ór, *for* or *because.*

[8] A hespain, *from Spain.* This would be written in modern Irish ar an easpain, or, ó an Spáin: the h is only a prefix, answering to an aspirate, to easpain, which generally happens to nouns beginning with vowels after a, *from,* as a heirinn, *from* or *out of Ireland.*

[9] A longaib go lar illaċa: the word lar signifies *a floor* or *deck:* illaċa is compounded of ill, *many,* and aċa, *military weapons,* i.e. decks or floors well furnished for fighting.

[10] Congaib, *engaged.* This is an obsolete form of the verb congbaiġ, *hold thou:* the clause ina congaib, would be expressed in modern Irish thus, ann an ċongbaiġean, *in which they held* (engagements, i.e. fought), caċa cruinn, victorious battles: the word cruinn (literally) signifies *round, collective,* i.e. *perfect.*

Jar rin zabrad indbear rzeine[1]
Dia marrr for ċearr ċallaind mar,
O rin amaċ, co dearb deiṁin,
Do dercrad rind feimin far.

Acind bliaḋna ranrard erind
A ndib randaib dec, dearb leam,
Im erimon, ir im eber,
Im deithneabar tréan ḟear teand.

Coizear rozabrat im eber,
In leaṫ deirciritach ad chind:
Ein, inradan, mandtan muirzlan,
Caiṫear agur fulman find.

Coizear im erimon uaral,
Zabrad ituaircirr atbear;
Aimeirzin, robairce, rezda,
Zoirtean ruirze, dectla derr.

Raith beothaid,[2] ac eorr na naizead,
Clar la herimon iar nol;
Baith aindind[3] ne heimear morthar;
La haimirzin tocar mor.[4]

Dun robairce, rund iar realad,
Le robairce: taeb ġeal teand;
Deilinir[6] le rezda, iar ruirze,
Duneatair[7] ne ruirze reanz.

[1] Indbear Szeine, the bay of Sgeine, now the Kenmare river in the county of Kerry, and so called from Sgeine, the wife of Amergin, who was drowned there.

[2] *Rath Beothaid* on the banks of the river Nore, in the parish of Rathbeagh, county of Kilkenny, and from which it appears that the parish got its name.

[3] *Raith Ainaind*, or *Rath Oinn*, was situated in the territory of *Cualann*, which comprised a large portion of the county of Wicklow; and this fort or fortress is supposed to be Rathdown.

[4] *Tochar Mor*, or the great causeway, was the ancient name of Arklow, in the county of Wicklow.

They landed at *Invear Sgeine,*
On a Tuesday of the Kalends of May exactly;
From which 'tis true, they saw
The adjacent headland of Feimin.

At the expiration of a year *Eirinn* was divided
Into twelve divisions, I am correct,
By *Eireamon* and by *Eibear,*
And their ten puissant heroes.

Five of them who went with *Eibear,*
To whom was allotted the southern half;
En, Insadan, Mantan, the brave,
Caithear and *Fulman* the fair.

The other five with the noble *Erimon,*
To whom was allotted the northern half,
Aimirgin, Sobairce, Segda,
Goisten and *Suirge* were their names.

Rath Beothaid on the *Nore* for them was erected
By *Erimon* after his going thither,
Raith Aindind by the magnanimous *Eimear,*
And by *Aimirgin, Tochar Mor.*

Dun Sobairce was afterwards erected
By brave *Sobairce* of the white side;
Deilinis by *Segda* with cheerfulness,
Dun Etair by *Suirge* the slender.

[5] *Dun Sobairce,* now called Dunseverick, on the coast of Antrim, three miles east of the Giant's Causeway.

[6] *Deilinis,* an ancient name, it is supposed, of Dalkey Island, near Kingstown, Dublin.

[7] *Dun Etair,* otherwise called *Dun Crimthain,* an ancient fastness on the hill of Howth, where the Light House now stands. The Hill is still called *Binn Etair,* in the Irish language, which name it received from *Etar,* one of the Tuath-De-Dannan queens.

Raiṫ anda ṡuiṙd[1] clar le ḟulman:
Dun mindе la caiṫean mór;
Raiṫ ṙigbaiṙd ṙe headan neacḡal;
Dun cairiġ[2] la headan noḡ.

Cumḋaċ nair, ar ṡleiḃ mir[3] molaim,
Le ḡoirṫean nir bo naṙ do;
Atiat ṡin anaṫa ṙe laim,
Sa ṙoind ḟa eirind and ṡo.

Ailiḋ ṡin ṡceiṫiġ ṡciamda,
Jriṅ bandain, ni deilim nḡo,
Ḡabair eirpain ṙleiṫ laiṫi,
Ro bo ṫeirt conaidṫe do.

[1] *Raith-Arda-Suird.* Doctor O'Donovan states that this fort was situated on the hill of Rath-tSiuird, about half a mile to the north west of the old church of Donaghmore, near the city of Limerick.

[2] *Dun Cairigh.* Within a mile of the post town of Dromore West, in the barony of Tireragh, county of Sligo, there is a large mound bearing the name of *Dun Caraigh*, from which a parish is called, namely, Parairde an dúin Chairiġ, the exact name given to this fort in the poem.

[3] *Cumhdach Nair ar Sliabh Mis.* Slieve Mish mountain is situate in the parish of Rathcavan, in the barony and county of Antrim, on which history informs us St. Patrick spent much of his time, in his youthful days, in herding swine for his master Milcho. The word *Cumhdach* signifies literally a covering, or place of shelter, and is equivalent to the Latin word *Tectum.*

There is another mountain of this name in the barony of Corkaguinny, county of Kerry, midway between the bays of Tralee and Castlemainon. The highest peak of this mountain range is 2,796 feet above the sea. The western extremity of this Slieve Mis is called Cahir Conri, and so named from a stone fortress on the top of the promontory, which was constructed by Conri Mac Daire, king of West Munster about the time of the Incarnation. A most interesting account of Slieve Mis and of Cahir Conri is given in a work recently published by my friend John Windele, Esq., but it is greatly to be regretted that the book is limited to "private circulation." We give the following brief extract from this work:—

Rath Arda Suird was erected by *Fulman,*
Dun Minde by *Caithear* the Great;
Rath Rigbaird by the strenuous *Edan;*
Dun Cairigh by the young *Edan.*

Cumhdach Nair, which I praise, on *Mount Mis* (was erected)
By *Goisten,* to whom it was no discredit;
Such were their *Raths* as I have stated,
And their division of *Eirinn* as here related.

Milidh set out from charming Scythia
On Thursday, I state no falsehood;
He took possession of Spain by valour,
It was a testimony of repose to him.

"On the side of this mountain is Gleann-Fais (now Glenaish) so named from Fas, one of the Milesian heroines who fell there in the battle of Slieve Mis fought against the Danans; and through this vale flows the stream called *Fionnglaise*, mentioned by Keating. In the same engagement fell *Scota*, the wife of Milidh, whose grave stone is still to be seen in a glen about a mile south of Tralee, which is a great natural flag 35 feet in length and 11 broad. *Cahir Conri* is defended on two of its sides by the natural rock, inaccessibly steep. The eastern side opens on the table-land of the mountain where a Cyclopean wall was constructed, which gives to it its title of *Cahir*, signifying a fortified place. The Cahir formed an irregular triangle. The wall was carried along the precipice, but the outer side having fallen down the declivity, it is now reduced to two feet thick. No where does the wall exceed nine feet in height, and its greatest present breadth is eleven feet, but probably was not more than six originally. No cement was used in its construction. The whole length of the fort is 360 feet. The proportions of the stones used are rather moderate, averaging about 18 inches in length and 6 in thickness, and belongs to the earliest class of Cyclopean architecture. Conri, son of Daire, was chief of the Erneans of Munster, otherwise called *Clanna Deaghaidh*, or Degadians, one of the three warrior tribes of that period. A curious account of this hero may be seen in Keating's Ireland, p. 399, Haliday's edition."

A POEM BY MAC LIAG, A.D. 1015.

Under this year O'Reilly gives the following account of this chief Bard :—" Mac Liag, Secretary to Brian Boroimhe, monarch of Ireland, died this year, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, who record his death in these words, 'Mac Liacc, .i. Muirceartaċ, mac Conceartaiġ, ard ollaṁ eireann an tan fin becc,' 'Mac Liag, i.e. Muirkeartagh, son of Conkeartach, at that time chief doctor (professor) of Ireland, died.' He was author of the following works :—

"1. Leabar oiriṁ agar annala ar ċoġaiḃ agar ar ċaċaiḃ Éireann, 'A book of Chronology and Annals on the wars and battles of Ireland.' This book, notwithstanding its title, is confined to an account of the battles of Munster, during the time of Brian Boroimhe.

"2. A Life of Brian Boroimhe. An extract from this work was given by the late General Vallancey, in the first edition of his Irish Grammar.

"3. A poem of one hundred and sixty verses, (lines) beginning Da ṁac déag do ċinn o Char, 'Twelve sons descended from Cas,' upon the descendants of Cas, son of Conall *Each luath*, king of Munster, A.D. 366.

"4. A poem of thirty-two verses, beginning Da ṁac déag Chinnéidiḋ ċaiḋ, 'Twelve sons of chaste Cinneide,' giving an account of the twelve sons of Kennedy, father of Brian Boroimhe.

"5. A poem of forty-four verses, beginning A Chinn-coraḋ caiḋi Brian? 'Oh Cinn-coradh, where is Brian?' upon Cinn-coradh, the palace of Brian Boroimhe. This poem is published at p. 196, Vol. II. of Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*.

"This beautiful and pathetic poem was written by Mac Liag, after the death of Brian, in which the author laments the death of that hero, and other illustrious chiefs that used to resort to his hospitable mansion.

"6. A poem beginning Aṅiar tainic tuitim Briain, 'Westward came the fall of Brian.'

"7. A poem of twenty verses, beginning Fada beit gan aibnear; 'Long to be without delight.' This short poem was written by the author when he had retired to Innse Gall (the Hebrides) after the death of Brian Boroimhe; and in it he bitterly laments his absence from Ceann-coradh, (Kencora) and his want of the pleasures he was there accustomed to enjoy."

The poem now published, we believe for the first time, is not mentioned by O'Reilly. There are copies of it in the Book of Invasions, contained in the Books of Leacan and Ballymote. This poem is also given in the Book of Dinseanchus, quoted as an authority for the origin of the name of *Carn-Conall;* and it is curious to observe that the four copies of it differ from each other, more or less, thus showing that they had been transcribed from four different MSS. in the fourteenth century.

THE ARGUMENT FROM THE BOOKS OF LEACAN AND BALLYMOTE.

"The few Firbolgs who survived this battle (of Moy Tuirre) fled before the Tuath-De-Danan, and took up their residence in Arran, Isla, Rachlin, Britain, and many other islands. They afterwards brought the Fomorians with them to the second battle of Moy Tuirre to assist them against the Tuath-De-Danan. They dwelt in those islands until the establishment of the pentarchial government in Erin, when they were driven out of the isles by the Cruitni (Picts). They then came before Carbry the Heroic who gave them lands; but, however, they could not remain with him in consequence of the weighty taxes which he imposed upon them. They then fled from him and put themselves under the protection of Olioll and Meave, from whom they obtained possessions; and that is what has been called the

Emigration of the sons of Umore. Aengus, the son of Umore, had been their king (chief) in the east. From them have been named the territories which they possessed, namely, Lough Cime got its name from Cime Cethirceann, the son of Umore; Tawin Point in Meadridhe from Taman, son of Umore; Dun Aengus in Aran from Aengus; Carn Conall in Aidhne from Conall; Magh Adhair from Adar;

MAC LIAG'S POEM.

Fiudaig iu feanchuf dia ta,
Uaiṁ ni haitherc imaṁga,
Cainn fon ndeiṡch a nora,
Conaill caem mac aengufa.

Aengus mac umoiṁ anall,
Do ṡiden fa mac conall,
Is do chonall do ṡiad meadh,
Aidne alainn ni hindeanb.

Lotuṁ a tiṁ chṁuthnech choiṁ,
Tain in muiṁ muintiṁ umoiṁ,
Do faigid chainpni nia fen,
Co mid meadon gaeidel.

1 It may not be inappropriate to give here a brief sketch of the History of the Firbolg, for the better understanding of the subject of this poem and of the argument prefixed to it. The Firbolg are said to have landed in Ireland about thirteen centuries before the Christian era. One division of them under Slainge landed at a place called from him Invear Slainge, or the Bay of Slainge, now the harbour of Wexford, and from this Bay the river Slaney derives its name. Another division of them landed on the western coast, at the bay called Iorrus Domhnon, now Erris in Mayo, probably in Blacksod Bay. At the time of the arrival of the Firbolg, the Fomorians were masters of the country, and had reduced to a state of slavery the Nemedians who had remained in Ireland; but the Firbolg, together with their kindred race the Nemedians, again conquered the Fomorians, and became in their turn masters of Ireland. The five Firbolg leaders divided the island amongst them into five equal parts, and the colony appears to have been formed into two great tribes, namely, the *Fir-Gallian*, a name signifying spearmen, who possessed Leinster, and are mentioned by different writers under the name of *Galenians*. The other

Magh Asail in Munster from Asal son of Umore; also Meann son of Umore, the Bard. So that they possessed forts and islands in and around Erin until they were driven out of them by Cuchulain. It was concerning the emigration of the sons of Umore, and the names of their chiefs and possessions, that the poet (Bard) composed the following poem."[1]

TRANSLATION.

Historic records thus testify,
And it is an indubitable fact,
That the Carn (erected) as ordained by usage
Is that of Conall the mild, the son of Aengus.[2]

Aengus the son of Umór from across the seas,
To him Conall was a son;
To this Conall Meave granted
Delightful Aidhne for a certainty.

They came from the land of the cruel Picts,
Over the seas came Umór's sons;
They arrived at the seat of Carbry Niafer[3]
Situated in Meath in the midst of the Gael.

tribe called *Fir-Domhnon* (deep diggers in the earth, i.e. agriculturists or miners or both) possessed Connaught, and are mentioned by O'Flaherty and other writers, under the name of *Firdomnians* and *Damnonians*. The Firbolg race, under nine successive kings, ruled over Ireland for a period of about eighty years, when they were conquered by the Tuath-De-Danans. The most of them fled to those places above stated and such as remained in Ireland were reduced to a state of slavery by the Danans for a period of about two hundred years. On the arrival of the Milesians from Spain, the Firbolgs assisted them in the conquest of the Danans, and they were partly restored to their ancient possessions by the Milesians, and were chiefly located in Leinster and Connaught. Some of the Firbolgs became Kings of Leinster, and they were Kings of Connaught, under the Milesians, for several centuries.

[2] *Carn-Conaill* lay in the territory of *Aidhne*, according to Keating and O'Flaherty, which was co-extensive with the diocese of Kilmacduagh, in the county of Galway. Doctor O'Donovan is of opinion that the place where this carn stood, is now called Ballyconnell, in the parish of Kilbecanty, near Gort.

[3] *Cairbre Niafer*, Carbry the heroic man, was King of Tara at the birth of

Con aitcheadar feaṁand find,
Inardeach bṁeag buaine dind, [cain,
Raith chelṫchair (ṁaṫ cendaig) ṁaith comair
Cnodba bṁeag bṁug mna elcmair.

Aenach tailltean tṁeb cheairmna,
Tlaċtga na tri finneamna,
Ath rioi fligi bṁidam,
Ba head fath conaitcheadur.

Is and conatacht cairṁri,
Tar na feaṁaib tar fairṁigi,
Fognam teamṁach la cach tuaith,
Do thṁebṁad eirinn eachluaith.

Gabṁad rin ceathṁu curu,
Gan ni ir mo gan ni ir lugu,
Gabair ceithṁi ṁatha ṁir,
Im unfognam a mor lir.

Ceat mac magach a muig main,
Ror mac deadad a bṁuim ċain,
Conall chearnach cṁuar fo thuind,
Fear inclearṁaid cuċulain.

Christ. He is mentioned in the Book of Armagh, (a MS. it is said of the 8th century) in the following words as spoken by a revived giant, whom St. Patrick raised from his tomb. "Ego sum Macc maic Cais maicc Glais qui fui subulcus Rig Lugir, rig hi Rotie; jugulavit me Flan mac maicc Con in regno *Coirpre nith fer*." "I am the grandson of Cas, the son of Glas, who was a swineherd to King Lugir, a King in Rotius; Flan, the son of Mac Con, slew me in the kingdom of Carbry the heroic man."—See Antiquarian Researches, Appendix, p. xxxi.

[1] *Raith Celtchair*, but in another copy of the poem called *Rath Cendaigh*, now Rathkenny, a vicarage in the barony of Slane, county of Meath.

[2] *Ealcmar* was the son of Dealbaeth, a Tuath-De-Danan King, who reigned ten years over Ireland.

[3] *Cearmna* and Sobairce, the grandsons of Heber, reigned jointly over Ireland for forty years.

They obtained fair lands to dwell on (such as)
Anastach, delightful and durable its fort,
Rath Cealtchar (or Rathkenny) and splendid Rath Comar,[1]
Delightful Knowth the palace of Elcmar's wife.[2]

The Aenach (fair plain) of Telton, the tribe of Cearmna,[3]
Tlachtga of the three Finemnas,[4]
The Ford of Sidi, the highway of Bridam,[5]
Were the lands which they obtained as habitations.

It was then that Carbry demanded taxes
To be paid to Tara by those seafaring men,
For such was the law with all tribes who lived
On the plains of Erin of swift steeds.

They appointed (or accepted) four champions,
Without any thing more, without any thing less;
Carbry accepted those four guarantees
As sureties for their great fortresses.

Those were Ceat, son of Magach, of the plain of Main,[6]
Ross the son of Deadad of Drum-Cain,[7]
Conall Cearnach, valorous on the seas,
And Cuchullain the hero of the feats of arms.

[4] The three *Fineamhnas* were the three sons of Eohy Feidlioch, monarch of Ireland, and probably they had their residence at Tlachtga.

[5] *Ath Sigi* or Sidi was a ford on the river Boyne, from which it appears the parish of Assey, in the barony of Deece, county Meath, derives its name. *Bridam*, a hill in the parish of Geshill, King's county.

[6] *Ceat, son of Magach*, a Connaught champion and a ferocious wolf to the men of Ulster. He was afterwards slain, in single combat, by Conall Cearnach at Ath-Ceit, or the Ford of Ceit. *Keating's Ireland, Haliday's Edition, p.* 384. *Magh Main* is supposed to be Hy Maine in Galway, or Kilmain in Mayo.

[7] *Drum Cain.* This place seems to have been in West Munster, and probably was the same as Dun-Caoin, now Dunqueen, a parish in the barony of Corcaguinny, county of Kerry. Probably Drumkeen near Pallasgreen Co. Limerick

Oṅ lo ꝓo coꝓaiġeaḋ ṫaiꝓ,
Na tuatha im theamꝓaiḋ thoṅḋ ġlaiṅ,
Thomaiġiꝓ caiꝓbꝓi ṅia ꝑeaꝓ,
Cíꝓ ꝑoꝓꝓo ṅaꝓ ḟuilṅġeadaꝓ.

Do lotuꝓ uada co ꝑeiłb,
Co haiłłł agus co meiḋb,
Beaṅꝑat ꝑiaꝓ ꝓe ꝑaiꝓꝓiġi ꝑaiṅḋ,
Co duṅ aeṅġuꝓa iṅ aꝓꝓaiṅḋ.

Atṅaduꝓ cimi aꝓa loċ,
Adṅaduꝓ cutꝓu aꝓ cutloch,
Ro ġṅi adaꝓ theaꝓ a theach,
Atṅaduꝓ mil aꝓ muꝓbech.

Adṅaduꝓ daelac aꝓ daił,
Raiḋne eṅdaċ duiṅḋ ꝓe ṫaiłb,
Adṅaduꝓ beaꝓa aꝓ a ꝓiṅḋ,
Adṅaduꝓ mod aꝓ moiḋ łiṅḋ.

Ro ġab iꝓġaꝓ ceaṅḋ mboꝓꝓne,
Ro ġab ciṅġ aꝓ iath oiġle,
Aꝓ laiġłiṅḋi ṅocho chel,
Baꝓꝓnech agus baꝓaṅṅbel.

[1] *Dun Aengus*, on the great Island of Aran, in the Bay of Galway, where still may be seen the remains of this cyclopean fortress erected by Aengus, son of Umore, the chief of this Firbolg tribe.

[2] *Lough Cime*, according to O'Flaherty, is situate in the barony of Clare, county Galway, and is now called Lough Hackett.

[3] *Lough Cutru*, now Lough Cutre or Cooter at Gort, in the County of Galway.

[4] *Magh Adhair*, or the plain of Adhar, in which stood *Bile-Magh-Adhair*, or the tree of the plain of Adhar, at which the O'Briens, princes of Thomond, were inaugurated. This tree grew on a mound in the parish of Clooney, barony of Bunratty, county of Clare, under which probably Adhar the Firbolg chief was buried.

[5] *Murbech* is a central bay in the great Island of Aran. Kilmurvey lies at its head at a short distance from the great fort of Dun Engus. The Church

From the first time of the settlement in the east
Of these tribes about Tara of limpid waters (or streams),
Carbry Niafear so much increased
The rent upon them which they could not endure.

They fled from him with their properties
To Oilioll and to Meave;
They settled westward along the pleasant coasts
As far as Dun Aengus in Aran.[1]

They settled Cime at his lake,[2]
They planted Cutru at Cut-Lough,[3]
Adar made his residence in the south,[4]
They stationed Mil at Murbech.[5]

They placed Daelach at Dail,
Aenach constructed a *Dun* in his neighbourhood,
They settled Beara at his Headland,[6]
They fixed Mod at Moidlinn.[7]

Irgas took possession of Ceann Boirne,[8]
Cing obtained the district of Oigle;[9]
At Laidlinni, I do assert,
Were Bairnech and Barannbel.

at Kilmurvey (St. Duach's) is a fine specimen of the most ancient Cyclopean masonry. In the Book of Leacan, folio 83, *Tragh Murbagh*, or the Strand of Murbagh, is explained by *Tragh Ceall*, which lies to the west of Killalla in the county of Mayo.

[6] *Rinn Beara* or *Cinn Bheara*, now Kinvarra at Galway, a locality which has been so well described by our esteemed friend Thomas L. Cooke, Esq., Parsonstown, in his excellent note on *Durlus Guaire*.

[7] *Moidlinn*, or Moylinn, according to O'Flaherty, lay in the barony of Kiltartan, county of Galway; but in Petty's map it is placed to the east of Tirlough in the barony of Clare.

[8] *Ceann Boirne*, Burren Head, now called Black Head, in the barony of Burren, county of Clare.

[9] *Iath Oigle* or the district of Oigle. *Cruachan Oigle* was the ancient name of Croagh Patrick, in the barony of Murisk, county of Mayo.

Ro gob chonchraid a chuid choir,
Ar muir a nindir meadoin,
Ro gob lathrach tulaig teand,
Ro gab taman taman rind.

Luid aral a tuaid tar tuind,
Co riacht fa mummain morgluind,
A tuaid na laidingi do luid,
Ar uaid druim naibind naral.

Ro gob conall crich aidne,
Conall caem cia bad ḟaidbri,
Jre rin ruideadug floig,
Muinteire uile umoir.

On lo ro chualaig cairpri,
Ro lai agnead a nairdi,
Focairtear uad cidbead de,
Fon a ċeitri hoidide.

Do lodur chuici co thech,
A craeib ruaid na cairbthech,
Luid rora a hernaib rair,
Do luid ceat a conachtaib.

[1] *Taman Rinn* or Tawin point, lies to the south of the city of Galway, not far from Clarin's Bridge.

[2] *Drum-Asail* or the long hill of Asal, lay in Magh-Asail or the plain of Asal, in the barony of Coshma, county of Limerick.

[3] *Erna Mumhan*. The following brief account relating to this tribe has been collected from Keating and O'Flaherty. *Earna Mumhan*, the Erneans of Munster, were also called *Clanna Deaghaidh*, anglicised Degadians. They were the posterity of Aengus Tuirmeach, who was a monarch of Ireland of the race of Heremon, about 150 years before the Christian era. Fiach, son of Aengus Tuirmeach, had a son named Oilioll Aronn, who got great possessions in Ulster, and O'Flaherty states that his descendants were called *Erneans*. Sen, son of

Concraid obtained his just portion
At sea on the Mid Island.
Lathrach obtained Tully-teann (fortified hill),
Taman took possession of Taman point.[1]

Asal proceeded from the north across the water (Shannon)
Till he arrived in Munster of great vallies;
From the north in his boat he passed over,
From him charming Drom-Asail derived its name.[2]

Conall obtained the district of Aidhne (Ayne),
Conall the mild who was the wealthiest;
Such were the settlements of the host
Of the entire people of Umore.

From the day that Carbry heard (of their flight)
His mind was highly incensed;
He called upon, as a matter of course,
His four guaranteeing chieftains.

They marched to him at his palace
From Creeve Roe of the chariots;
Rossa marched eastward from the Erneans (of Munster),[3]
And Ceat proceeded from Connaught.

Oilioll Aronn, had a son named *Deag*, and he and his brethren, of the race of the Erneans, being Heremonians, were expelled from Ulster by the *Irians* (the posterity of Ir, son of Milidh), or Clanna Rory, the ancient possessors. Deag, being a celebrated warrior, went with his followers to Munster, and was favourably received by Duach, king of that province, and afterwards monarch of Ireland of the race of Heber. After the death of Duach, Deag became King of Munster, and his tribe got extensive possessions in that province. The Degadians got their tribe name Clanna Deaghaidh from this Deag. The Erneans or Degadians were a warlike race, and chiefly formed the military body of the Fianna or Fenians of Munster.

Tabraid damra ar cairpri coir,
Ro imirci mac nunoir,
No fearaid cat ceann iceand,
Naidmmear forraib co foirceand.

Lodar ar co raith cruachan,
Cetrur anglonnach uathmar,
Triallaid trofcad deir in rmacht,
Ar faichdi cruachna condacht.

Con atact dib mac mazach,
Cairdi cur ara marach,
Co ndearnad aenzur in ri,
Re chairdib a chomairli.

An ar cul do radad roir,
No in trar do biad i cruachain,
No a trian bratar ir a mac,
Laeread dia chind i comrac.

Iri comairli ro chind,
A ceand rora do rad cinz,
Co conaill cearnach mead nzell,
Ro lai cimi ceichir chend.

Do rad irzar ilar cath,
Inadaiz cheit mac mazach,
Do rat inar tech dia chloind,
Conall iceann conculainn.

In cetrur tainiz anair,
Lodur uaithib fon arm zoil,
Iar marbad in cheathroir choir,
Fa bec do muintir umoir.

Restore unto me, said the justice-seeking Carbry
The great emigration (or flight) of the sons of Umór,
Or give them battle at close quarters,
I firmly bound you to that compact.

From thence they marched to Rath Croaghan,
The four dread and stern champions;
They moved fasting, severe the restraint,
On Croaghan's plains in Connaught.

The son of Magach (Ceat) to them granted
A truce until the following day,
That Aengus the king might hold
A consultation with his friends.

Would they return to the east
Or remain under (the government of) Croaghan in the west,
Or that his three brothers and son
Should decide the case by combat.

The resolution they came to was
That Cing should meet Rossa in combat,
That Conall Cearnach of many hostages
Should be opposed by Cimi Cethir-kenn.

That Irgas of many battles should go
To oppose Ceat the son of Magach,
That Conall should (a loss to his tribe)
Meet Cuchulain in the conflict.

The four (champions) who came from the east
Departed from them with victorious arms,
Having slain the righteous four,
A ruin to the race of Umór.

Adnaċt conall nia aċair,
Fon carnnra cur na clachaib,
Findad cach reanchaid no floind,
Conad de ita carn conaill.

Ro adnaċt in triar aile,
A ndumachaib findmaigi,
Ir de ita cnocan na ceand,
Tuar inaith umaill imtheand

Co raeria in coimde ar cach ceat,
Nac liag lindi na nêzêt,
A chiort do nonam do tal,
Fiada find no findabar.

F. J. N. D. A. J. Z.

[1] *Rath Umaill.* Tireachan, in his collections concerning St. Patrick, states at the end of his first Book that, "it ends in the country of the posterity of Niall (Meath). The second begins and concludes in the country of Connaught." In this second Book we find St. Patrick's journey through Connaught described. After crossing the river Shannon from the kingdom of Meath, he proceeds to Eilphin and Croaghan in the county of Roscommon, from which he goes into the county of Mayo. He travels to the termination of Hy Mally (barony of Burris-Umal or Burrisoole), where *Achad Fobuir*, a church in which bishops were ordained, stood. From this place St. Patrick proceeded to the mountain of Eigle, i.e. Croagh Patrick in the barony of Murrisk, county of Mayo, and immediately after we find the following passage. "And he (St. Patrick) came to the regions of Cortutemne to the fountain of *Sini*, where he baptized many thousands of men; he also founded two churches in Toga. And he came to the fountain of *Findmaighe* which is called *Slan*, because it was indicated to him that the magi honoured this fountain, and made donations to it as gifts

Conall was interred along with his father
Beneath this Cairn composed of stones,
Every historian who mentioned it asserts
That from thence it is (called) Carn-Conaill.

The three others were interred
In the tombs of Finnmaighe (delightful plain),
Hence the Mound of the *Khans* (chiefs) is so called,
Above at the strongly fortified *Rath Umaill.*[1]

May the Godhead from all evils free
Mac Liag of the order of the Bards;
O Christ may thy will be done,
Unerring proofs thou hast testified.

H. I. S. T. O. R. I. C.

to God." In the foregoing passage the plain on which *Rath Umail* stood, as mentioned in this verse, is identified, viz. *Findmaighe* (literally the white or fair plain). In the sentence preceding this passage are the following words,—"et plantavit æcclesiam in campo Umail," "and he (St. Patrick) built a church in the plain of *Umal.* It is very probable that the *campus Umail*, in this passage, took its name from the strongly fortified *Rath Umaill* of the Irish poem. The Lordship of *Umhall*, according to O'Dugan, was divided into two territories called *da Umhall*, i.e. the two Umhalls, which comprised the present baronies of Murrisk and Burrishoole, in the county of Mayo. The name has been latinized Umalia and Hy Malia, and rendered by English writers into *The Owles.* The O'Malleys were chiefs of this territory, and are styled Lords of Umhall (Uwall), in the Annals of the Four Masters from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. *Achad Fobuir* is now the parish of Aughagower, partly in the barony of Murrisk, but chiefly in that of Burrishoole, county Mayo.

A POEM BY MAC WARD (THEN DARD) TO GRANUAILE, DUCHESS OF TYRCONNELL.

The last Bard of Erin mentioned in the Annals of the Four Masters, who had his seat and property of a chief (Maoir), was Mac Ward, whose death is recorded at A.D. 1600, in the following terms:—

"Mac Ward, namely Owen, the son of Geoffrey, son of Owen, son of Geoffrey, chief Maoir to O'Donnell in poetry, a learned and intelligent man, who kept a house of general hospitality, died at an advanced age, after the victory of repentance."

In O'Reilly's Irish Writers, at A.D. 1600, an account is given of this Bard and of some of his compositions. He accompanied the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell in their exile to Rome, where he wrote his beautiful elegiac poem, in which he addresses Nuala, the sister of the Earl Rudheric O'Donnell, and pathetically represents her as weeping alone over the graves of the princes on St. Peter's Hill in that city. An English translation of it has been versified by Clarence Mangan, in his superior style of composition, which has been published in the *Irish Penny Journal*; (p. 128), and the original Irish text, having been kindly supplied, from his valuable and extensive collection of MSS., by Professor Eugene O'Curry, of the Catholic University of Ireland, (who also supplied the literal version to Mr. Mangan), is now printed for the first time. There are allusions in the poem to the great victories gained over the English by the O'Neills and O'Donnells, which are recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, such as the battles of Athluidhe or the Yellow Ford, of Ballaghmoyre or the Moyry Pass, of Ashanee or Ballyshannon, of Mullaghbrack, of the Curlew Mountains, &c.

EOGHAN RUADH MAC AN BHAIRD CCT.

A beay fuair fall ar ay b-fearr,
Tuaig liom a b-faġtaoi d'éirtreaċt;
Da m-biaiḋ fiann Gaoiḋiol ad ġar,
Do biaiḋ ad ċaoineaḋ coġnaṁ.

Fada go b-faġtaoi ay ḟaill,
Da maḋ t-riar a d-Tír Chonaill;
Láṁ le fluaġ Boirṁe da m-beaċ,
Ní faġtaoi ay uaiġ go h-uaigneaċ.

A n-Doirne, a n-Druim-cliaḃ na g-cnoc,
Ay Ard Maċa ar mór caḋoc;
Ní faġtaoi lá ay fearr ar fall
Gay mná do ṫeaċt fá a ṫuairm.

A n-Duy na n-Gall fá mín múir,
Nó ay ard eatboig Goġain;
Nó ay Carruaiḋ ir réiṁe fail
Ní ba réiġe ay uain d'ḟáġail.

Do ṫiocfaḋ ad ċombaiḋ ċaoine,
Bean ó'n Eirne iolṁaoine;
Bean o ṡliocht Binn-fréaḃ Banna,
'S iuġíon o liocht Liaṁ-droma.

Do ṫiocfaḋ bean o'n Maiġ ṁuill,
O Bhearba, o Shluir, o Shionnainn;
'Gan bean o Chruaċain na g-caṫ,
'Gan bean o ṫuaṫaiḃ Teaṁraċ.

Do h-ṡrleóċṫaoi o iuġaiḃ Sgoir,
Ay cnoc 'nar cnoċaḋ Peadair;
Ni biaiḋ aen teaċ gan ġáir gul,
Da m-beiṫ láṁ le fiaḋ Fionntain.

Ní bíaiḋ láiṁ riṫ na leacaiḃ,
  Ceaḋ ṡuaiṁniṫ na ṡailm-ċeadail;
Ní bíaiḋ beanna gan bróin m-ban,
  Na dearna um nóin gan niaṁaḋ.

Dá ṁac ríġ do'n réimṡi Chuinn,
  Ata ar gaċ taoiḃ d'Ua Dhoṁnuill;
Na trí cuirp ne ṡíniṁ riḃ,
  Fir earr ar n-uilc a n-oiġiḋ.

An da ċloiċ ṡin ór a g-cionn,
  Dá b-ṡaicdiṫ ógḃaiḋ Éirionn;
Ar aoi a líneaḋ do léaġaḋ,
  Caoi mile do ṁáirġéalaḋ.

Díar do'n triúr ṡin tárlaḋ artiġ,
  Clann Aoḋa and-ṡíaiṫ Oiliġ,
Ua do'n Aoḋa ro duine díoḃ,
  Cuirre nár b'aorda an imṡníoṁ.

Ua ṫaṫar ar aoi do ṁáṫar,
  Mar aon red' óir dearḃráṫar;
Ní guṫ díḃ gan ċéill ad ċaoi,
  A b-ṡuil nó a méinn da mearḋaoi.

D'éir Uí Dhoṁnuill dún ór ṡáiṁ
  Dá d-tainig tár ḃar d-toirċráiḋ;
Ní guiṫ truime do ċuirri,
  Uille na h-uile h-abairri.

Triaṫ Mhoġairne Mac Uí Néill,
  Dá b-ṡeacṫaoi a ċraoḃa cinéil;
A ċruṫ, a airriġe oile,
  Ní guiṫ aiḋble h-eólċoirre.

Da b-ꝼeacṫaoi ꝥan aon ṁaiṫ ann,
Mac ríġ ó ꝥ-Conaill ċaṫḃarr;
I lor ngnaoi no ngníoṁ ngoile,
Ꝥa díol caoi ba corṁoile.

Ní ḃíaiḋ baile o ċuinn ꝥo tuinn,
Da d-tuiṫeiḋir ro i ꝥ-clar Criomṫuinn,
Ꝥan ꝥair ꝼaoiṫe nó ꝥair ꝥoil,
Le ꝥair caoinṫe nó corꝥoir.

'Sna caṫaiḃ do cairṫeaoi linn,
Aꝥ cornaṁ ċríċe Éirinn;
Da d-tuiṫeaḋ duine ḋíoḃ roin.
Doḃ' ꝼníoḃ uile o Ullṫoiḃ.

Lá oṙḋraic Aṫa Buiḋe,
Inar lia leaṫ roċuiḋe;
Da d-tuiṫeaḋ uainne Aoḋ O'Néill,
Do'n taoiḃ ṫuaiḋ doḃ' toirrléim.

Lá a m-bél bealaiġ an Mhaiġṙe,
Da d-tuiṫeaḋ triaṫ Mhoġairṙe;
Bheiṫ doḃ' airṁréiḋ d'iarraiḋ,
Ar dáiġ ꝼréiṁ Neill Naoiġiallaiġ.

I ló maḋma an Mhullaiġ Bhric,
Ní ġeaḃṫaoi ann Aoḋ mar éirric;
Na cairn d'éaṫraiḃ muin ar ṁuin.
'San maiḋm o éaṫ-ꝼuil Éóġain.

Laiṫe dóiḃ aꝥ ꝥaḃáil ꝥall,
Ar ꝼluaġ Mhúṁan Maicniaḋ;
Cionnur do ġeaḃṫaoi aꝥ crú ꝥ-Cuinn,
Da ꝥꝥairṫaoi an ṫnu ṙe croḃuinn.

Là cada an Bhealaiġ Bhuiḋe,
Dà ṡgaṁdaoi ṁinn Ruġṁuiḋe;
Do beiḋ gàiṁ ḟaoilte gaċ fiṁ,
Na gàiṁ ċaointe gà cloinṁin.

Dà d-tuitéiḋ ré ó'n tiṁ ċall,
A lá ḟillte ḟiann eaċtṁann;
Là dob' àille ag aċ Seanṁaiḋ,
Nion b-faċ gàiṁe ag Gaoiḋealaiḃ.

Là a Leiṁḃion 'nan loiteaḋ ṁinn,
No an la làiṁ ṁe Gaillṁ;
Do ṁiocfaḋ mná ag caoine Uí Chuinn,
Là Búile, no là Liaṁdṁuiṁ.

Dà d-tiorraḋ a ṁuiṁ de
An là do liṅge a ḃaile;
A aṁ na ṁíoġ a ḟiann Éiṁe,
Ní ḃiaiḋ ban ṡíoḋ roiḋéinṁe.

Là i n-Doiṁe nan deanb a làiṁ,
Dà d-tucṁaoi leaċt laoiċ ionḋain,
Do ḃiaiḋ h-éanġol na gàiṁ gui
An d-téanṁaiṁ dóiḃ ó'n deabuiḋ.

Dà d-tuiteaḋ ré ṁe ṡíol g-Cait,
Là tṁoda le taob b-Fonġait;
Leis in ṡluaiġ an d-teaċt i ṡteaċ,
Buaḋ na h-eaċtṁa dob' aiṁṁeaċ.

Là an Chonn-ṡléiḃe an g-claoi na n-Gall,
Dà b-facṁaoi fuil ṁe Caṁḃann,
Ba lón d'úṁṁaḋ an ṁéaċain
Sloġ Ahunbaiḋ do ṁúiṡgéalaiḋ.

Do ruaimneóċċaoi ruirg ar niaḋ,
Da d-tucċaoi a leaċt la an Choirr-ḟliaḃ;
Da d-tucċaoi a leaċt la Sligiġ
Nir la buḋ eaċt d'ḟoiġidin.

Nior beag do lêan ne leaċ Chuinn,
Bar Aoḋa, oiġiḋ Chaṁbairr;
Sgairaḋ do Ruġraiḋe rinn,
Raḃaḋ úrḃaiḋe d'Éirinn.

Cia an Gaoiḋeal naċ gairfeaḋ liḃ,
Blaċ fréimne ṁaicne Ailiḋ;
Bar noirre cia'r naċ g-cairfeaḋ,
Cia an croiḋe naċ criocṫnuiġfeaḋ.

Dibir, a Dhia! an tairri d-tráiṁ,
Uaiḃ a ingion Uí Dhoṁnuill;
Gearr go d-téiġi an réd naṁ roin,
Féċ na céimne fad' ċoṁoir.

A láiṁ criaḋ na cair do ḋóiġ,
Tairċear liḃ lór do ḟeanmóir;
Do réir tóġa an tí o b-fuil,
Go raġa gaċ uí a n-dualuiḋ.

Sruaim an ċroiċ ata red' ċaoiḃ,
An aiṫ do ḋoiġiġ dioṁaoin;
Tóġaiḃ ó'n nuaiġri h-uille,
Fóġair uaiḃri h-eólċuirre.

Cuir, a Dhé! buḋ ḋearta an d-tuinn,
Tar fúiġleaċ nair ċrú g-Conuill;
Ar ċar an longbrisfiḋe luiġ,
Bar na foirne rin féaċuiḋ.

Tóżaiḃ láiṁ a ṁic Muire,
  Le taiżde do ċrócuire;
A nażaḋ na tuinne a ḃ-tám,
  Do ċaḃair luinże ar leanḃán?

Bíoḋ an tuċt dá naitromra,
  Bíoḋ an láṁ uaiḃ a fora;
Az taitożaḋ a ḃ-taoḃ roin,
  Glan-ċoraḋ ar z-craoḃ z-cnuaroiż.

A ríożain ṡrésiṁe Dálaiż,
  Tainiż ó'n ḃ-tuinn n-iomarḃaḋaiḋ;
Naċ raiḃ ní ría a ṡearż red' ṡuil,
  Faż o Dhia an ceard rod ċruċuiḋ.

Do ṡaoileamuir, do ṡaoil ríḃ,
  Dail caḃra az macaiḃ Míliḋ;
Trear an triar ṫárlaiḋ ran uaiż,
  Az triall ó'n m-Banba bead-ṡuair.

A. Bh. C. A. N.

The following Ceanzal, or *summing-up*, is not in Professor O'Curry's copy; but will be found in one made by the Rev. Owen O'Keeffe, P.P. of Doneraile, about the year 1700, now in the Hudson collection of MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy; and in all probability was composed by O'Keeffe himself, he being a poet of no mean order.

AN CEANZAL.

A bean atá go cráiḋce o ċúṁaiḋ na ḃ-ṡear,
Dá maḋ láiṁ re h-aur Dhúin na rreaḃ;
Do żeaḃḃaoir bár, mo ċráḋ! a ḃ-ṡuil ṡúżaiḃ
  ra ḃ-ṡearc,
Go ḃ-ṡażṫá mná gaċ lá do ċúżanṡaḋ leat.

AN ELEGY

ON THE TIRONIAN AND TIRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.

O, Woman of the Piercing Wail,
  Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
    With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
  Thou wouldst not then from day to day
    Weep thus alone.
Twere long before, around a grave
  In green Tirconnell, one could find
    This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
  Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
    Companionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegall,
  In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
    Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
  At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
    This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
  Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
    In olden years,
No day could pass but Woman's grief
  Would rain upon the burial-ground
    Fresh floods of tears!

O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains!

O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint
Was crucified,
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *keen*,
Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,
All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe:
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial-stones
Display to view,

Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
  Their tears gush forth again, their groans
    Resound anew!

The youths whose relics moulder here
  Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
    Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
  Thy nephew, long to be deplored
    By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
  Could domicile Decay or house
    Decrepitude!
They passed from Earth ere Manhood's prime,
  Ere years had power to dim their brows
    Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
  Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
    That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
  Cut off amid his vernal years,
    Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
  Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
    In deep despair—
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
  For all that greatens and adorns,
    A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,
  The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
    Their mate in death—

A prince in look, in deed, and word—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the Slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*
Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of Ballach-myre
The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the Great!
No marvel this—for all the Dead,
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,
Were scarce an *eric* for his head,
If Death had stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's—
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
Could ill have borne.
If on the day of Ballach-boy
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee—
The Chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee.
There would not lack on Lifford's day,
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers,
A marshalled file, a long array,
Of mourners to bedew the soil
With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate
Compelled his flight from Athenree,
His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate
Would come unasked, and share with thee
Affliction's load!

If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine!

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks,
But slain our Chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of his ranks
Be dashed with grief!
How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood.

Red would have been our warriors' eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No Northern Chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But, had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must, alas! have felt
The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
  Already we bewail in vain
    Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the Great and Free,
  Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
    And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
  Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
    Thy heart aside!
For Adam's race is born to die,
  And sternly the sepulchral urn
    Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
  Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
    But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
  For all things go their destined way
    As He decrees.
Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
  And seek the path of pain and prayer
    Thy Saviour trod;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
  With earthly hope and worldly care
    Its groans to God!

And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
  Are far above our feeble minds
    To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
  And render light the chain that binds
    Our fallen land!

Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn![1]

[1] The O'Neills and O'Donnells, one of whose ancestors was the celebrated Conn of the Hundred Battles, monarch of Ireland in the second century.

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1. That this Society shall be called the New York Branch of the Ossianic Society.

2. That its object shall be the sustainment of the Parent Society, established in Dublin, Ireland, for the purpose of publishing Gaelic manuscripts relating to the Fenian period of Irish history, and other historical documents with literal translations and notes.

3. That the management of this Society shall be vested in a President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary.

4. That it shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of this Society, and to perform such other duties as belong to his office. He may, should he desire to vacate the chair for a part of a meeting and call the Vice-President, or in case of his absence, any other member of the Society to Preside. He shall appoint committees should any be found necessary, and he shall call special meetings by notifying the Secretary to do so at the written request of five members.

5. That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive and hold all monies subscribed or collected by this Society and disburse said monies only on drafts signed by the President, Vice-President and Secretary, and shall render to the Society when required an account of his receipts and disbursements.

6. That it shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a correct record of the proceedings of each meeting and a roll of the names and residences of the members of the Society, so as to enable him to correspond with each or all of the members should such at any time become necessary.

7. That the several officers of this Society shall be elected annually at a general meeting to be held on every twenty-third day of December, notice of such meeting being given by public advertisement.

8. Members of this Society living at an inconvenient distance from New York, can vote by proxy at its elections.

9. That Membership shall be constituted by the annual subscription of one dollar and twenty-five cents, whereof the first payment shall be made by each member on his admission.

10. That the funds thus received by this Society shall be forwarded by its Treasurer to the Parent Society in Ireland, provided the aggregate amount shall reach the sum of five dollars.

11. That candidates for membership of this Society may be proposed by any of its members, at any of its stated meetings, when, if duly seconded, the sense of the meeting shall be taken by the President in the usual manner, as to the reception or rejection of such candidate or candidates.

12. That no newly elected member shall have a right to vote, if challenged, until the next meeting after his election.

13. That in order to provide for the cost of freight, Custom House dues, and other expenses incidental to the importation of the publications of the Parent Society, each member shall pay the sum of twenty-five cents annually, in addition to his regular subscription.

14. That the receipts and disbursements of this Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors elected by a majority of its members, and the Auditors' report be published and distributed among the members of the Society.

15. Every member shall be entitled to one copy of the yearly publications of the Society.

16. That seven members of this Society be a quorum to transact the business of the Society at its regular meetings.

17. That in the absence of the President and Vice-President the members present shall be at liberty to appoint a chairman *pro tem.*, who will not thereby lose his right to vote.

18. That all matters relating to religious and political differences be strictly excluded from the meetings of the Society.

19. That the stated meetings of this Society shall be held semi-monthly on Friday, until otherwise directed.

20. That all motions and resolutions shall be reduced to writing by the movers, at the request of the President or a member.

21. That no member shall speak more than twice to the exclusion of any other member, nor speak for more than ten minutes, without the consent of the majority of the members present.

22. That a motion to adjourn shall be always in order, except while a vote is being taken, and be decided without debate.

23. No change shall be made in these Rules, except at a general meeting of this Society. The proposer and seconder of any motion for such change shall lodge a notice of their intention, in writing, with the Secretary, twenty clear days before the day of general meeting.

24. The Rules and Regulations *may be suspended*, and for a specified object, with the consent of two-thirds of the members present.

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